

good to be rejected, as it furnished a fixed income, although it was small, and in less than a day he had accepted it, and took the first steamer, the *Britannia* of the Cunard Line, in January, 1842, from Liverpool to Halifax, where he arrived safely after a most unpleasant voyage of sixteen days. The sharer of his cabin was a Mr. Shannon—doubtless S. L. Shannon, barrister, a graduate of King's College — whom he describes as "a well-educated man, and very popular in the town".

The Bishop was surprised to see him, as he came by the same steamer which brought the news of his acceptance of the position; but he welcomed him heartily and took him in his carriage to visit the Governor, Lord Falkland, and asked him to dine the same evening. He describes Bishop Inglis as "a dapper little man with a lively face, on which the sense of what was due to his prelatie dignity was perpetually struggling to check the impulses of his bustling activity". "The Bishop's wife," he says, "and her four thin and not very young daughters had stateliness enough for the whole Episcopal Bench in the Lords".

His drive to Windsor by sleigh, on a foggy day, over a rough road, did not impress him favourably; but at last he was landed at the principal hotel in Windsor, and with the assistance of black porters his luggage was taken to the College. His recollections of Windsor and the College are not very flattering: "Windsor was something between a town and a village on the estuary of a little river at the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the north-west of Halifax, from which it was divided by the whole width of the Acadian Peninsula, here only forty miles across. The little town was surrounded by low hills, on the summit of one of which, about half-a-mile outside the town, stood the College, while another hill facing the College, was then the residence of Judge Haliburton, the humorous creator of

'Sam Slick'. The College—King's College and University of Nova Scotia—consisted of one building, divided into five large and lofty wooden barns called 'Bays', in one of which resided the president, Dr. McCawley, with his wife and an only child, a daughter, ten years old. In the bay next to that the ground-floor was reserved for the Professor of Modern Literature. On the floor above it lived Mr. Stevenson, a raw Scotchman, the vice-president and bursar of the College. The students at the time, eighteen in number, were quartered in two of the other bays. The fifth contained the dining-hall and the apartments of Mr. Mahon, the Steward. The President," he says, "besides theology taught Latin and Greek, and the Bursar . . . had charge of mathematics and the humanities".

The new professor found his position almost a sinecure, because his lectures were not a necessary part of the curriculum. "The poor students were already crammed more than to their hearts' content with studies about which they would have to undergo an examination, and they were not likely to volunteer to add to the classical lessons a task about the fulfilment of which no one could call them to account." The classes soon dwindled away, and the professor was left with only two or three pupils.

What was he to do to pass the time? He bought a horse, hired a black groom, and went riding with Dr. and Mrs. McCawley, and sometimes with Judge Haliburton or some of his daughters. Then Windsor had balls and concerts, where, besides the Haliburtons he met the Murphys, Uniackes, Heads and others. In the summer he formed a class in Halifax, where the time passed pleasantly with boating-parties, picnics, balls, etc., but he notes with respect to all the Halifax beauties and indeed to his pupils generally that he was heart-whole. "But," he adds, "there was in Windsor someone who would be sure