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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
BY REV. DR. ENGLAND BISHOP OF CHARLESTON

Oh! who that has not wandered far
From where he first drew vital air,
Can tell how bright the visions are
Which still surround his fancy there.
For, oh! it's sweet 'round memory's throne
When time and distance gild the way,
To cite the scenes that long have flown,
And view them o'er on Patrick's day.

Though distant from our native shore,
And bound by Fortune's stern decree
To tread our native land no more,
Still, Erin, we must think on thee
Is there a heart of Irish mould
That does not own the magic sway
That tempts the generous patriot soul
To celebrate our Patrick's day?

No nation e'er at Freedom's shrine
Has sacrificed more rights than we;
Our blood has flown in every clime
That raised the shout of liberty.
But, oh! will Freedom never smile,
Nor shed one bright, one cheering ray
To cheer our own lov'd native isle,
And raise our hopes on Patrick's Day?

Yes, Erin, raise thy drooping brow,
And wreath it with the shamrock green;
Go, tell thy proud, thy haughty foe
That she's no longer Ocean Queen.
Columbia's banners wave on high,
Her eagle soars on its prey,
Then, Erin, wipe thy tearful eye,
And raise thy hopes on Patrick's day

Thy gallant sons have nobly fought
Columbia's cause they nobly fought,
And shed their blood for liberty.
Then sing, my Harp! and speak, my soul!
Let tyrants grumble as they may,
The wish we'll speak is—"England's Fall!"
And Erin's joys on Patrick's day.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER II.

But the rustic stared at his master with gaping mouth, as if he had been addressed in one of the dead languages—Seeing the predicament, and mastering it rapidly,—

"Excuse me," said De Vlierbeck, rising; "he would not find it, I fear. I will be back in a moment."

Rushing into the kitchen, he seized the third and last bottle and descended to the cellar, where he stopped to draw breath and compose himself.

"Chateau margaux! hocheimer! champagne!" exclaimed poor De Vlierbeck, "and not another drop of wine in my house but what is in this last bottle of claret! What shall I do? what can I do?" continued he, as he held the cobwebbed bottle in one hand and stroked his chin with the other. "But no matter: there's no time for reflection; the die is cast, and may God help me in my need!"

He ascended the stair, entered the dining-room with the corkscrew in the ast cork, and found that during his absence Lenora had ordered fresh glasses on the table.

"This wine said De Vlierbeck, holding the bottle knowingly to the light, "is at least twenty years old Monsieur Denecker, and I sincerely hope it will please your palate." So saying, he filled the glasses of uncle and nephew, and gazed anxiously in their faces for the verdict.

Denecker tasted the wine, drop by drop, like an epicure, and shaking his head disappointedly,—

"There's a mistake, doubtless," said he; "it's the identical wine we had before."

De Vlierbeck feigned surprise admirably, tasted the wine in turn, and replied,—

"I believe you are right, and that I have made a mistake; yet as the bottle is opened and not bad, suppose we drink it before I make another descent to the cellar! There's abundance of time."

"I've no objection," answered the merchant, "provided you help us, so as to get through it the quicker," and so the column in the third and last bottle diminished more rapidly than its predecessors, till two or three glasses alone remained at the bottom to crown the festival.

Poor De Vlierbeck could no longer conceal his agitation. He tried to keep his eyes off the fatal bottle; but a sort of fascination drew him back to it, and each time with increased anxiety. That dreadful word 'Chateau-margaux' rang in his ears. His face blushed and grew pale, and a cold, clammy sweat stood in big beads on his forehead. Yet he felt that he had not entirely exhausted his resources, and resolved to fight the battle of humiliation to the end. He wiped his brow and cheeks, coughed, and turned a side as if about to sneeze. By dint of these manoeuvres he continued to conceal his nervousness till Denecker grasped the bottle to pour out its last drop. As he clasped the neck, a chill seized the hysterical frame of the poor gentleman,

a deadly paleness overspread his features, and his head fell with a groan against the tall back of the chair. Was it in truth a fainting fit, or did the sufferer take advantage of this emotion to play a part and escape the embarrassment of his situation?

In a moment the whole party were on their feet, while Lenora screamed and ran to her father.

"It's nothing," said De Vlierbeck, striving after a minute or two, to rally himself. "I am faint; the confined air of this room overcome me. Let me walk a while in the garden and I will soon be better."

As he said this he staggered to his feet and, supported by Lenora and Gustave, moved towards the garden, followed by Denecker with an expression of the deepest concern. A short rest in the open air beneath the shade of a noble chestnut-tree quickly restored a faint colour to De Vlierbeck's cheek and enabled to tranquillize their anxiety about his sudden attack.

"I will rest here a while out of doors," said he, "for fear the fit might return; and perhaps a slow walk in the garden might hasten my recovery."

"It will do both of us good," answered Denecker; "and, besides, as I have to quit you at five o'clock I don't want to leave Grinselhof without seeing its garden. Let us take a turn through your walk and after we shall have time enough to finish another bottle."

As he said this he passed Lenora's arms within his own, and cast a coquetish glance at Gustave, began their promenade. By degrees De Vlierbeck, rallied sufficiently to take part in the chat; and gardening, agriculture, sport, jing, and a hundred different country topics, fully discussed. Lenora recovered her spirits and charmed their commercial guest by the mingled charms of her intellectual cleverness and innocent gaiety. Wild as deer, she dared him to run a race with her, and danced along the paths by his side full of mirth and sportiveness. In truth, Denecker was altogether captivated by the ingenious girl and, as he looked on her radiant face could not help thinking that the future had some happy days in store of his gallant nephew. After a while Lenora stayed off in advance with Gustave, while the two elders lingered lazily along the path, Gustave was charmed with the flowers, the plants, the gold-fish, which Lenora pointed out to him; nor was he at all desirous to shorten their delicious flirtation by returning to the table. This chimed precisely with the anxiety of De Vlierbeck, who employed every stratagem he could conceive to keep his guest in the open air. He told stories, repeated jokes, appealed to Denecker's commercial knowledge, and even quizzed him a little when he found their conversation beginning to flag. In fact he was rejoicing that five o'clock, and, of course, the carriage, were rapidly approaching, when Denecker suddenly recalled his nephew from a distant quarter of the garden where he was strolling with Lenora.

"Come, said Gustave; come," said he; "if you wish to drink a parting glass with us let us get in, for the coach will be here in a moment."

De Vlierbeck instantly became pale as a sheet, and, trembling from head to foot, stared silently at Denecker, who could no longer restrain his surprise at these exhibitions.

"Are you ill, sir?" said he.

"My stomach is a singular one, Monsieur Denecker, and I suffer spasms if you even mention wine. It is a strange malady; but— Oh, I hear your coach, Monsieur Denecker; and there it is, drawing up, I see, at the gateway."

(Of course Denecker spoke no more of wine; but, as he could not help noticing the alacrity with which De Vlierbeck hailed the prospect of his departure, he would have been deeply mortified, if not offended, had not the previous hospitality of his host satisfied him of their welcome. He thought, perhaps, that he ought to attribute his entertainer's conduct to some singular nervous disease which he masked under an antipathy for wine; and accordingly he took leave with a warm and friendly farewell.

"I have passed a delightful afternoon with you, Monsieur De Vlierbeck," said

he. "We have found ourselves, I am sure extremely happy in your and your daughter's charming society. It is a pleasure added to my life to have made your acquaintance, and I hope that further intimacy may assure me your friendship." In the mean while, let me thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind reception."

As he finished the sentence, Lenora and Gustave joined them.

"My nephew," continued Denecker, will confess, as I have done, that he has spent few happier hours than those that are just gone. I hope, Monsieur De Vlierbeck, that you and your charming daughter will return our visit and dine with us. Yet I shall have to ask your pardon for postponing the pleasure it will afford us till I return from Frankfurt, where I am summoned, the day after to-morrow, on urgent business. It is probable I may be detained away a couple of months; but if my nephew should be allowed to visit you in my absence let me hope he will be welcome."

De Vlierbeck reiterated his professions of delight at the new acquaintance; Lenora was silent; and Denecker moved off toward the coach.

But the parting glass, uncle!" exclaimed Gustave. "Let us go in for a moment and drink it."

"No no" said Denecker, interrupting him tartly. "I believe we would never get hence at all if we listened to you. It is time to be off, and I can delay no longer. Adieu!"

Gustave and Lenora exchanged a long and anxious look, full of regret at separation and of hope for speedy reunion. In a moment the uncle and nephew were in the vehicle and the spirited horses in motion; but, as long as the group was in sight at the gate, a couple of white-gloved hands might have been seen waving farewells from the coach-window.

CHAPTER IV.

A few days after the departure of his uncle, Gustave paid a visit to Grinselhof. He was received by Monsieur De Vlierbeck and his daughter with their usual kindness, passed the greater part of an afternoon with them, and went home at nightfall to the chateau of Echelpoel full of delightful recollections and hopes. Either from a fear of disturbing the reserved habits of the old gentleman or from a sense of politeness, Gustave did not at first repeat his visits too frequently; but after a couple of weeks the extreme cordiality of Vlierbeck dispelled all his scruples. The ardent youth no longer resisted an impulse that drew him toward the bewitching girl, nor did he allow a single day to roll by without passing the afternoon at Grinselhof. The happy hours flew rapidly on the wings of love. He strolled with Lenora through the shady walks of the old garden, listened to her father's observations on science and art, drank in the delicious notes of his loved one's voice as it was breathed forth in song, or seated beneath the flowery and spreading catalpa dreamed the dream of happiness that was in store for him with her who was probably soon to become his betrothed.

If the noble and beautiful face of the maiden had won his eye and enlisted his feelings the moment he first beheld her in village churchyard, now, that he had become familiar with her character, his love grew so ardently absorbing that the world seemed sad and dead if she were not present to shed the light of her joyous spirit upon every thing around him. Neither religion nor poetry could conjure up an angel more fascinating than his beloved. Indeed, though God had endowed her person with all those feminine graces that adorned the first woman in paradise, he had also lavished on her a heart whose crystalline purity was never clouded, and whose generosity burst forth with every emotion like a limpid spring.

But in all his interviews, Gustave had never yet been alone with Lenora. When he visited her she never left the apartment where she commonly sat with her father, unless the old gentleman expressed a wish that they should unite in a walk through the garden; and, of course he had never enjoyed an opportunity to breathe the love that was rising to his lips. Still, he felt that it was altogether useless to express by words what was

passing in their hearts; for the kindness the respect, the affection, that shone in everybody's eyes betokened the feeling which united them in a mingled sentiment of attachment and hope.

Though Gustave entertained profound veneration for Lenora's father and really loved him as a son, there was something which at times came like a cloud betwixt himself and the old gentleman. What he heard outside of Grinselhof of De Vlierbeck's extraordinary avarice had been fully realized since he became intimate at the house. No one ever offered him a glass of wine or beer; he never received an invitation to dinner or supper; and he frequently observed the trouble that was taken by the master of the house to disguise his inhospitable economy.

Avarice is a passion which excites no other emotion than that of aversion or contempt, because it is natural to believe that when so degrading a vice takes possession of one's soul it destroys every spark of generosity and fills it with meanness. Accordingly, Gustave had a long and fearful conflict with himself in order to subdue this instinctive feeling and to convince his judgment that De Vlierbeck's conduct was only a caprice which did not detract from the native dignity of his character. And yet, had the young man known the truth, he would have seen that a pang was hidden beneath every smile that flitted over the old man's face, and that the nervous shudders which at times shook his frame were the results of a suppressed agony that almost destroyed him. As he gazed on the happy face of Lenora and steeped his soul in the intoxication of her love, he never dreamed that her father's life was a prolonged punishment that, day and night, a terrible future opened its vista before him; and that each moment of his existence brought him nearer and nearer to a dreadful catastrophe. He had not heard the inexorable sentence of the notary.—

Four months more and your bonds expire. when all you possess in this world will be sold by the officers of justice to satisfy your creditors?"

Two of those fatal months had already expired!

If Monsieur De Vlierbeck appeared to encourage the young man's love it was not alone in consequence of his sympathy with his feelings. No; the denouncement of his painful trial was to be developed within a defined period; and if it proved inauspicious, there was nothing but dishonor and moral death for himself and child? Destiny was about to decide forever whether he was to come out victorious from this ten year's conflict with poverty, or whether he was to fall into the abyss of public contempt? These were the feelings that induce him to conceal his true position more care fully than ever, and, while he watched over the lovers like a guardian spirit made aim do nothing to check the rapid progress of their passion.

As the time of his uncle's return approached, the two months seemed to Gustave to have flown by like a pleasant dream, and, although he felt sure that his relative would not oppose the union he foresaw that he would not be allowed hereafter to spend so much of his time away from business. Indeed, the very idea that he might be obliged to pass considerable periods without seeing Lenora made him look for his uncle's return with anything but delight.

One day he contrived to whisper his fears and anticipations to Lenora, and, for the first time since their acquaintance saw tears gathering in her eyes. The girl's emotion touched his heart so sensibly that he ventured timidly to take her hand, and held it in his for a long time without uttering a word. De Vlierbeck, who had overheard the remark, tried to comfort him, but his words did not seem to produce the desired effect; and, after a short time, Gustave rose abruptly and took leave, though his usual time of departure had not yet arrived. Lenora read in his expression that some sudden revolution had occurred in her lover's mind, for his eyes glistened with extraordinary animation. She strove eagerly to retain him by her side; but he resisted her appeal pleasantly, and declared that nothing should unveil his secret till the following day, when he would return to Grinselhof. De Vlierbeck, however, was more familiar with the world than his daughter; and, imagining that he had penetrated the mystery of Gustave's conduct, many a pleasant dream hovered that night around his pillow.

TO BE CONTINUED.