

veying to Quebec a load of fire wood, met on the ice on the River St. Charles an elderly man wrapped up in a great coat, the worse of usage, and wearing a martin cap anything but new; his red, bleared eyes were watery. *Jean-Baptiste* took compassion on the woe-begone wayfarer, who seemed tired and said: "You look fatigued, *pere*. my vehicle is not very grand, but you will fare better on top of my load than trudging in this heavy snow."

The wayfarer readily assented and took his seat on the load, when a lengthy conversation was exchanged between him and the kind-hearted farmer.

On the sleigh reaching the foot of Palace Hill, the farmer was rather surprised to see that his new acquaintance, without apparent regard for his horse, did not dismount, but concluded that the poor old fellow was quite exhausted by fatigue and that after all, his mare, being a powerful beast, would not mind this additional light weight.

"Guard! turn out!" roared the sergeant on duty, on the sledge passing the city gate. The elderly man raised his cap. *Jean-Baptiste* looked round, saw no military man in the neighborhood and also raised his red *tuque*, saying, "Civility must be returned." The farmer's sleigh then continued through Fabrique street, its ascent towards the wood market, which in those days stood on the square opposite the Basilica, conveying on his load his new acquaintance.

"Guard! Turn out!" sung out the sentry at the entrance to the old Military Jesuits Barracks (long since removed). The aged man saluted the guard and also returned the respectful salutation of several citizens standing by; *Jean-Baptiste* again raised his *tuque*, saluting both the guard and the citizens, apparently quite pleased to note the progress good manners had made in the city since his last visit.

Finally, he stopped his mare, when his new acquaintance, with alacrity, descended from the load of wood, thanked him civilly for his kindness and slipped a coin in his mitten; he had nearly disappeared in the distance when some one ran and met the woodman, asking him how much the Governor had paid him for the ride.

"What Governor?" brusquely replied *Jean-Baptiste*. "I am not to be fooled in that way!"

"Look in your mitten," was the answer.

He did so and pulled out, amazed, a gold coin, remarking, "To think I was all the time under the impression of having done merely a charitable turn. Never will I judge of men by

their appearance after this."

THE DUKE OF KENT AND FATHER DE-BEREY.—1791-94.

Her Majesty's father, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, a roystering colonel of the 7th Fusiliers, aged 25, though a stern disciplinarian in army matters, at Quebec in 1791, was popular with all classes.

The readiness with which he and his fine regiment had turned out to help the citizens to fight some great fires in those days when few appliances existed to conquer these merciless destroyers, the interest he took in popular education, his considerate and lasting kindness towards several families, amongst others to that of Mr. De Salaberry, three of whose brave sons were provided with commissions in the English army. These and other good acts kept the Prince in public favor in Canada, where his memory to this day is respected.

The Duke seems to have been on excellent terms with the Superior of the Franciscan Monastery, facing the Chateau, and consumed by fire later on.

Father Felix De Berey, such was the name of this worthy ecclesiastic, had sprung from a noble French family; at one time an almoner in a French dragoon regiment, he had been wounded on the battle field. Father De Berey had retained in his advancing years much of the brusque, buoyant, frank manner of his former military comrades. In fact, observes Mr. De Gaspé, he reminded one of that brave old officer who had exchanged his helmet and epaulettes for the *soutane* of a priest, without however having been able to break himself of the perverse habit of swearing, then prevalent in the army. In despair, whenever an unlucky oath escaped his lips, he always added, "As I would have said when I was Captain of Dragoons."

One day, Father De Berey, desirous of suitably entertaining the son of his sovereign, Prince Edward, had prepared a whole park of diminutive artillery—a master-piece of workmanship constructed in his leisure hours by one of the monks. At twelve o'clock, noon, to the minute on the entrance at the monastery of the Prince and his A. D. C., these lead or brass field pieces were, one and all, to roar a salute from their gun-carriages.

By some unexpected cause that day, the Duke having ended the parade of his regiment twenty minutes earlier than usual, rushed up with his aide-de-camp the convent steps twenty minutes in advance of the time appointed for dinner, so that the disap-

pointed Superior was unprepared to fire his salute. Quick as thought, he turned rather savagely towards the Duke and remarked, "Your Highness, surprises in war are for the enemy, not for a friend. Why curtail the drill to march unawares and invade so unexpectedly a peaceful monastery?"

Prince Edward, on hearing how he had unwillingly given offence, had a hearty laugh.

However, the jolly old Superior was not to be done out of the projected salute in this way. At the close of the repast, he asked to be allowed to propose the Duke's health, when a roar of the convent artillery took place, which made every pane of glass in the old building rattle.

Mr. De Gaspé gives another of the ready repartees of the aged friar. It occurred at the time of the captivity of Pope Pius VII., a rumor being set afloat that Napoleon wanted him to grant to the French clergy a dispense from their vows of celibacy, so that all might marry. "Good news," said a practical joker of the period to the Abbé. "Yes. Rejoice! Napoleon has obtained a dispense of the marriage vow for all the R. C. clergy of France." "You big fool," sharply retorted the old friar. "Don't you see, it comes too late for me. *C'est de la moutarde apres diner.*"

Vice-regal hospitality in later days when the demon of misrule and its consequence, civic discord asserted his sway, was in high favor and led to desirable results, occasionally attended with ludicrous episodes.

About the period of the 92 Resolutions, in the old Parliament, when harmony between the two races seemed impracticable, a state dinner was given at which there attended a large sprinkling of the M. Ps. of the times. Among those worthy Solons there were several rustic legislators, to whom the *menu* of a modern *recherché* repast was a novelty and to whom the bill of fare might seem a snare and a delusion. The rancorous feeling between the two races was then at its height. A genuine *Jean-Baptiste* was ever ready to view with suspicion any idea introduced or even suggested by a *sacré anglais*—a *bureaucrate*. It so happened on this auspicious occasion that the weather was extremely hot so that cooling drinks and food and especially iced-cream were in great request. The cry all round was in fact for iced cream.

The robust member for Berthier—a *bon patriote*—after watching attentively for some time his colleagues gulping down the delicious concoction, called out: