

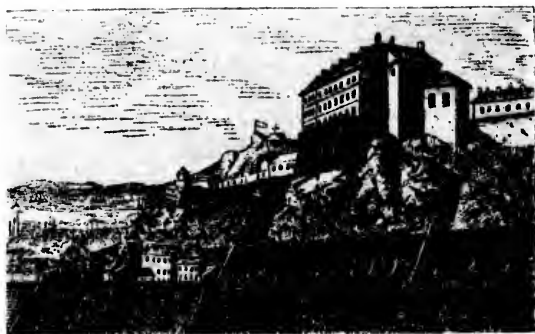
DUFFERIN TERRACE IN WINTER.

Drawn for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ing midday on board H. M. frigate *Pegasus*, anchored in the port below the Chateau. A grand ball was given there in his honor by Lord and Lady Dorchester. Mr. De Gaspe, the author of the *Canadians of Old*, has a spicy account of the merry entertainment. Instead of inviting to dance the demure ladies of rank officially presented to him, the sailor-prince picked out indiscriminately the youngest and prettiest girls as his partners, and had a very good time. Like other princes that followed, he had eyes for more than the scenic beauties of Quebec. The *Croniques des salons* recall a boyish lark of his in Champlain's fortress. The Royal midday, in one of his peregrinations, was struck with the uncommon beauty of a young girl in the humbler walks of life. Determined to find out who she might be, he followed her to her home. But alas! the stern parent, advised of the Duke's marked attentions to his youthful daughter, rushed out in the street after him, and laid his horsewhip vigorously on his royal shoulders, the Prince ejaculating in vain, "*Ne frappez*

*pas! Ne frappez pas! Je suis le fils du roi.*" No mention, however, is made of the escapade in the Court Journal.

Occasionally, the castle opened its doors to rather unexpected, but not the less welcome visitors. On the 13th March, 1789, His Excellency, Lord Dorchester, had the satisfaction of entertaining a stalwart woodman and expert hunter, Major Fitzgerald, of the 54th Regiment, then stationed at St. John, New Brunswick, the son of a dear old friend, Lady Emilia Mary, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. This chivalrous woodman was no less than the dauntless Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, the true but misguided



CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS IN 1834.

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