

SAM SLICK AND OLD KING'S.

We regret that the space in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is bounded, as we should have liked to give the whole of Dr. T. Allen Jack's eloquent paper on the above subject. We have done the next best thing, and that is, to group the chief incidents of the narrative.

I.

THE HALIBURTON HOUSE.

The Haliburton House at Windsor, N.S., is surrounded by trees, which screen it from the view of passers-by. There is a pond, also enclosed by trees, between the house and the road, which is now in a most picturesque state of neglect, and which possesses somewhat gloomy associations. It is called Piper's Pond, from the tradition that some youthful reed-blower was drowned in its depths very many years ago, and occasionally his wraith is said to be seen breathing weird music in cloudy moonlit nights. After passing through several hands, the house is now occupied as an hotel or boarding-house. The apartment in which the meals are served is peculiar, inasmuch as, with the exception of a glass door leading into the garden, there is no means for lighting except through windows in the roof above. The windows on the ground floor all open, like doors, upon the surrounding lawn and garden, and let in plenty of air. In one room hangs a portrait of the Judge, which is said never to have been removed since his occupation, and is considered to be an admirable likeness. On the roof is an observatory, from which a good view may be obtained of the surrounding country. Between the back of the house and the River Avon is a stretch of upland pasture, and here, in a late afternoon in June, you can form some idea of a land flowing with milk and honey. And then there are the locust trees, which are still numerous. A large garden, well stocked with cherry trees, and gooseberry and currant shrubs, forms a not unimportant part of the holding, and old-fashioned flowering plants, which, though somewhat neglected, show signs of commendable vigour, are to be found on the skirts of a roomy lawn and elsewhere.

II.

THE THREE ELMS.

But all the attractions of the place are not contained in its actual bounds. Between the college and the old lodge, at the entrance to the Sam Slick House and at a distance of less than three hundred yards, there are three grand old trees, unrivalled in the Maritime Provinces, if not in Canada, for stateliness of form and richness of foliage. They stand far below the level of the way, in a deep ravine, where half a century ago the collegian used to play cricket, in memory whereof the College Cricket Club retains its original name, "The Three Elms." It has been neglected, and it is now somewhat choked by a leafy jungle, which the fertile soil and genial climate of the locality have encouraged and no pruning hook has checked. Beyond this point you enter the shade of coniferous trees, where there is generally a resinous smell, and in summer, except in blazing or steaming hot weather, a comparatively cool temperature. The road through the grove terminates a few hundred yards from "the three elms," on the margin of the college cricket field, and in sight of the college and the Hinsley memorial chapel, passing, as it emerges into the open, two picturesque houses, on either side, occupied by professors. On the left, near one of these and hid in the grove, is the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a deep, conical depression, of a kind not uncommon in the plaster formation for which Windsor is noted, but of greater magnitude than similar cavities. "The Devil's Punch Bowl" has a wicked name, and is always considered to be capable of producing weird sights and unnatural sounds for the benefit of students seeking the college at late hours and on dark nights. Its traditions are numerous, and all awful, but somewhat tangled. Crossing the cricket field, you reach the pretty stone chapel erected as a memorial to the late Canon Hinsley, who occupied the chair of Divinity at the College. This chapel stands at the eastern end of the col-

lege, and the two buildings occupy the crest of a hill overlooking a spacious valley, bounded on the south by a chain of mountainous hills running parallel with the ridge, and about two miles distant.

III.

OLD KING'S.

The old college building is divided into five compartments, known as the President's, Chapel, Middle, Radical and North Pole Bays, of which Middle Bay possesses a portico and the other bays only porches. Although built of wood, it is substantial in appearance, while, architecturally, it is effective and decidedly academical. To the right stands Convocation Hall, a neat stone structure, in which the eocoenia is held, and containing the library and museum, the latter comprising a valuable collection of rare old china, accumulated during many years by Mrs. Weldon, widow of the late Mr. Justice Weldon, and daughter of Judge Haliburton, and given by her to the college. This collection deserves a careful inspection by British Americans, as many of the specimens which it contains were brought to the country by Loyalists, and have escaped the iconoclastic tendencies of generations of housemaids. The academy or collegiate schoolhouse lies some distance to the left of the college buildings, in a hollow surrounded by elms, and is an attractive structure of stone. The elms, which are very plentiful about Windsor, are here seen in great numbers, of a wine-glass or feathery form, while the fields are very generally divided from the highway by hedgerows of thorn, and the cottages are often covered by climbing roses and woodbine. The connection between the Judge and the University is perpetuated by the resident alumni of the latter, through a literary club, which has been in existence and done good work for some years, under the name of the Haliburton.

IV.

NOTABLE ALUMNI.

Considering its age, which, however, is greater than that of other colleges in Canada, and in view of its limited financial resources, King's has within a century produced a goodly number of eminent men. There are Porter and McCauley among the older scholars; Cochran, Gray, Millidge, Walker, Hinsley and Hodgson among the Divines; Sir Charles Tupper and Senator Almon, distinguished alike for medical knowledge and statesmanship; among judges, the Parker brothers, Gray, of British Columbia, and Townshend; while in the Indian hero Inglis, and the gallant Welsford, who found glory and death at the Redan, she has produced soldiers worthy of praise by any bard. Nor is there reason to believe that the productive power of the college is showing signs of exhaustion. The recognized leader of the New Brunswick Bar is a Kingsman, one of the professors is the best known of Canadian poets, and many of the graduates occupy the front rank in the learned professions in the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Windsor, Old King's and Sam Slick seem indeed to be connected together, and, in tracing their connection, we are led to dwell slightly upon the past. But, without a past, how hard it is to form estimates as to the future. It must always afford pleasure to the colonist, possessed of some leisure and love of letters, to visit the few places about him, where the bustle of progress is not wholly capable of destroying the calm which the memory of past fame serves to create and foster. To such a one Quebec is *par excellence* his Mecca, but may not the old town of Windsor serve as his Medina?

CARE OF THE BODY.—Most of those who die between 25 and 60, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion—such as the over indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of the temperature without corresponding changes of clothing. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness; and this caution ought to be in possession and exercise before middle life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that many who are deficient in vigour in early life outlive the vigorous and careless.



What length should a lady's dress be? A little above two feet.

A liberal education is one that has cost the boy's father a great deal of money.

In High Circles—First Tramp: "I say, have you taken a bath?" Second Tramp (anxiously): "No! Is there one missing?"

A dear friend was once expatiating to Talleyrand on his mother's beauty when the mean wit said, "Then it must have been your father who was ugly."

When some one said that Chateaubriand complained of growing deaf, Talleyrand replied: "He thinks he is deaf because he no longer hears himself talked of."

Snook (yellow-bearded)—"I say, old fellow! I'm going to have my beard dyed to match my new brown suit." Jook—"Dye it green, why don't you, to match your head?"

"Ah, Lionel, that poem is beautiful!" "Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life." "And, Lionel—my Lionel! it will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?" "Yes, Agatha—and perhaps \$2."

"Pa," asked the small boy, "what is a heroine?" "Your mother is a heroine," replied the parent. "How a heroine?" "Why, she married your father when his income was only \$300 a year—and she knew it."

At Nice—M. le Baron (complacently)—"Weally, Miss Amidon, I cantw see what makes Mees Jenkins fleert so outrageously wiz me! What can I do to get rid of her?" Miss A.—"Propose to her. She's a girl of sense."

Paterfamilias—Why, Ethel! You don't mean to tell me you want to marry that bald-headed Prof. Wiseman! Ethel—It is true he is bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads."

A New York couple were recently photographed while the marriage ceremony was being performed. The photographer probably thought that it would be much easier to get them to "look pleasant" at that moment than at any other period during their married lives.

There is in some a dispassionate neutrality of mind which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify nor warm us; it must indeed be granted that these men can only negatively offend, but then it should also be remembered that they cannot positively please.

Fenelon, who often bothered Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable purposes without any success, was one day telling him that he had just seen a capital portrait of him. "And I suppose you would ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu with a sneer. "Oh no; I saw there was no chance—it was too like you."

Tomme: "She's the coolest girl I ever met." Dickke: "How so?" Tomme: "Why, I tried to kiss her and something sharp in her hair nearly put my eyes out." Dickke: "Well, what of that?" Tomme: "Nothing; but she said, 'that's the kind of a hairpin I am.'" Dickke is trying to discover the point of it yet.

First baggageman—I say, Mike, all av these trunks belong to the wan woman. What d'ye s'pose is in them? Second baggageman—Sure, Jerry, an' it's her wardrobe. She's a celebrated actress. First baggageman—And what's in the small hand bag that goes wid 'em? Second baggageman—Be gobbs, Jerry, oim thinkin' that's what holds her janius.

Isaacson—You gomplain because dhose pants haf shrunk a leedle?

Bowwow—A little! De tings are like tights, sure!

Isaacson—Vy, dot was de beauty of my clodgings, dey vas loose und easy in the summer, but dey grow closer und comfortable vhen de cold veddar comes on. Ain'd you got any style apoud you anyvay.

A barbarous example for the parsing class is given by the *Minneapolis Tribune*: The ship stuck fast on the bar. The young member of the Bar sat upon a stout bar on the upper deck, wishing that the bar of conventionality did not bar him from speaking to the young lady. His longing was increased when the young lady sang a bar or two from his favourite opera. She did not notice him, however, and he went down to the bar to drown his chagrin.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew does not like the West. Recently, while on a visit to Chicago, he called the clerk of the hotel and, pointing to a boy, said:

"Sir, I want you to discharge that fellow."

"Why? What has he done?"

"He has insulted me."

"But how?"

"Why, I heard him speak of me as 'his jags.'"

"Oh, that's nothing," responded the clerk.

"And," continued Mr. Depew, "I think that he also referred to you as 'his jags.'"

"He did, eh? Well, that settles it. He goes this minute. By the way, whenever your jags wants anything don't forget to ask for it."