

## EVENING IN EARLY SPRING.

The west is crimsoned, and the evening falls,  
The lamp of night is lighting up aloft;  
Unto his mate after the partridge calls,  
The blue wren's trill ceases in the croft.

Upon the waving poplar's topmost spray,  
His mellow note the thrush is piping forth,  
Singing his farewell to the dying day,  
While pale stars peep out in the dusky north.

Over the land the sunny south wind blows,  
The spring's first whistle with the winter's cold;  
And nature flushed, with genial triumph glows,  
On sparkling fount, and cloudlet tipped with gold.

The morn was balmy, and the noontide bright,  
And happy children strayed to gather flowers;  
Sacking the slopes with celandines adight,  
Whereon in March winds, daisies make their bowers.

The father led his children forth to-day,  
To scented violets, clustered white and blue,  
To watch the young lambs bounding in their play,  
Perchance to hear the merry sweet cuckoo.

The twilight closes o'er the balmy eve,  
The bat is fitting in the quiet air,  
The wren his last song on the tawny doth weaves,  
And the shy rabbit leaves his sandy lair.

Blithe lovers wander happy, arm in arm,  
Moved by the magic of the witching time,  
Thus tasting, ere life's toils begin, a balm,  
To memory, precious in their after prime.

The field, and grove, and music of the bird,  
The humming insect, and the budding bough,  
Wilding and tune the sounds in still night heard,  
And the shrill whistle of the wild wind's sigh;

All sing God's praise; thus musing home we go,  
Grateful for nature's plea that as we plead,  
While native music falls from these we know,  
We too may raise a grateful song to God.

Guthrie, Eng.

J. HAWKINS.

## ARRIVAL OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

In 1868 a number of young French Canadians left their homes and their families to serve in the defence of the Holy See. Two years was the term of service these young men put in, and when this had expired they prepared to return to Canada. They left Rome on the 17th March, and passed through Paris on their way to Havre, where they were to embark for New York. In Paris they were received by the clergy, and were invited to dinner by the Fathers of Versailles. They left Havre on the 26th March, and after an agreeable passage of close upon nine days arrived at New York on the 4th inst. The following day they took the train for Montreal, where a hearty reception awaited them.

On the morning of the 6th, long before the train from New York was due, the Bonaventure Railway Station, and all the avenues leading to it, were filled with an anxious, expectant crowd, consisting chiefly of French Canadians. On the station platform the Reception Committee, with the scholars and bands of the Roman Catholic schools and colleges, awaited the arrival of the Zouaves; and when at last the train bearing them made its appearance, a ringing cheer was given, which was the signal for the bands to strike up and the church-bells to ring. The station was the scene of the wildest excitement, and when the bronzed young soldiers, in their picturesque uniform of grey and red, left the cars, they were greeted with many hearty shakes of the hand. Some little time elapsed before order could be restored, and at last a procession was formed and left the station. Passing along St. Joseph and Notre Dame Streets, which were lined with spectators, the procession reached the Place d'Armes, and defiled in order into the Church of Notre Dame. The Zouaves ranged themselves on either side of the chancel, the organ the while playing the Papal March, and Sergeant Bernier, bearing the beautiful banner presented to the corps, stationed himself in front of the altar. A "Te Deum" was first sung for the safe return of the young soldiers, after which they were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Colin. After the sermon the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, Vicar-General Trudeau being the celebrant. Service over, the Zouaves proceeded to the Seminary hard by, where they were entertained at dinner by the clergy.

During the rest of the day the Zouaves were to be seen in groups of twos and threes on the streets, where they attracted much attention. Their uniform consists of a grey jacket with red braid facings, and baggy knickerbocker trousers of the same material. The jacket fits loosely round the neck, and is without a collar of any description, leaving the neck perfectly bare. It is gratifying to record that these young men, after having earned for themselves an excellent character for discipline and soldierly bearing in the service of the Pope, have now, at the first sound of alarm, voluntarily placed themselves at the disposal of the Government in defence of their Queen and country. Our illustration, from a drawing by our own artist, depicts the scene in the Church of Notre Dame. A small view is also given of the arrival at the Bonaventure Station.

## "AFTER DINNER."

M. Paul Meyerheim, a young German artist of great merit, has been distinguishing himself recently by a series of paintings from animal life. Monkeys are his favourite subjects, and by his skill in depicting the habits of these animals he has won for himself the name of the Monkey-Painter—a title that is rather unenviable than otherwise, as it is capable of being interpreted in two very different ways. As a painter of monkeys—taking the more desirable interpretation—Mr. Meyerheim has achieved great success, and the accompanying illustration will at least testify to his powers of caricature. He gives us a party of monkey bon-vivants—evidently hard-drinkers and "good fellows"—grouped at table after a night's debauch; and in the picture his animals certainly keep up their reputation of imitating mankind to the life. Most of the party have fallen into a drunken sleep on their chairs, and some have even disappeared under the table. The chairman—to the right of the picture—has fallen back in his chair overpowered, and is fast asleep, with some one else's hat on his head, and a broken champagne-glass tightly clutched in his hand. He looks as if he had succumbed in the act of taking a last glass. The Vice appears to be horribly ill. Judging from his dejected and helpless look the room evidently appears to him to be spinning round and round in a most uncomfortable manner. A pretty object he is, with his feet on the table; with one hand tightly clinging to the table to save himself from falling, and the other hand engaged with

the broken wine-glass. The two in the centre have evidently been fighting for the possession of a chair, which they have overturned in the struggle, at the same time overturning themselves and bringing down the table-cloth and a shower of oyster shells. Now the disputants are lying peacefully enough among the debris, lovingly clasped in each other's arms. On the opposite side of the table is an old fellow, evidently a seasoned toper, and well accustomed to this sort of thing—a hard-drinking major one would feel inclined to set him down as. With the exception of the genius on the table, he is the only one in the room in his senses, his young friend on his left being evidently lightheaded and inclined to be unpleasantly playful. Even the major's eyes are getting dim, and he is vacantly glaring at the waiter, who has coolly seated himself on the table, and is busy emptying the bottles of whatever the revellers have left. The picture is a well-conceived satire upon excesses which are but too common in every sphere of life. The Spartans used to make their slaves drunk to show their children what fools drunken men make of themselves; but having no slaves handy to practise upon, Mr. Meyerheim takes beings next in the scale, put them on his canvas, and holds up the mirror to human nature.

## "WHERE'S THE ENEMY?"

This is a question that should not even be asked unless the preparations are ample for giving him a warm reception when he comes. Canada has had a mixed experience in this respect; he has come once when scarcely looked for, and he has failed many times to enter an appearance, when a sight of him would have been hailed with delight by the gallant volunteers, all in readiness to receive him. Canada is again ready for the foe; but at the time of writing the Fenian "braves" are still safely sheltered under the ample folds of the "Star spangled banner." Whether they are coming according to their promise, so oft repeated, or whether they are only "coming to come," the future must decide; but there can be no question about the wisdom of Canada's being ready to receive them. It is more than likely that the very preparations made for their reception may somewhat cool the ardour of our valiant would-be emancipators. It may even induce them to postpone their visit; or to make such an ostentatious parade of their preparations for the intended excursion as will force the bland Uncle Sam to put his hand on their shoulders and tell them to stop where they are. The latter course would relieve the chiefs from odium in the eyes of the rank and file, and especially in the esteem of "servant gal-dom," with which, for financial reasons, they particularly desire to stand on the most confidential terms. By whatever considerations they may be swayed, we beg of such of the Fenian crew as may see this writing to glance at the double page illustration in the present number, which is especially designed to inform "all whom it may concern" that Canada is ready to give them a hot reception—to shout them welcome from throats of steel. The country can ill afford to make these periodical military displays for no cause; but it can far less afford to be unprepared to resist a raid, whenever that seems probable. There is now good ground for believing that Canada would have been attacked in March, 1866, only for the reason that it was discovered to be prepared; and it may be suspected that it would not have been invaded in the early days of June of the same year, had it not in some measure been thrown off its guard; and had not the Fenians supposed it even less prepared than it was. Experience has fully justified the policy of making ample preparations at the first sign of danger; and if now we shall escape from the threatened incursion of the land pirates it will only be because they have discovered in time that the country is prepared to give them their deserts. It may do very well for the "I-told-you-so" philosophers to pool-pool the notion of a raid when no raid has taken place; but had not our gallant volunteers been in the field, had not ample preparations been made for defence, it is just possible that we should not have had to accept of echo's answer to the question—"Where's the enemy?"—for in all probability they would have shewn themselves, to our temporary dismay, and those who blame the authorities for the extent of the preparations made would have been the first to reproach them for not having prepared in time! The answer to those who ask "why make such preparations when there is no raid?" is just this, that "because of the preparations the raid has been abandoned." This is far more economical than a three days' campaign would be; and robs the Fenians of the little prestige that even defeat would bring them.

## ST. STEPHEN'S CRYPT, WESTMINSTER.

One is apt to get weary in going back through the long history of the Palace and Abbey of Westminster, before one reaches the time when Richard the Lion-hearted, sitting at a banquet in the Little Hall, received tidings that King Philip of France had invaded the English domains in Normandy, and had, moreover, sat down before Verneuil; whereupon, the chivalrous blood mounting hot to his brows, Cœur de Lion rose, and stamping his mailed foot, swore, by the brightness of God, never to turn away his face from Franceward till he had met and fought the French king. Upon this, says Brompton, the old chronicler, masons at once came with pick and bar, and broke open a passage in the wall, and through this breach the king in complete armour, immediately passed, and straight took horse for Portsmouth, where he embarked.

As early as Danish Canute, the English kings dwelt by the river-side at Westminster, close to where in earlier ages King Sebert had reared on Thorny Island (the site of a Roman Temple of Apollo) an abbey to St. Peter, who had miraculously appeared to some Thames fishermen during a storm, and had been ferried over by them from Southwark to where, on the oozy northern bank, white-clad angels waited to welcome him. Edward the Confessor, that saintly king—so free-handed to the monks, and therefore so be-praised by the monastic historians—is said to have died in the Painted Chamber. The brutal Rufus built the Great Hall, that is almost Roman in its grandeur, and the usurper Stephen added the Chapel, and prayed there, no doubt, for success against Queen Matilda. The chapel was rebuilt by the brave Edward I., then destroyed by fire, rebuilt by the wretched Edward II., and completed by the great warrior Edward III. in whose reign the Gothic reached its finest development. When the Reformation turned a scowling face at architecture and painting, as mere votaries and abettors of the old faith, the Chapel began to fall into neglect; the walls were wainscoted, a new floor of wood put in, and a new ceiling of plaster added. At the

Union in 1800, when the Commons as well as Lords had to make fresh room for the new-comers, the Chapel was pulled to pieces. It was then found that the walls had been covered with paintings of miracles from the New, and histories from the Old Testaments. There had been also stained-glass windows, blazoned with Biblical legends; and everywhere the mediæval builders had lavished colour and gilding.

The cloisters, rebuilt in the reign of Henry VIII., were networks of decorated carving, and a small oratory with chantry above lent great beauty to the cloister of a chapel in which twelve secular canons intoned, twelve vicars chanted, and six choristers sang. All these things the last fire ruthlessly destroyed, leaving only the present crypt, which is now restored in full harmony with the modern lights, though for what purpose we do not very clearly see. True, that members of Parliament have many sins of commission and omission to expiate; but we can hardly expect that Mr. Lowe will steal here during intervals of a debate and confess his bitter words, or Mr. Disraeli come to repent his sarcasms. It is an ecclesiastical fantasy, that is the fact; and certainly the relic of good Gothic art deserved embalming in gold and colours, and a sermon now and then will do no one, not even Lord Shaftesbury, any harm.—*The Graphic*.

## RED RIVER AFFAIRS.

A despatch dated St. Paul, Minn., April 21, says: A Red River trader of this city, who has been on a business trip to the Red River country, has just arrived here. He left Fort Garry on the 10th inst. The upper country was so badly flooded that no mails had passed Georgetown, either way, for fifteen days. He says that Bishop Taché had been labouring to give the people of the settlement a better understanding of the intentions of Canada toward Red River. Riel had surrendered to the Hudson Bay Company all the confiscated property, furs, &c., and the company were preparing to resume business again. The people of the country are almost united in the desire that the mission of the delegates to Ottawa may be successful, and that amicable arrangements may result from their deliberations.

The Sioux Indians are becoming troublesome at the Portage, and there is every indication of Indian disturbances. The Sioux fear that they will obtain nothing by the transfer of the territory, and possibly lose something by it, and they are only kept quiet by the presents sent them every week from Fort Garry. The Crees are becoming jealous of this apparent liberality towards the Sioux, and threaten to make a disturbance. The people are united in the hope that Canadian troops will be sent to Fort Garry immediately, not to make war on Riel and his party, but to protect the country from the Indians, and keep them in awe. The whole community have agreed to recognize Riel as their head, until the Canadian authority is established in the territory. Riel has issued the following proclamation, an advance copy of which this gentleman brought with him, as follows:

## PROCLAMATION.

To the people of the North-West:

Let the assembly of 28 representatives which met on the 9th inst. be dear to the people of Red River. That assembly has shewn itself worthy of confidence. It has worked in union. The members devoted themselves to the public interest and yielded only to sentiments of good will, duty, and generosity. Thanks to that noble conduct, public authority is now strong. That strength will be employed to sustain and protect the people of the country. To-day the Government pardons all those whom political differences led astray only for a time. An amnesty will be generously accorded to all those who will submit to the Government, who will discontinue or inform against dangerous gatherings. From this day forth the public highways are open and the Hudson Bay Company can resume business themselves, contributing to the public good. They circulate their money as of old; they pledge themselves to that course. The attention of the Government is also directed very especially to the northern part of the country, in order that trade may not receive any serious check, and that peace in the Indian districts may thereby be all the more securely maintained. The disastrous war which was at one time threatened has left among us foes and various deplorable results, but the people feel reassured; and elected by the grace of Providence and the suffrages of my fellow-citizens to the highest position in the government of my country, I proclaim that peace reigns in our midst this day. The Government will take every precaution to prevent this peace from being disturbed. While internally all is thus returning to order, externally also matters are looking favourable. Canada invites the Red River people to an amicable arrangement. She offers to guarantee us our rights, and to give us a place in the Confederation equal to that of any other Province. As defined by the Provisional Government our national will, based upon justice, shall be respected. "Oh, happy country," to have escaped many misfortunes that men prepared for her, in seeing her children at the point of war. She recommends that the old friendship which used to bind us and by the ties of the same patriotism, she has renewed them again for the sake of preserving their lives, their liberty and their happiness. Let us remain united and we shall be happy; with the strength of unity we shall retain prosperity. Oh, my fellow countrymen, without distinction of language, or without distinction of creed, keep my words in your hearts. If ever the time should unfortunately come when another division should unfortunately take place against us, as foreigners heretofore sought to create, that will be the signal for all the disasters which we have had the happiness to avoid. In order to prevent similar calamities, the Government will treat with all the severity of the laws, those who dare again to compromise the public safety. It is ready to act against the disorder of parties as well as against that of individuals, but let us hope, however, that extreme measures will be unknown, and that the lessons of the past will guide us in the future.

(Signed.)

LOUIS RIEL.

The preliminary examination of the Red River delegates took place at Ottawa on the 21st inst., before Police-Magistrate O'Gara. The case was adjourned until Saturday, the 23rd inst., to allow of further evidence being adduced. Bail was taken for the prisoners, \$2000 each, and two sureties of \$1000 for each. On Saturday the case was resumed, and there being no evidence to connect them in any way with the murder of Scott, they were formally discharged.

Bannatyne, a member of Riel's Legislature, and McKenny,