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## KYRIE ELEISON.

In joy, in pain, in sorrow,  
Father, Thy hand we see;  
But some among thy children  
Deny this faith and Thee.  
They will not ask Thy mercy,  
Ere we kneel for them in prayer;  
Are they not all Thy children?  
Pity, O God! and spare.  
Thy peace, O Lord, has never  
On their desolate pathway shone,  
Darkness is all around them  
Kyrie Eleison!

For them the starry heavens  
No hymn of worship raise;  
For them, earth's innocent flowers  
Breathe not Thy silent praise;  
In Heaven they know no Saviour,  
No Father and no Friend,  
And life is all they hope for,  
And Death they call the end;  
Their eyes, O Lord! are blinded  
To the glories of the sun,  
To the shining of the sea-star—  
Kyrie Eleison!

By the love thy saints have shown Thee,  
And the sorrows they have borne,  
Leave not these erring creatures  
To wander thus forlorn.  
By Thy tender name of Saviour—  
The name they have denied;  
By Thy bitter death and passion,  
And the cross which they deride;  
By the anguish Thou hast suffered,  
And the glory Thou hast won;  
By Thy love and by Thy pity—  
Christe Eleison!

Pray for them, glorious seraphs,  
And ye, bright angel bands,  
Who chant His praises ever,  
And in His presence stand;  
And thou, O gentle Mother,  
Queen of the starry sky;  
Ye saints whose lot is ever,  
Join your voices to our cry.  
In Thy terror and Thy mercy,  
Call them ere life is done,  
For His sake who died to save them,  
Kyrie Eleison!

—Adelaide A. Procter.

## THE AMULET.

CONTINUED.

### CHAPTER III.

THE PALACE OF SIMON TURCHI, AND WHAT OCCURRED THERE.

The servant entered and placed a lighted candle upon the table.

"Now, signor," he said, "to what trial do you wish to subject my courage? However difficult it may be, it will not be beyond my strength."

"Close the blinds; lower the windows," said Turchi; "sit down and listen attentively to my words. I am about to talk to you of an important affair."

The red-haired man regarded his master with a malicious and incredulous smile, but he took the seat indicated to him without a word of comment.

"Julio," said Simon, "I am dejected and undecided. There is a man who pretends to be my friend, but who has secretly been my bitter enemy. He has always artfully calumniated and deceived me, and injured me in my fortune and honor; he has pushed his machinations to such a degree that I will soon be condemned to eternal infamy and misery, unless, by a bold stroke of vengeance, I break through the snares he has laid for my destruction. Be calm, Julio; it does you honour to be inflamed with anger against the enemies of your master; but listen. I discovered, three days ago, that it was this treacherous friend who paid the assassins to inflict the wound of which I still bear the scar on my face. Thus, he first shed my blood and attempted my life; now he plans my ruin and dishonor. Julio, what would you do in my place?"

"What would I do? Ask my dagger, signor; if it could speak, it would tell you of wonderful exploits."

"Then you would not hesitate to undertake a difficult task?"

"Hesitate! you insult me, signor. I would not hesitate were twenty swords brandished over my head."

"Understand, Julio, that had I doubted your intrepidity, I would not have spoken to you of such grave affairs. I give you the highest proof of confidence by intrusting my vengeance to your hands. I will tell you who is my enemy, and where you can strike him secretly. Kill him, and you shall be liberally recompensed."

This mission appeared unpalatable to Julio.

"Yes," he stammered; "but that is not my way of acting. I will pick a quarrel with your enemy, and if he dares to raise a finger against me, he is a dead man."

"Impossible; he is of noble birth."

"And if I insulted him, his valets would fall upon me and beat me."

"That is true. There is but one way; Julio; I will tell you where you can stab him at night without the least danger."

"I? shall I treacherously kill your enemy? This gentleman has never in-

jured me. Since how long has it been the custom for valets to avenge the grievances of their masters? It is your own affair, signor."

"You value the life of a man as little as a farthing, you said," replied Simon Turchi, with bitter irony; "and now you allege the most puerile reasons as excuses. You are a coward, Julio."

"I am not; but I do not choose to lie in wait and stab a man in the dark."

"That is a feint, a subterfuge, to conceal your cowardice."

"Since it is so simple and easy, why do you not deal the blow yourself, signor?"

The scar on Simon Turchi's face became of a livid white; his whole frame trembled with rage; but by a strong effort he controlled his emotion, and after a few moments he said, with a contemptuous smile upon his lips:

"Four years ago I took you into my service through pity; I have paid you well, excused all your faults, your intoxication, your passion for gambling; I have not dismissed you, although you have deserved it a hundred times; and now, when for the first time you can be useful to me, you have not the courage. I wished to try you. What I said was only a jest. To-morrow, Julio, you will leave my service. You are a liar and a coward."

"Do not condemn me so severely, signor," said the servant, in a supplicating tone of voice. "I am willing to risk my life a thousand times for you; but to lie in wait for an unknown man and kill him deliberately—this is an infamous crime of which I am not capable."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed Simon Turchi; "you speak as though I were ignorant of your past history. If a price is set upon your head in the city of Lucca, if at this moment you are under sentence of death, is it not because you assassinated or helped to assassinate the Judge Volpai?"

These words struck Julio with terror. He replied, humbly:

"Signor, I have already told you that in this affair I was not more than guilty. I was upon the spot where the murder was committed, and I was arrested with those who gave the fatal blow. Believe me, I knew nothing of their designs. I do not deny that in a contest or quarrel I spare no one; but up to this moment my dagger has never shed blood without provocation."

Simon fixed his eyes upon his servant, and said in a menacing tone: "Suppose, in order to avenge myself for thy base ingratitude, I should make known to the superintendent of Lucca who is the man I have in my service? Suppose I were to tell him that the real name of Julio Julii is Pietro Mostajo? Who would be bound hand and foot and sent in the hold of a ship of war to expiate his crimes upon a scaffold in Italy?"

Julio turned pale and trembled. He moved restlessly upon his chair, and complained in a low voice of the false accusations and injustice of men; but his master eyed all his movements in a scornful manner, until at last the servant, disconcerted, exclaimed impulsively:

"Tell me what to do; I am ready!"

"Will you accomplish my orders with unwavering will and without hesitation?"

"I must do so, since you compel me to it! But fear nothing; my decision is made."

"And suppose that Geronimo Deodati were my enemy?"

"Geronimo Deodati!" exclaimed Julio, in indescribable terror. "Geronimo, your intimate friend? That noble and generous cavalier who loves you as a brother? He is as gentle as a girl!"

"He is a false friend, a traitor."

"Geronimo gave you the wound on your face? He would betray you and seek your ruin? That is false, false! it is impossible!"

"He is my mortal enemy. You shall kill him, I say!" exclaimed Simon Turchi, in a menacing voice.

"Must I kill the Signor Geronimo? Ah! to what horrible crime would you urge me?" said Julio, in a plaintive tone.

Simon seized his servant by the arm, shook him violently, and whispered hoarsely in his ear: "Pietro Mostajo, remember the superintendent of Lucca!"

Julio, as if stupefied, said not a word.

Simon arose and walked towards the

door, saying: "It is well; I will go and deliver you up to justice."

The terrified servant sprang after him, retained him, and said, supplicatingly: "I submit myself to your will, and accept the fate I cannot escape. I have never before committed a murder; you take his blood upon yourself, do you not, signor? Tell me when I must accomplish this horrible crime."

"This very day, Julio."

"To-day—so soon."

"To-morrow would be too late."

"Well, command; the sooner the better."

"To-day is the eve of May. Geronimo intends to serenade Miss Van de Werve. Only two lute-players will attend him. He invited me to accompany him. I will go to bed at the factory under pretence of indisposition; all the servants will know that I have not left my dwelling. Do you put on the old Spanish cape which has been laid aside for five years; no one will then recognize you. You must be in Hoboken Street, near the Dominican Convent, before eleven o'clock. There is at that spot a well which Geronimo must pass both in going and returning. Hide behind the well until Geronimo approaches, then rush upon him and deal him a fatal blow; strike several times. The lute-players are cowards, and they will run away. Take from the dead body of Geronimo a pocket-book which you will find in a pocket on the left side of his doublet; there is in this pocket-book a writing which he took from me by a cheat. Leave the spot after having accomplished this, and return by the darkest streets; you will not be discovered. Above all, do not forget the pocket book."

Julio's countenance expressed stupefaction and terror. During the development of the frightful plot he kept his eyes fixed on his master's lips, and he continued to stare at him without moving.

"Well," asked his master, "is not the project cunningly devised?"

"It is astonishing, astonishing!" stammered the servant, lowering his eyes.

"You are ready, I suppose, to strike the blow. But why do you hesitate. Are you afraid?"

"No, no; but let me reflect a moment," said Julio.

After a few minutes of silence, he looked at his master, and said:

"With your permission, signor, I will say that the plan, as you have arranged it, appears to me to be fraught with danger to yourself. Suppose that Geronimo should perceive me too soon and defend himself; that by chance the lute-players should be men of courage; that I should be wounded or made prisoner: any of these events might occur. I would certainly be broken on the wheel or burned alive. That, however, would be of little consequence, if by my death I could be useful to you. But I am your servant, and known as such by all your acquaintances; and as I could have no motive of hatred or vengeance against a cavalier who has never spoken an unkind word to me, you would be at once suspected of having ordered the murder."

"And you, I suppose, would betray me?" said Turchi, with bitter irony.

"Betray you, signor? that would not save myself; but under torture my tongue might against my will pronounce your name."

Simon strode up and down the room, muttering between his teeth with suppressed rage. His servant glanced at him stealthily, with an almost imperceptible smile of joy and triumph.

At last Simon stood still in the middle of the room; the scar on his cheek was of a fiery red, and his eyes rolled around restlessly.

"Shall I then be forever ruined? Nothing is left me in the world but misery and infamy! Julio, is the arm-chair progressing?"

"The arm-chair! Then the arm-chair was destined as a snare for Geronimo?" said the servant, stupefied. "What do you mean?"

"No, no, the chair would come too late!" said Simon Turchi, in an agitated voice. "Talk no more about it; this evening you must lie in wait for Geronimo and kill him. It is decided; it must be done!"

"I know a means to accomplish your

purpose without danger either to you or me, signor," said the servant.

"Ah, if what you say be true! Tell me this means of safety!"

"There lives in the parish of Saint Andrew a man of giant stature and strength; he is named Bufferio; he will do anything for money; whether it be to beat, wound, or kill a man, it is all the same to him. He fulfils his mission to the satisfaction of his employers, and he never betrays a secret. He has five or six intrepid companions engaged in the same trade as himself; they may be relied upon. Give me money to pay this ruffian, and you need have no anxiety; Bufferio will think that I am acting from personal vengeance; besides, he does not know me. Thus, neither of us will be suspected nor accused should the affair prove unsuccessful."

Simon seemed surprised by Julio's words, and he remained a few moments in deep thought. By degrees a smile parted his lips; it was evident that the proposed plan met his approval. He opened his purse and put four gold pieces in Julio's hand.

"Is that sufficient," he asked.

"You jest, signor," replied the servant.

"Four gold pieces for the life of a nobleman!"

Simon handed him four more.

"Will that do," he said.

"It is not enough yet."

"How much will be required?"

"I do not know. Perhaps twenty crowns."

"Twenty? I have only fifteen about me, with some small change."

"Give me all, signor. If I had not enough I should be obliged to return without concluding the affair."

Simon heaved a deep sigh and emptied the contents of his purse in Julio's hand.

"You will bring me back was is left, will you not?"

"Certainly; but I do not think much will remain."

"Come, Julio, I am in a hurry to return to the factory. Fulfil your mission skillfully, and I will recompense you largely. But a thought strikes me. The pocket book must not fall into the hands of Bufferio."

"I had forgotten that," said Julio, embarrassed.

"Ah! I have it!" said Simon Turchi, after a moment's reflection. "A little before ten o'clock you must go to the house of Geronimo and tell him I am ill with fever, and that I have sent you in my place to accompany him armed. Follow him closely, and when he falls, take the pocket-book from him. Tell Bufferio that it is an unimportant document."

Julio made a movement of displeasure on receiving this new order. He had rejoiced in the idea of not being obliged to witness this wicked attack, and now he was commanded to take part in it. For fear of being subjected to something worse, he did not venture to make any remark.

"Go now," said Simon Turchi, "and get the old Spanish cape. It may serve to disguise you from Bufferio. Gird on a sword also, that Geronimo may think you are armed for the purpose of defending him in case of attack."

The servant took the lamp from the table and prepared to obey the order.

"What are you doing?" said his master. "Are you going to leave me in the dark? Are you afraid to go without a light?"

"I might knock my head against the beams, for I have forgotten where the cape was put."

"You had it in your hands only three days ago. You are afraid in the dark Julio. Take the lamp."

The servant soon returned. He had the Spanish cape around his shoulders. It was a wide cloak, in which the whole body might be wrapped; and when the hood was drawn down it entirely concealed the face.

The master and servant descended the staircase in silence and approached the little garden-gate. There Julio put the lamp upon the ground and extinguished it.

The lock grated as the key turned; the door was opened and closed, and Simon Turchi and his servant disappeared in the dark and solitary street.

TO BE CONTINUED.