



La Citadelle, at Quebec, Canada's finest and most inspiring link with that historic past which has shed the light of its glory down the centuries. First occupied in 1872 as a vice-regal residence, by Lord and Lady Dufferin, it was restored last year by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon and will again this year become the scene of their brilliant summer entertainment

## IN THE QUEBEC OF YESTERDAY

BY R. BRIAN MEREDITH

SOON—just how soon depends upon Parliament, upon Fate, and various other uncertain elements—Quebec will become the summer home of His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Willingdon, and Her Excellency the Viscountess Willingdon. Into the recently rejuvenated vice-regal quarters in the Citadel they and their complete entourage will settle, and in consequence life in the Ancient Capital will assume an even more vivacious tempo and an even brighter color. Needless to say, their visit is eagerly anticipated and they will be sincerely welcomed into Canada's oldest, most attractive, and gayest little city.

It has ever been thus. Quebec has ever attracted the representatives of His Majesty and induced them to spend a goodly portion of their time within its rambling walls; and they, in turn, have taken a keen interest and active part in the life of the people.

We read so much of the Quebec of the French regime, and of the period including and immediately subsequent to the taking of the city by Wolfe, that the times that followed are little thought of. They are long enough ago, goodness knows, to be historical; but all that comes down to us of them is a bald commentary upon official enactments and happenings, and little account of the intimacies of the gay society of these early days. But, for those with long memories—memories that have noted the pleasant and the quaint in life as well as the matters-of-fact—and for those who are willing to poke into dusty and little-known literary scrap-heaps, there is much to discover that is lively and entertaining pertaining to this Not-So-Long-Ago.

Of the earlier days of the last century Mr. Fairchild relates a good yarn relative to the haughty Lady Dalhousie. Accompanied by her children she was walking through the streets after a thaw. In attempting to jump across a drain, one of the youngsters fell into the muddy waters. A young officer who was passing pulled the youngster out, and was proceeding to wipe the mud and filth off with his handkerchief when her ladyship exclaimed:

"How dare you, sir, touch a child of mine in that manner!"

"Oh," he said, "There's no harm done." And replacing the child in the drain and giving it a roll, he proceeded quietly on his way.

STATE balls and dinners at the Chateau (the old Chateau St. Louis, destroyed by fire in 1834), drives to Montmorency Falls, where sliding down the ice cone was the thing to do in wintertime, and private theatricals organized among the officers of the garrison were the order of the day in those times. Chief topics of conversation were the escapades of the young officers. Sir John Sherbrooke is recorded as having thus questioned a young officer of the Engineers:

"So, sir, you're there, are you? I understand that you sat up very late last night, sir. You and your riotous companions were disturbing all the people by your mad pranks. How comes it, sir, that you whitewashed the undertaker's

hearse, and his horse too, and how dare you, sir, shave the tail off one of his black horses, and go and tie the old hair on the staff surgeon's rat-tailed pony. And I hear you have taken down a pawnbroker's sign, and hung up a long wooden-spout instead; and not satisfied with this, you sent a midwife to poor old Miss . . ."

Their spirit of levity was made manifest once in giving the immaculately whitewashed house of the leading baker a coat of tar, whereupon the poor man, upon discovering it in the morning, lamented: "Oh, le diable, le diable a noirci notre maison." They did their best to prevent life from becoming monotonous, did those young men.

QUEBEC was very much the centre of things during the first and middle parts of the 19th Century. It was for a time the capital of the country, sharing the honors with Toronto, and later relinquishing its claim to Ottawa after a strenuous fight. But it won a victory, whose rewards are continually being received, in claiming the traditional and personal patronage of each succeeding Governor-General. The Elgins were the representatives of the King at that time and exerted a stimulating and pleasant influence upon the social life of both Quebec and Toronto.

Of Quebec at the time of their regime I am fortunate in being able to have access to some intimate reminiscences written by my grandmother, a daughter of Sheriff Jarvis, of York, shortly before her death. In this swiftly-growing country of ours, the present quickly becomes the past, and the past is historical in no time. Where people have led interesting lives, done interesting things and encountered interesting people; they should make some record of them, if only for the pleasure it will give their descendants. Few alive today cannot remember some event that is already historical; few who could not leave entertaining, encouraging, and informative reminiscences. Little vignettes from the past, (going back in her case as far as the Rebellion of 1837) such as my grandmother penned, make the happenings of history with which they deal, very real indeed.

IN 1851, when the seat of government alternated between Toronto and Quebec, she was in Quebec as a bride; my grandfather then being an under-secretary of state. She relates how popular and beloved were Lord and Lady Elgin, his son, little Lord Bruce, his brother, Colonel Bruce and his wife, and his aides-de-camp, Captain Cotton and Captain Grant. She found at first the social obligations rather trying and remembers how, "One New Year's Day when visiting was very different from what it is now, and I was too shy to sit alone and receive strangers, I dressed in a fur coat of Edmunds—then fur caps were worn by everyone—and so with my fur cap and the high collar of my coat I was quite disguised, and drove my husband all over Quebec to pay his numerous New Year visits. If there were other sleighs near, I kept at a respectful distance . . ."

Driving was a great art in those days, and she being justly proud of

her skill, relate that there was with a pair of driving tandem astonishment paid me on remember morency, wh Governor-Ge had to wait fo was not allow of Sir Alexar special friend she and I wit de-camp at married Miss the snow and "One qui happened on Road, Mrs. I panion. We five miles fro Duval with a judge in desp and that ther immediately bandaged up She was assis head on my s wailed, which town. If she she were "m Powell was wooden leg. sister-in-law, saw me with what the tro her of Mrs. I and pick her kisses for year dance many wooden leg

MADAM member raconteur and Lansdownes a delightful old Duval, who Unfortunatel come unless is a 'comman and as soon a playing. M Madame Serri Canadian bo pretty; the r Madame Du daughter dict In 1860, Prince of Wa the ninety-on welcomed by

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