

He was a humorous, witty man, and never regarded time or place when any opportunity occurred for displaying his facetious propensities. Upon one particular occasion, I remember, he amused the House of Assembly by his comical questions and witty rejoinders. I think it was seven or eight years ago when Montreal was the seat of government, that a bill was brought before the House to tax dogs and whiskey. The Doctor, who spoke on this occasion, asked—

“If any member present could inform him how many quarts of whiskey was usually made from a bushel of wheat, Indian corn, or rye?”

When the member for the Second Riding of Northumberland replied,—“He believed sixteen quarts.”

“I believe,” rejoined the Doctor, “the young gentleman is right, but heaven defend me from your sixteen quart-whiskey! I like a stiff horn.* I have read of the beast with two horns, and of the beast with ten horns, but I am a beast of many horns.”

The whole House were convulsed with laughter at this sally of the Doctor's, the concluding assertion of which, I am sorry to say, was too true. In every other relation of life the Doctor's

* In allusion to a drinking-horn.

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