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NO. 1.

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PROSPECTUS
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The College of St. Boniface, incorporated by an Act of Parliament, and affiliated to the University of Manitoba, is since the 19th of August, 1885, directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, under the high patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface.
Its course of studies comprises the Greek, Latin, French and English languages and literature; History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, higher Mathematics, mental Philosophy, Natural Sciences and Theology. Although chiefly intended to prepare young men for the study of the liberal professions and divinity, it is also calculated to fit them for commercial pursuits. Its large and spacious grounds, secluded from the city, offers all the advantages of a country site, and are so near the cities of St. Boniface and Winnipeg as to secure all the advantages of a town residence.
The College can accommodate a hundred students, of whom eighty may be boarders. The terms have been made as easy as possible. \$13 a month for boarding, and \$3 a month for those who take their meals in town and sleep in the college, beside a small additional fee for a few dormitory articles, of \$2 a year; the whole to be paid half yearly in advance.
The uniform consists of a frock coat, with trousers, necktie, and felt hat. All black. Each student is to be sufficiently provided with other articles of clothing.
The discipline of the College, strict in point of morality, is, as far as possible, paternal in character.
The scholastic year opens on the third Wednesday of August and ends about the 20th of June.
ST. BONIFACE, AUGUST 29TH, 1885.

THE AMULET.

CHAPTER I.

Previous to the close of the fifteenth century, the direction taken by European commerce remained unchanged. America had not been discovered, and the only known route to India was by land. Venice, enthroned by her central position as queen of commerce, compelled the nations of Europe and Asia to convey to her port all the riches of the world.

One single city, Bruges in Flanders, serving as an international mart for the people of the North and South, shared, in some measure, the commercial prosperity of Venice; but popular insurrections and continual civil wars had induced a large number of foreign merchants to prefer Brabant to Flanders, and Antwerp was becoming a powerful rival to Bruges.

At this period two great events occurred by which a new channel was opened to trade: Christopher Columbus discovered America, and Vasco de Gama, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, pointed out a new route to India. This latter discovery, by presenting another grand highway to the world, deprived Venice of the peculiar advantages of her situation, and obliged commerce to seek a new emporium. Portugal and Spain were the most powerful nations on sea; countless ships left their ports for the two Indies, and brought back spices, pearls, and the precious metals for distribution throughout the Old World. This commercial activity required an emporium in the centre of Europe, halfway between the North and the South, whither Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians, as well as French, English, Germans, Swedes, and Russians, could resort with equal facility as to a perpetual mart for all the commodities exchanged between the Old and the New World.

A few years before the commencement of the religious wars which proved so disastrous to the country, Antwerp was in a most flourishing condition. Thousands of ships of every form and size covered its broad river like a forest of masts, whose many-colored flags indicated the presence of traders from all the commercial nations of the globe.

Portuguese galleons carried thither the gems and spices of the East; Spanish galleons the gold and silver of America; Italian vessels were laden with the products of the southern countries; German vessels with grains and metals; and all returned to their own countries heavily freighted with other merchandise, and made way for the ships which were continually arriving, and which, according to contemporary chronicles, were often obliged to wait six weeks before they succeeded in approaching the wharf.² Small craft, such as hers, ascended the Scheldt, and even ventured out to sea in order to trade with the neighboring people. Transportation into the interior of the country was effected by means of very strong wagons, several hundred of which daily left Antwerp. The heavy vehicles which conveyed merchandise through Cologne to the heart of Germany were called "Hessens-wagens."³

This extraordinary activity induced many foreigners to establish themselves in a city where gold was so abundant, and where every one might reasonably hope for large profits.

At the period of which we speak, Antwerp counted among its inhabitants nearly a thousand merchants from other countries, each of whom had his own attendants; one chronicler estimates, perhaps with some exaggeration, the number of strangers engaged in commerce at five thousand.⁴

Twice a day these merchants met on 'Change, not only for purposes of trade and for information of the arrival of ships but principally for banking operations.

To convey an idea of the amount of wealth at the disposal of the houses of Antwerp, it suffices to say that the king of Portugal obtained in one day in this city a loan of three millions of gold crowns, and Queen Mary of England contracted a debt of seventy millions of francs.

One merchant, called the rich Fugger, left at his death legacies amounting to nearly six millions of gold crowns, a sum

¹ All the foreign merchants who resided at Bruges, with the exception of a few Spaniards, established themselves here about the year 1516, to the great disadvantage of Bruges and to the advantage of Antwerp."—Le Guicciardini, "Description of the Low Countries." Arnhem, 1517, p. 113.

² C. Schibanius, in his "Origines Antwerpianum Sum," says that he has often seen in the Scheldt twenty-five hundred vessels, many of which were detained at anchor for two or three weeks before being able to approach the wharf.

³ The stables and coach houses used by this company for transportation still exist at Antwerp. Although they are now occupied as barracks, they preserve their original name—Hessennous.

⁴ See the statistics of population given by Schibanius in the "History of Antwerp," by Mertens and Torfo, Part IV., ch. v.

which for that period would seem fabulous, if the fact were not established by indisputable documents.

This wealth and the presence of so many nations vying with each other had carried luxury to such a height that magistrates were frequently obliged to publish edicts, in order to restrain the lavish expenditure. This was not done on account of the foreign inhabitants of the place, but for the advantages of many noble families and the people of the middle classes, who were tempted by the example of others to a display of magnificence which might have seriously injured their fortunes.

The greater part of the Italian merchants from Lucca, Genoa, Florence, and other cities beyond the Alps, were noblemen, and from this circumstance they were thrown into intimate intercourse with the noble families of Antwerp, all of whom spoke fluently three or four languages, and who particularly studied to speak with purity and elegance the soft Italian idiom.⁵

In the "Hippodorp," not far from the Church of St. James, stood an elegant mansion, which was the favorite resort of the elite of the Italian merchants. It was the residence of William Van de Werve, lord of Schilde.

Although this nobleman did not himself engage in mercantile transactions, because the aristocratic families of Brabant regarded commerce as an occupation unsuitable to persons of high birth, he was very cordial and hospitable to all strangers whose rank entitled them to admission to his home circle. Moreover, he was extremely wealthy, luxurious in his manner of living, and so well versed in three or four different languages, that he could with ease enter into an agreeable and useful conversation in either of them.

The house of Mr. Van de Werve had still other attractions to noble foreigners. He had a daughter of extraordinary beauty, so lovely, so modest, notwithstanding the homage offered to her charms, that her admirers had surnamed her "la bionda meraviglia," the wonderful blonde.

One morning in the year 1550 the beautiful Mary Van de Werve was seated in her father's house in a richly sculptured arm-chair. The young girl had apparently just returned from church, as she still held in her hand a rosary of precious stones, and her hood lay on a chair near her. She seemed to be enraptured by some pleasing thought which for a slight smile parted her lips, and her eyes were upraised to heaven as if imploring a favor from Almighty God.

Against the wall behind her hung a picture from the pencil of John Van Eyck, in which the great master had represented the Virgin in prayer, whilst she was still ignorant of the sublime destiny that awaited her.

The artist had lavished upon this masterpiece the most ardent inspirations of his pious and poetic genius, for the image seemed to live and think. It charmed by the beauty of feature, the majestic calm of expression, the sweetness of the smile, the look full of love cast from earth to heaven.

There was a striking resemblance between the creation of the artist and the young girl seated beneath in almost the same attitude. In truth, the youthful Mary Van de Werve was as beautiful as the poetical representation of her patroness. She had the same large blue eyes, whose expression, although calm and thoughtful, revealed a keen sensibility and a tender, loving soul; her golden hair fell in ringlets over a brow of marble whiteness, and no painter had ever traced a cheek of lovelier mould or more delicate hue; her whole being expressed that calm recollection and attractive gravity which is the true poetry of the immaterial soul, and which was comprehended only by the believing artists of the North before the material inspiration of pagan art had been transmitted to them from the South.

Mary Van de Werve was most richly attired; but there was in her dress an absence of ornament which appeared strange at that period of extreme pomp and show. A waist of sky-blue velvet encircled her slender form, and a brocade skirt fell in large folds to her feet. Only on her open sleeves appeared some gold thread, and the clasp which fastened the chamois skin purse suspended from her girdle was encrusted with precious stones.

All her surroundings betokened her father's opulence: large stained-glass windows, covered with armorial bearings of his ancestors, cast their varied hues upon the inlaid marble floor; tables and chairs of oak, slabs supporting exquisite statuary from the chisel of the most celebrated artists, were ranged along the walls; an ivory crucifix surmounted a silver basin of rare workmanship containing holy water. Even the massive adirons, which stood in the broad fireplace, were partly of gold and ornamented with the coat of arms.

Her prayer finished, or might be that her thoughts had taken another turn; she arose and walked slowly towards the large window which overlooked the garden. She fixed her eyes upon the beautiful blue sky; her countenance was bright, as though a sweet hope filled her

heart, and a rosy hue suffused her cheeks.

An old man at this moment entered the room. Heavy moustaches shaded his lips, and a long beard fell upon his breast. There was something grave and severe in his imposing appearance and even in his dress; for although his doublet was of gold cloth, his whole body was enveloped in a long cloak, whose dark color was relieved by a lining of white fur.

"Good morning, Mary," he said, as he approached the young girl.

"May the blessing of God always be with you, dear father," she replied.

"Come, see how lovely the sky is, and how brightly the sun shines."

"It is charming weather; we might almost imagine ourselves in the mouth of May."

"It is the eve of May, father." And with a joyous smile she drew her father to the window, and pointing to the sky, said: "The wind has changed; it blows from the direction of England."

"True; since yesterday it has been south-east."

"So much the better; the ships which have been kept out at sea can ascend the Scheldt with to-day's or to-morrow's tide."

"And you hope," said Mr. Van de Werve, shaking his head, "that among these vessels will be found the Il Salvatore, which is to bring the old Signor Deodati from Lucca?"

"I have so long implored of heaven this favorable wind," replied the young girl. "I thank the God of mercy that my prayer has been heard!"

Mr. Van de Werve was silent; his daughter's words had evidently made a disagreeable impression upon him.

She passed her arm caressingly around his neck, and said: "Dear father, you are sorrowful; and yet you promised me to await tranquilly the arrival of Signor Deodati."

"It is true, my child," he replied; "but, as the time approaches when I must come to a decision, my soul is filled with anxiety. We are the descendants of an illustrious family, and our style of living should be so magnificent as to reflect credit on our rank. The Signor Geronimo, whom you seem to prefer to all others, lives very economically; he dresses simply, and abstains from all that kind of expenditure which, being an evidence of wealth and chivalric generosity, elevates a man in the eyes of the world. That makes me fear that his uncle is either in moderate circumstances or very avaricious."

"But, father, permit me to say that the Signor Deodati of Lucca is very rich and of high birth," replied the young girl, sadly. "Did not the banker Marco Riccardi give you satisfactory information on that point?"

"And should he be miserly, Mary, will he accept the conditions I propose? I shall demand of him the renunciation of a considerable portion of his possessions in favor of his nephew Geronimo. Would it not be an insult to you, which your brothers would avenge, were your hand to be refused from pecuniary motives? I regret that you have so irrevocably fixed your affections on the Signor Geronimo, when you might have chosen among a hundred others richer and of higher estate. The head of the powerful house of Buonvisi had more claim upon my sympathy and yours."

"Simon Turchi!" said the young girl, sorrowfully bowing her head.

"What has this poor Signor Turchi left undone during the past three years to prove his chivalric love?" replied her father. "Festivals, banquets, banquets, concerts, boating on the Scheldt, nothing has been spared; he has expended a fortune to please you. At one time you did not dislike him; but ever since the fatal night when he was attacked by unknown assassins and wounded in the face, you look upon him with different eyes. Instead of being grateful to the good Turchi, you comport yourself in such a manner towards him, that I am induced to believe that you hate him."

"Hate the Signor Turchi!" exclaimed Mary, as if frightened by the accusation. "Dear father, do not indulge in such a thought."

"He is a handsome, dignified gentleman, my child."

"Yes, father; he has long been an intimate friend of the Signor Geronimo."

Mr. Van de Werve took his daughter's hand, and said, gently: "Geronimo may be finer looking to a woman's eye; but his future depends upon his uncle's kindness. He is young and inexperienced, and he possesses nothing himself. The Signor Turchi, on the contrary, is rich and highly esteemed in the world as partner and administrator of the well-known house of Buonvisi. Think better of your choice, Mary; satisfy my desires and your brothers; it is not yet too late."

Tears filled the eyes of the young girl; she replied, however, with a sweet resignation: "Father, I am your submissive child. Command, and I will obey without a murmur, and humbly kiss the venerated hand which imposes the painful sacrifice. But Geronimo! poor Geronimo!"

At these words her fortitude forsook her; she covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly; her tears fell like bright pearls upon the marble floor.

For some moments Mr. Van de Werve contemplated his daughter with ever-increasing pity; then overcome by the sight of her grief, he took her hand, and tenderly pressing it, he said to her: "Cheer up, my dear Mary, do not weep. We will see what answer the Signor Deodati will return to the conditions I will propose to him. Geronimo is of noble birth; if his uncle will consent to bestow upon him a suitable fortune, your desires shall be fulfilled."

"But, dear father," said the still weeping girl, "that depends upon the magnitude of your demands. If you ask impossibilities of the Signor Deodati..."

"No, no, have no anxiety," said Mr. Van de Werve, interrupting her. "I will endeavor to fulfil my duty as a father, and at the same time to spare you any future sorrow. Are you satisfied now?"

Mary silently embraced her father, and her eyes expressed such gratitude that Mr. Van de Werve was deeply moved and said, tenderly:

"Who could refuse you anything? Age experience, prudence, all yield before one glance of your eye. Conceal your emotion; I hear some one coming."

A servant opened the door, and announced, "The Signor Geronimo."

The young nobleman thus introduced was remarkable for his fine form, and the graceful elegance of his manners and carriage. His complexion was of that light and clear brown which adds so much to the manly beauty of some Southern nations. The dark beard and hair, his spirited black eyes, gave a singular charm to his countenance, while his calm and sweet smile indicated goodness of heart.

Although upon his entrance he strove to appear cheerful, Mary's eye detected a concealed sadness.

The dress of Geronimo was simple in comparison with the rich attire of the other Italian nobles, his compatriots. He wore a felt hat ornamented with a plume, a Spanish cloak, a cloth doublet lined with fur, violet satin breeches, and gray boots. His modest attire was relieved only by the sword which hung at his side; for the hilt glittered with precious stones, and the armorial bearing engraved upon it proved him to be of noble birth.

"Che la pace sia in quelle casa!" (May peace be in this house!) he said, as he entered the hall.

He bowed profoundly to Mr. Van de Werve, and saluted him most respectfully; but the traces of tears which he perceived on Mary's face so startled him that he interrupted his ceremonious greetings, and fixed his eyes inquiringly upon her. She had been weeping, and yet she smiled joyously.

"Mary is naturally very susceptible," Signor Geronimo, said Mr. Van de Werve. "I was speaking to her of her beloved mother, and she wept. You appear, and she smiles as though she knew no sorrow."

The young girl did not await the conclusion of this explanation; before her father had finished speaking, she led her lover to the window, pointed to the weathercock, and said: "Look, Geronimo, the wind is from the west."

"I noticed it last night," replied the young man, with an involuntary sigh.

"Rejoice then, for to-day your uncle may be in sight of the city."

"I do not think so; however, it is possible," said the young man, sadly.

"How coldly you speak, Geronimo!" exclaimed the young girl, in surprise; "what cloud obscures your soul?"

"I myself notice something extraordinary in your manner, signor," remarked the father. "You seem dejected; have you received bad news of your uncle?"

Geronimo hesitated for an answer; then, as though endeavoring to drive away unpleasant thoughts, he said, in a faltering voice: "No, no, it is not that. I witnessed just now near the Dominican Convent something which touched me deeply, and I have not yet recovered from the shock. Have you not heard of a Florentine merchant named Massimo Barberi?"

"Is he noble?" asked Mary. "I do not remember him."

"No, a commoner, but a man highly esteemed."

"I know him well," said Mr. Van de Werve. "I met him lately in company with Lopez de Galle, for whom he had attended to some financial affairs. What have you to tell us concerning him?"

"Something terrible, Mr. Van de Werve. I saw the corps of poor Barberi taken out of a sewer; he had two dagger-wounds in his throat. He was undoubtedly attacked and slain last night."

To be continued.

Farm produce has an upward tendency. Gladstone will likely be the next place for a political picnic.

Last Wednesday the Hon. C. F. Brown sent an invitation to some of his friends to meet him at Westbourne to go on a trip to the lake. Some eight or nine ladies and gentlemen accepted the invitation and met Mr. Brown at Westbourne from which place they went on board the steamboat and proceeded to the lake, where they had a good time. On Friday they returned and reported having a good time and were sorry that such good times do not come oftener.