

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

OLD FACES.

'Tis sweet to dream upon the story
Of the future, and the glory
On its heights of sunny pleasure
Holding riches without measure;
But far sweeter, and far dearer
Is the dream that cometh clearer,
Of our forms, and lives, and graces,
Dear old faces, dear old faces!

Tenderly the visions enter
To my spirit's warmest center;
Bringing in the recollection
Of the things that seem perfection—
Bygone tears, and bygone blisses,
And the presses of young kisses,
Bringing back the primal races
Of companions—dear old faces!

O companions of the morning!
With that sacred light adorning
All your glances, all your features,
Till ye seem half-mystic creatures,
Whom a moment we have dwelt with,
In the half-remembered places
Of the springtime—dear old faces!

Ah, could I but give you greeting
Once again, the fervent meeting
Would appease the fond appealing
From remembrance ever stealing!
Oh, could we but meet a daytime
As we used to meet in Maytime,
Life would have regained the graces
That ye gave it, dear old faces!

C. L. CLEVELAND.

Sweetsburg, Quebec.

QUEBEC CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

We republish the following graphic account of this interesting event from the columns of the *Quebec Chronicle*—

Great was the bustle in barber shops, and plentiful the commotion in ladies' dressing-rooms, on the evening of December the 31st, 1875. The cause of the unwonted excitement, this denuding of masculine chins and juvenile cheeks, this sacrifice of hirsute ornaments, this powdering of golden, auburn, or raven locks, and application of old-time patches to fair, round cheeks, and in delicate proximity to cherry red lips—the cause of all the quaint finery of sacque and hoop and farthingale, of old lace and older jewellery, bestrewn boudoirs, and which accounted for the cocked hats, embroidered waistcoats, silk stockings and gem-buckled pumps—was that Colonel and Mrs. Strange were entertaining a large party of guests at the Citadel, by giving a costume ball, which should display before our gaze the fashions of the bygone times—one hundred years passed away—when our ancestry held somewhat precarious rule within our walls, and who on the centennial anniversary of the night in question were repulsing a vigorous and daring invader with shot and shell and steel, and, successfully too, as our presence here, as owners of the soil, can testify. The many and varied features of this splendid reception and ball, which partook of a strictly historic character, render it consequently worthy of more than a passing notice; and make it necessary for the writer to ask those who wish to realize some of the delights of that memorable evening to accompany him from his hotel to the scene of the festivities. Out into the murky foggy moistness of the night, big misty tears dripping from every eave, seemingly mourning over its fast approaching decease; splashing through the watery snow our driver, careless of atmospheric influences, hums a lively air and with many a bound and leap, like a boat in a chopping sea, the carriage is safely steered through the sinuosities of the street and into the hilly road which leads to our destination—the frowning fortress on the summit. Over cahots and ruts we slowly ascend and soon become sensible of something unusual, a pale bright light shining like a halo round and above the grey walls and bastions. As we approach closer and are brought within the massive chain gates, this is explained by the huge lamps and reflectors, like minor suns, pouring out floods of light and doing duty for Mme. Luna, who at the moment is smiling very lugubriously behind the wreaths of fog above. Dashing along at a quickened pace and through the sentried inner gates, we are in the citadel and across the icy waste of the barrack yard. Bright lights can be seen burning at every window of the long row of buildings known as the Officers' Quarters. Hundreds of covered sleighs and carriages are wending their way processionaly over the snowy expanse which, with its glazed top, looks like some monster bridal cake. After some further plunging and pulling, we are allowed to get out and find ourselves in the presence of a courteous non-commissioned officer, who ushers us into a long corridor, blazing with light and colour. Entrusting our wraps to the charge of a much be-medalled veteran, who is custodian of the cloak-rooms, we seek the centre of attraction the

RECEPTION PARLOUR.

Before arriving there a perfect labyrinth of rooms have to be passed, and each one is so tastefully decorated and cunningly arranged for appropriate effect, the progress is long but in no ways tedious. Being early comers we have ample opportunity of inspecting all the symbolic arrangements and historical relics so profusely scattered on every side; adorning each nook and embellishing every available door and window. Half way between the dressing and receiving rooms is a noble double staircase, the sides of which are draped with Royal standards intermingled with the white and golden lilies of France, our Dominion Ensign, and the stars and

stripes of the neighbouring Republic. On either hand of the broad steps are stands of arms and warlike implements. Here too, facing one, when ascending the steps, is the magnificent trophy designed by Captain Larue of the "B" Battery, who in fact has acted as master decorator of the entire building, a position for which his keen sense of the beautiful and appropriate admirably fitted him. The huge banners fell in graceful folds about the stacks of musketry piled on the right and left above the drums and trumpets; from the centre was a red and black pennant (the American colors of 1775), immediately underneath was the escutcheon of the United States, on which, heavily craped, was hung the hero's sword—the weapon with which one hundred years before this night, Montgomery had beckoned on his men; the blade with which even in his death-fall, he had waved them forward to scale the precipitous crags and storm the garrison within which we are standing. Underneath this kindly tribute to the memory of the dead General were the solemn prayerful initials of the *Requiescat in Pace*. At the foot of the trophy were two sets of old flint muskets and accoutrements piled, and in the centre a brass cannon captured from the Americans in 1775, which bears the lone star and figure of an Indian, the arms of the State of Massachusetts. On either side of this gorgeous historical tableau recalling as it did, so vividly, the troublous times of long ago, telling the lesson so speakingly of the patience and pluck, the sturdy manhood and bravery of a century gone by, were stationed as sentries, two splendid specimens of the human race, stalwart giants considerably over six feet in height, who belonged formerly to the renowned Cent Gardes of Napoleon III., but now in the ranks of B Battery. The stern impassiveness of their faces and the immobility of their figures were quite in keeping with the solemn trust they had to guard. Mounting the scarlet cloth-covered steps, we proceed down the corridor in the direction of a brilliantly lighted chamber at the end of it, and, the names being announced, make our obeisances to Col. Strange and Mrs. Major Montizambert who acted as Hostess in the absence of Mrs. Strange through indisposition. At this spot many charming little embarrassments took place in the presentations from cases of mistaken identity. The fact was that nine out of ten, upon looking up after their bow or courtesy had been made, seemed to be uncertain whether they had not been mistaken. In place of the gallant Colonel with his well known bearded face, was a tall gentleman with heavy moustache and imperial, white *perruque* and *queuc*, booted and spurred, dressed in a brilliant scarlet and gold uniform of a commandant of artillery in 1775. The suit was that of Capt. Jones, R.A., who commanded the 3rd company of the 4th battalion at that period. His name has been ignored in local records but not in the history of his regiment where, it is said, he received the highest praise in general orders, and afterwards greatly distinguished himself in the field both in the new and old worlds. It was very hard, unless at a second glance, to recognize the Colonel, and the ladies upon shaking hands would look provokingly puzzled as much as if they were being pleasantly hoaxed. The illusion was made all the greater from the fact that the suite of artillery officers who surrounded their chief were all attired in last century costumes. Major Montizambert, Captains Short and White wore the Royal Artillery uniform of that period, according to Major Duncan's history; Dr. Neilson, Lieut. Shephard, and Mr. D. Ross were attired in the garb of John Coffin's gentlemen volunteers, while several others wore the swords, sashes, hats and coats of their grandfathers, much more showy and elegant than we had any idea of. Taking possession of a quiet coign of vantage, we watched the gorgeous procession as it gradually absorbed all the available space with its rich and fragrant presence. Was it a dream, a pleasant, although ghostly reminiscence of ancestral times, the martial bearing and Grandisonian politesse of the age in which bottle-green and plum-coloured coats, cravats yards in length or satin stocks many inches in height, silk stockings and muchly buckled shoes were the correct thing? The tightly laced bodices, the graceful flowing folds of the sacque, the sharp-pointed long-waisted corsets, the courtly sway of ostrich plumes floating over velvet turbans, the countryfied simplicity of Dolly Vardens, the bewitching glimpses of clocked hosiery, and high heeled-shoes were there too. Can that delicate exquisite, with step so dainty, and manner so Brummelian, be one of ourselves? Is that daintily clad courtier with his lace ruffled breast and wristbands, and on whose white coat glistens the riband and cross of St. Louis a living reality, or is he the glittering shadow of his forefathers? We have hardly decided that knotty question when more puzzled as to our own and other people's identity we watch the ever advancing crowd—ladies who one would swear had partaken of di hes of tea at Mrs. Thrale's, and afterwards diverted themselves at Vauxhall, under the rays of the ten thousand extra lamps; fair women who had read with pleasure an Addisonian essay on social topics in the *Spectator*, or who had cried heartily over the sorrows of Pamela, or laughed at the adventures of Peregrine Pickle or Ferdinand Count Fathom. Nothing could be more agreeably disappointing as bevy after bevy of the sex which is rarest, fairest and best, draped in such attire as their grandmother's wore, passed on, to see that the ancient stiffness of brocade, the quaint angularity of farthingale and hoop did but enhance and display the natural charms of our Quebec belles. What school-

boys would irreverently term Guys, and men of the modern world would call Frights, if they had seen them in the oiled canvass and heavy framings of a family picture gallery, were transformed into fac-similes of the dead and gone beauties whose resplendent charms conquered the fox-hunting, port-drinking, hard-fighting hearts of our grandfathers. Naught was changed save the dress. In lieu of the ludicrous obstruction of the "pull-back," the sweeping trains, self-supporting and not requiring the aid of crinoline, deftly handled by jewelled fingers were carried as gracefully through the intricacies of cotillion and quadrille as ever was hoop skirt through the mysterious evolutions of the minuet or the romping extravagances of Sir Roger de Coverly. We were in complete bewilderment and amaze at the scene before us; at the ebb and flow of fair women and brave men, impelled under the influence of music's voluptuous swell to seek the dancing rooms and whirl harmoniously in the ecstatic dreamy waltz or more prosaically walk in the figures of the square dances. We could not determine whether we were in the *salons* of the Tuilleries, the pump rooms of Scarborough or in the sanctum of that Arbitrator of Fashion, Beau Nash, in the Trianon boudoirs of Ninon de L'Enclos or in the exclusive apartments of Almack's aristocratic domain. They who have smiled somewhat superciliously at the fashion of the habiliments of those who have gone before them would have been wonderfully astonished to see how those peculiarities of garments and head-gear suited the charming women whom they decorated, who in return of compliment enhanced the beauty of their attire by the surpassing grace with which they wore them. The corridors, the upper of which ought to have been entitled Beauty's Passage and the lower Flirtation Alley, in spite of the great number of dancers, were perpetually haunted by living, breathing, talking occupants, male and female. A hundred graces, fair as her frolic grace Fitz Fulke, wandered through the arched passages, each one a personification, as well as an ideal of the age that has gone by. With them in lively chat or romantic conversation were men that in bearing and nobleness of mien lacked nothing of the pride, muscle or the sinew of their ancestry. Commingled in the throng were voices babbling wittiest *badinage* in choicest French, and ringing out scintillant fun or whispering softest nonsense in simplest Saxon. The illusion was complete and the *entourage* only added to it. Hither and thither with the clash and *cliquetis* of swords and spears, and clang of arms, went the officers; now speeding in the vertiginous round of the gallop, or again moving in the undulating sway of the mazourka. As an actual representation of what might have happened if General Carleton had given a ball to the citizens he had preserved from invasion on this December night, there could hardly have been any perceptible difference if the swallow tail element had been eliminated. Everything was redolent of long ago, the brocades and stiffened satins, the odours of lavender and musk, the strangely flowered silks and plumed turbans, the antique gems flashing as brightly as ever from their old fashioned settings, the *poudre coiffures*, the rare lace stomachers and delicately worked brodequins, the pig tails and queerly cut wigs, each and all contributed to the faithfulness, and the magnificence of the entertainment. The writer is now approaching a subject fraught with pitfalls, and before commencing he must crave the pardon of all those he has omitted to mention, (their name is legion), of all he alludes to, and also regretting that his knowledge of the science of millinery is absolutely nil and therefore his descriptions will be more or less incorrect. It was a very gratifying fact to notice the number of guests in ancient costume, and the excellence of the dresses which they wore. This, considering the short notice given, reflected infinite credit on the taste and energy of their wearers. All sorts of antique stuffs saw light again after years of seclusion. All the brocaded velvets and finery from the wardrobes of our grandmothers appeared to have been ransacked. The greater part of the ladies were in fancy dress, and nearly all wore powdered hair. The effect was magical. It seemed as if our ancestors had come to life again, just to take their places in a memorial dance with their descendants. The costumes were all handsome; but, perhaps the most remarkable was that of a young married lady. Her bodice and over-skirt was an antique black satin, worked in, in various colours, and worn over a white silk petticoat. Her heirloom necklace and earrings, and jewelled stomacher, were particularly admired. The daughter of one of our prominent medical men wore a very handsome brocaded silk and crimson velvet skirt—a dress which common opinion declared most becoming. The wife of a gallant Major had on a splendid yellow flowered silk, as ancient as that officer's name. The wife of a well-known merchant had evidently just arrived from a Court levee of George the Third; while another young lady looked as if she had walked out from Hogarth's picture of *Marriage à la mode*. Another, the daughter of a retired merchant, wore a handsome blue brocade and silk under-skirt. There were some dresses as remarkable for their simplicity as their tastiness. One blonde *petite*, in pure white corded silk and yellow hair, contrasted well with the Cleopatra dignity of the matron whose dark blue velvet costume and courtly head-dress were a theme for universal admiration. A lady who wore a light blue figured silk dress, beautifully adorned with lace in the sacque fashion, and whose sweet face did not require the alluring crescents and devices of patches which she had assumed, was much ad-

mired. It would take pages to describe the excellencies of the various dresses. Save a couple of fantastic costumes of no character whatever, except length of ribbon, the whole was in excellent taste and the period well represented.

Of the gentlemen less may be said, as comparatively few were in fancy dress. The ancient artillery uniform, worn by the officers of B Battery, was very effective and becoming, and their gallant commander looked as if he only needed the occasion to repeat the valiant deeds of that night one hundred years. Different gentlemen wore the court dresses and uniforms of that period. The dresses were not, as a whole, so true to the age as that of the ladies, and a couple of gentlemen, in black, were dressed in a style fully over fifty years after the year commemorated. Taking it as a whole, the scene was one for Quebec to be proud of, and those who affect to think that the old town has lost her ancient prestige for taste and refinement, need only to have been at the citadel on New Year's eve to see that it exists in all its pristine freshness and effect. Dance succeeded dance and the happy hours flew past as in the time when Belgium's capital had gathered there the noblest of our chivalry and the choicest of our dames and demoiselles. The band, now trained to almost mechanical precision, was, for the convenience of the terpsichoreans, divided into two parties, one playing on the upper story and the other occupying the hall on the ground floor on which are situated the apartments of His Excellency the Governor-General. By this means the sweet melodies of Gungl, Strauss, Offenbach and Gounod were wafted through the entire building, and whether one was taking a quiet hand at a whist rubber, chatting in the parlor, or refreshing themselves at the supper room, there followed the sounds of dance-enticing harmony. Euterpe was queen regnant until the hands of the clocks had verged on the midnight hour which should add still another year to our earthly existence. About that time there were mysterious signs and evidences that something unusual was going to happen. There was a hurrying to and fro of the *cognoscenti* to their respective places, but so noiselessly and carefully were the preparations made that the gay throng who perpetually circulated through the rooms took little heed, when all of a sudden the clear clarion notes of a trumpet sounding the assembly thrilled the hearts of all present. A panel in the wainscoting of the lower dancing room opened as if by magic and out stepped a jaunty little trumpeter with the slashed and decorated jacket and busby of an hussar. The blast he blew rang in tingling echoes far and wide, and, a second later, the weird piping and drumming in a music now strange to us, was heard in a remote part of the Barracks. Nearer and clearer every moment came the sharp shrill notes of the fifes and the quick detonation of the drum stick taps. Eyes met eyes, with somewhat of that look which had been interchanged on the eve of Waterloo at the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, between those gallants who were perhaps going out to their death, and those fair women who had to wait through bitter hours of suspense the announcement of England's victory, purchased perhaps at the price of their husband's love or lover's devotion. A silence grew over the bright *cortège*, the notes of the band died into the nothingness of quiet, the company clustered in picturesque groups around the stairs where was placed the thin steel blade, whose hilt, one century gone by, was warmed by the bounding, blood-filled pulse of Montgomery. The rattle of the drums came closer and closer, two folding doors opened suddenly, and through them stalked in grim solemnity the "Phantom Guard" led by the intrepid Sergeant Hugh McQuarters. Neither regarding the festive decorations, the bright faces, the sparkling eyes, or the dazzling uniforms around them, the guard passed through the assemblage as if they were not; on through salon and passages; past ball room and conversation parlour, they glided with measured step and halted in front of the Montgomery trophy and paid military honors to the memento of a hero's valiant—if unsuccessful act. Upon their taking close order, the Bombardier, Mr. Dunn, who impersonated the dead Sergeant, and actually wore the sword and blood and brain bespattered belt of a man who was killed in action in 1775, addressed Colonel Strange, who stood at the bottom of the staircase already mentioned, surrounded by all that was most attractive of Quebec society. The Sergeant carrying in his hand a lintstock and lighted fuzee, was the live picture of a man prompt to prime and fire his gun against the enemy. The lines, which are his own composition, were as follows:—

Commandant! we rise from our grave to-night,
On the Centennial of the glorious fight.
At midnight, just one hundred years ago,
We soldiers fought and beat the daring foe;
And kept our dear old flag aloft, unfurled,
Against the Armies of the Western world.
Altho' our bodies now should be decayed,
At this, our visit, be not sore dismayed:
Glad are we to see our Fortress still defended,
By Canadians, French and British blended,
But Colonel, now I'll tell you, why we're risen,
From out the bosom of the earth's cold prison—
We ask of you to pay us one tribute;
By firing from these heights, one last salute."

The grave sonorous words of the martial request were hardly uttered ere through the stygian darkness of the night, the great cannon boomed out a soldier's welcome and a brave man's requiem, causing women's hearts to throb, and men's to exult at the warlike sound. While the whole air was trembling with the sullen reverberation and the sky was shamed out of its gloominess by port-fires, rockets and Roman candles, Colonel