

*Ready for the Senate*

# The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

VOL. 2. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SATURDAY, AUGUST, 28 1886. NO 37

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The Tickets will be sold at 50c each, and will be limited to (500) Five Hundred.  
The Drawing will take place AT 8AT PORTAGE on SEPTEMBER 21st, 1886.

The funds will be applied towards assisting the good work of Pere-Baudin.

TICKETS to be had from the Parish Priest at Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, St. Boniface, Selkirk and Port Arthur.

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The Postmaster General will pay a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars for such evidence as will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party and his accomplice or accomplices who stopped and robbed the Prince Albert Mail South of Humboldt on the 17th Instant.

Such information may be communicated to the Commissioners of the Northwest Mounted Police Regts or the undersigned.  
W. W. McLEOD,  
P. O. Inspector, P. O. Inspector,  
Winnipeg 22nd, 29th July 1886.

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**THE ROSE TREE**  
A child 'neath a rose tree fair,  
Bright buds swelling in the sweet May air  
To the dreaming child, in tender guise,  
Appear the angels in Paradise.  
The years go by.

A maiden stands by the rose tree now,  
The rose's breath fans her pure young brow  
On her swelling breast her hand is pressed,  
As in visions she sees her future, blest.  
The years go by.

A kneeling woman by the rose tree prays,  
While thringing memories of bygone days  
Start the trouble tear, while the falling leaves  
Platitively rustle in the evening breeze.  
The years go by.

Alone now and bare the rose tree grieves  
In the autumn air; while the withered leaves  
Gather afar in a wind-swept wave.  
Or, whispering, cover a quiet grave.  
The years go by.

From the German.  
**THE TWO BROTHERS**

A sombre night, well fitted for ambush  
cades; great copper colored clouds floated  
in the dark gray sea of the firmament  
Far away upon the plains a few scattered  
lights pierced the darkness with their  
brilliant points. Here and there a vague  
confusion in the fields, which had not  
the usual serenity of a country asleep  
after the peaceful labor of an Autumn  
day; strange noises of stamping horses  
and of waggons painfully rolling over  
broken roads mingled with the shock of  
jolting wheels. Among the branches of  
a thicket there was a sound of clashing  
arms in the ruts of the roads the rustling  
of a moving crowd. At the bottom  
of the landscape an obscure mass, from  
which now and then darts a flash, followed  
by heavy reverberations; it is a canon  
the country is a camp, and that gloomy  
city over yonder from which come those  
darting flashes, that sullen roar of artillery,  
is Metz, besieged, bombarded, starved,  
betrayed and soon to be lost—we  
hope not forever.

It is the 25 of September, the famine  
is cruel, the troops no longer make sorties;  
but major-general folds his arms,  
the brave men marvel and indignantly  
grumble. There is treason in the air.

Why are they kept shut up in this  
way?  
Why are they not allowed to make  
the attack?

This is what each one asks himself  
whilst Bazaine, mute, taciturn, impassible,  
waits the moment when, like Judas,  
who sold his Lord he can say to the Germans:  
'Enter, you are at home; I deliver  
to you Metz, honor, and my country!'

In the edge of wood before the Hospital  
de Fluey two men, two teacup-  
vets, embrace and stoically part without  
once looking behind them, as brave men  
should do when they start upon the  
path of danger. These were the brothers  
Girod. Pierre was the eldest and he  
was but thirty years of age. A robust  
child of the Vosges, broad shouldered  
and solidly built and a game keeper all  
his life, and he knew every turn of the  
fields and forests. Only six weeks before  
he had a terrible battle with the  
wild beasts brought from Germany. Two  
to all of them that came under his  
unerring eye.

His brother Andrew was a boy, scarcely  
seventeen years of age, and delicate and frail.  
He had been a notary's clerk; but at the first alarm of danger  
to his beloved country had enrolled himself  
with his brother in one of those valiant  
'free companies' which boldly hold the  
field one against twenty, sleep beneath  
the cold stars with prodigious heroism  
and patience, and blood and balls their  
only pay.

Vanquished, they were executed by the  
Prussians who did not recognize them as  
regular soldiers: victorious, they were  
regarded with contempt by the handsome  
sons of the regular army; who contested  
their right to defend irregularly the  
flanks of their violated country.

The brothers Girod had started upon a  
mission, heroic, foolhardy, and almost  
impossible. The company to which they  
belonged had discovered whilst harassing  
the flanks of the Prussians that the  
'Garde de courcelles sur Nied' behind  
their lines were badly defended and  
that a convoy of intercepted stores  
were there, stranded in full sight, like a  
wreck left by the waves. At the same  
time, by an unhoped for coincidence,  
the railroad from Sarrebauck to Metz  
was opened.

Hence this mad, unheard-of project,  
like an episode of the Iliad, to penetrate  
into Metz; to inform the military author-

ities of the presence of this convoy; to  
demand a covered locomotive to be set  
off, protected by troops, and then, to  
the surprise of the enemy, dash into the  
depot, attach the locomotives to the  
convoy and bring it back under a rain of  
shot to the very gates of the city so  
miraculously reprovoked.

To accomplish their adventurous design  
the two brothers shared the task,  
each one to undertake it and carry it  
out according to his strength and his  
own ideas. Unequal in body, the same  
courage animated both. The plan of  
the eldest, was simple enough if it could  
be consummated. He would slip through  
the wood, scale the walls and hedges of  
the gardens, avoiding the sentinels, and  
gain by Marcy sur Seille the advanced  
French picket posts. He had two revolver  
s in his belt and his hunting-knife  
stuck in his boot. If by any mischance  
he was seen by a scout, he would kill  
him like a wild boar. Nor would it be  
the first time that he had cut his way  
through the Prussian lines.

His brother Andre would resort to a  
ruse; when one is not strong it is not  
necessary that he be adroit. He had  
procured for himself an armet marked  
with a red cross and some ambulance  
papers for as a rule the Germans respect  
the cross of Geneva. Under cover of  
that sign of neutrality Andre hoped  
to pass unmolested the centre of the  
Seventh Prussian Corps. His journey  
would be much less tortuous than that  
of his brother Pierre, for he simply  
followed the direct road, the highway  
leading to Strasburg. He desired to  
avoid the appearance of running away,  
or of having anything to conceal. In  
traveling boldly there was a chance of  
his passing unnoticed.

In separating on the borders of the  
wood, Pierre, turning to the left, plunged  
into the night, crossing the fields in the  
direction of the farm of Sejat, Thiébault,  
whose white walls shone vaguely in the  
distance. Andre going to the right followed  
the road that cut the line of Sarrebruck.  
At the bottom of their heart these two  
brothers, these humble servants of  
abandoned France were confident of  
success. Hope beat high in their breasts  
as with cheerful rau revolvers they parted  
to meet to morrow.

Oh, yes, they would return to morrow,  
proud of their accomplished mission,  
of the service rendered, and ready to  
commence the fiery struggle with their  
gallant comrades, the intrepid Vosgeans,  
watching with fingers upon trigger the  
famous convey of intercepted stores shut  
in the 'Garde de Courcelles.'

They did not deceive themselves these  
two brave brothers—they would return  
to morrow, but not in the midst of the  
smoke of battle, or in the midst of  
victorious companions and fixed bayonets,  
triumphantly escorting the covered  
wagon in spite of the shells, the balls,  
the musketry, the charge of the cavalry,  
the fire of the batteries, the pursuit of  
the Uhlans. No, fate did not will it so.

The following day, towards three o'clock  
in the forenoon, the German post which  
occupied the Chateau of Marcy—  
barricaded and armed to the muzzle—  
was in commotion. In the salon of honor  
now transformed into a chamber of council,  
a party of officers of the Seventh  
Prussian Corps deliberated on a doubtful  
point of martial law.

From time to time these gentlemen,  
cast glances of uneasiness in the direction  
of a bloody, formless heap, thrown  
like a sack upon a mattress in the adjoining  
room, and from which came in gasps  
the strangling sound of a death rattle. It  
was a wounded Frenchman. The man  
had refused the proffered treachery, and  
his execution had been decided upon.  
There was no hesitation on that point,  
for unhappily he had been recognized as a  
'franc-tireur.'

It was a matter of military procedure  
only that embarrassed these formal and  
methodical officers. Could they legally  
execute a wounded man in his chamber?  
It was evident that he would expire if  
they moved him to a courtyard where  
the ball awaited him. Ought they not, on  
the contrary give him the care of a  
physician before executing him, perhaps an  
amputation as one of his arms was badly  
broken? The officers were discussing this  
point with the eagerness of lawyers,

when a couple of soldiers appeared at  
the door, bringing in a prisoner—a spy,  
they said, who had tried to pass himself  
off as an attache of the ambulance. He  
had already signalled the sentinels, and  
undoubtedly came from Metz to spy  
their plans.

'Well shoot him!' carelessly replied  
the commandant, a big man with spect-  
acles and a monstrous beard. He had  
on his cap hind part before, and was  
slowly smoking a porcelain pipe. His  
thought probably occupied with the fair  
blue-eyed children left behind him in  
his beloved Germany. As they were  
about to take the prisoner from the  
room 'to shoot him,' according to orders  
the commandant turned suddenly and  
signed them to leave the room.

'So you are a doctor,' he said to the  
prisoner, 'at least you would have us  
think it. To prove to the country how-  
ever, you shall show us your skill' on  
another Frenchman. You have,' he  
continued, professors, in your colleges  
who permit themselves to deride ours—  
we will see if one of their pupils has  
benefited by his teachings.

'Do not worry yourself, tis only a sim-  
ple operation—an arm amputated. Give  
him a case of instruments and conduct  
him to the wounded; he is there,' point-  
ing with the stem of his pipe to the  
room whence came the hoarse groans.  
The officer pushed the prisoner before  
them and then withdrew.

Andrew Girod for it was he, had been  
arrested on his return from the city,  
he trembled violently when he heard  
this notion of the commandant. He  
was absolutely ignorant of the simple  
rules of surgery, yet if he refused or even  
hesitated he was lost.

He must risk it, he must play the  
tragic role of the surgeon to the end.  
Yet the thought of the poor devil whom  
he was now to begin to butcher appalled  
him.

'Bah?' he said to himself to keep up  
his courage; 'if he was only a Prussian it  
would be all right.' And he entered.

Upon the threshold of the door Andre  
Girod stopped transfixed; the surgical in-  
struments in his hand clattered upon the  
floor. He had recognized in the mutilated  
wretch before him his head tied up in  
bloody cloths and whose arm he had  
come to cut off, his dear, his beloved  
brother, Pierre, Pierre, had heard and  
comprehended everything.

'Take care, take care,' he whispered  
quickly, as Andre made a movement to  
embrace him; 'as for me, I am done for;  
save thyself at least; but tell me did thou  
get into the city? Hast thou succeed-  
ed?'

'Yes, in an hour they will attack; the  
locomotive is on its way.'

'Cut then, brother; cut, and quickly.'

'No,' sobbed Andre; 'no, I cannot;  
never can.'

'Well, is it done?' sounded the hard,  
cold voice of the commandant from the  
other room.

'Thou art lost, Andre,' cried Pierre:  
'lost and without saving me. Am I not  
the elder brother? Cut, I tell thee, and  
at once, I command it in the name of  
our mother and of our country.'

As the poor tortured boy was about to  
swoon away Pierre, with a superhuman  
effort, caught the scalpel from his fingers  
and with his left hand tore away his  
bleeding flesh and mangled bones.

'Let me not suffer too long, my brother,  
he murmured as he swooned upon the  
mattress.

Two hours later the troops of Lafasset's  
brigade forced with their battleaxes the  
barricaded doors of the Chateau of Mercy  
and while Andre Girod avenged his  
brother in the midst of the franc-tireurs  
escorting the 'blind locomotive' from  
Metz, a sergeant perceived lying in the  
corner of the chuchyard a sort of human  
tatter. He touched with his gun that  
strange mass of linen and lacerated  
flesh.

Roused by the push the tattered debris  
mover and a gasty face bedaubed with  
blood appeared in the hideous framing of  
bandages.

'A red pantaloen,' a voice murmured.  
I die happy, happy. Vive la, the words  
died in his throat; he never finished.

But if there is a heaven the brave  
Pierre Girod ended the sentence.

## THE SULTAN OF FLOWERS

BY RAUL DENAVERY

Beautiful Habali, the sultan's daughter,  
ter, was in her father's garden. Her  
sole pleasure was the cultivation of flowers,  
ers, and those who made her a present  
of the seed of some rare and beautiful  
plant made her far happier than if  
he had added a new gam to her jewel case.  
If precious stones are the flowers of the  
earth, they owe some of their beauty to  
the hand of man, who cuts and polishes  
them; whilst the pink, white or blue cor-  
ollas expand, marvelous and animated,  
under the eye and breath of God. With  
love Habali cultivated all kinds of roses;  
and besides these the lotus of India gen-  
tly waved above porphyry basins, whilst  
the orange trees, giving both the snow  
of their flowers, and the gold of their  
fruit, formed perfumed groves.

Seated in the midst of odoriferous flower-  
beds Habali was meditating; and raised  
her eyes to heaven, she said, in a low  
voice.

'Who is he that had created these  
flowers? Who first planted these germs  
in the bosom of the earth? Each one  
of them possesses a root which draws in  
nourishing saps, which rise into the  
stalks, and spread themselves through  
the delicate fibres and veins of the  
leaves some of these stems have thorns,  
which protect them from the insects;  
others are surrounded with a silky down  
given them, by drops of dew those which  
are too delicate to bear the cold of the  
night close their corollas at the setting  
of the sun. Here is one, which, on the  
contrary, only opens under the light of  
the stars. In the calice is hidden the  
germ; the seed is winged; the cented  
pollen dust takes flight, and spreads its  
treasures abroad. A plant is a book. I  
have no need to search the learned  
manuscripts in my father's library to  
find out that the Sultan of flowers is a  
master. But who will tell me where he  
lives? In what country is His court? If  
I knew him I would go and render him  
homage, and offer to cultivate the flow-  
ers in His garden; for He must have  
some very beautiful ones.'

And the maiden of the East, her head  
resting upon her hands became sad, and  
for a moment forgot her roses. The  
breeze freshened; the hour of rest was  
come. The sultan's daughter entered her  
apartment, but before yielding to sleep  
she again repeated.

'Ah, if I knew the Sultan of Flowers!  
with what joy I would become His  
slave!

She slept. Midnight chimed; light  
dreams took possession of her mind  
From a cloud of indistinct forms came  
forth slowly an imposing figure, which  
gradually became larger; it was crowned  
with roses, and clothed in an ample  
brown robe. Its countenance was kind,  
and its mouth serene, Habali thought  
she heard these words fall from its  
lips:

'I am the Sultan of Flowers, whom you  
desired to see.'

'Ah, Saviour!' she murmured, 'how  
beautiful your Father's garden must be.'

'Yes, He replied; I possess the garden  
of roses and the valley of lilies; all  
the wonders of creation belong to Me,  
and if you will you may one day have a  
share in them.

'Saviour! oh, Saviour!' cried she, in the  
fervor of her great joy, 'You know I love  
you; take me to your country.'

'The hour is not yet come,' replied  
the heavenly vision; 'but leave your  
father's palace, leave the Eastern sky,  
and set out for Europe. Knock at the  
door of Offenburg monastery, in good  
Germany, and say to the person who  
opens the door, 'I have come to serve  
the Master of flowers.' And you will be  
admitted.'

'Among your humble slaves!'  
Among the number of my chaste  
Spouses.

'Lord, Lord,' said the young girl 'with  
what pious fervor my heart is filled. Oh  
how sweet is the felicity which Thy pre-  
sence causes me to feel. But why do  
you carry roses in your hands?'

'These roses I gathered on the hill of  
death, when I shed my Blood for men.  
Continued on next page.