

# The Northwest Review.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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NO. 6.

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## THE SECRET OF THE SAINTS.

To play through life a perfect part  
Unnoticed and unknown,  
To seek no rest in any heart,  
Save in God's Heart alone;  
In little things to own no will,  
To have no share in great,  
To find the labor ready still,  
And for the crown to wait.

Upon the brow to bear no trace.  
Of more than common care,  
To write no secret in the face  
For men to read it there;  
The daily cross to clasp and bless  
With such familiar zeal  
As hides from all, that not the less  
The daily weight you feel;

In tolls that praise will never pay  
To see your life go past,  
To meet in every coming day  
Twin sister of the last,  
To hear of high heroic things,  
And yield them reverence due,  
But feel life's daily offerings  
Are far more fit for you.

To woo no secret soft disguise  
To which self-love is prone,  
Unnoticed by all other eyes,  
Unworthy in your own;  
To yield with such a happy art  
That no one thinks you care,  
And say to your poor bleeding heart  
"How little canst thou bear!"

Oh! 'tis a pathway hard to choose,  
A struggle hard to share;  
For human pride would still refuse  
The narrow trials there;  
But since we know the gate is low  
That leads to heavenly bliss,  
What higher grace could God bestow  
Than such a life as this!

—The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

## THE AMULET.

### CHAPTER XII.

IS IT HIS GHOST?—THE GUILTY EXPOSED.

"When we last met in this house, Signor Turchi told me that a foreign merchant who wished to remain unknown, would repay me the ten thousand crowns. I was to go to his country-house alone, and secretly to return the note I held, and receive reliable bills of exchange upon Italy. When I went Julio, Simon Turchi's servant, pushed me into a chair prepared as a trap, in which my body was caught and held immovable by steel springs. Then Simon entered with a dagger in his hand; he took from me the note, and destroyed it in my presence. He attempted to stab me in the breast, but the blow was warded off by a copper amulet which I wore around my neck. I then received in my neck what I considered a mortal wound; I felt my blood flowing freely, and I bade, as I supposed, an eternal adieu to life."

Old Deodati, without being aware of it, had drawn his sword from the scabbard as if he were about to pierce Turchi to the heart; but he, restrained by a look of severity from the bailiff, although he continued playing with the hilt, and muttering in an undertone menaces against the murderer.

"I awoke to consciousness," continued Geronimo, "in a dark dungeon; I was beside a grave which had been dug to receive my remains. When Julio returned to duty my corpse, he found me living. He was about to kill me, out he recognized the amulet I wore around my neck, and I was saved. The old blind woman who gave me the amulet as a recompense for delivering her from the hands of the Moslems was Julio's mother. Last night Signor Turchi gave poisoned wine to Julio, who died in my arms, declaring to me that Signor Turchi hired Bufferio to assassinate me. I labored for hours before I succeeded in obtaining egress from the garden. Now behold me saved from a frightful death through the miraculous protection of God, and restored to all that is dear to me on earth!"

The bailiff's voice was heard, issuing his commands in the vestibule. Turchi comprehended the order. He cast himself on his knees, extended his hands, and weeping cried out:

"Oh! Messire Van Schoonhoven, Geronimo, I have been guilty of a frightful crime. I deserve your hatred, your contempt and death; but have pity on me! Spare me the shame of the scaffold; do not cover my family with eternal infamy. Exile me to the ends of the earth; but pardon, pardon, deliver me not to the executioner!"

Five officers of justice appeared at the door.

"What are your commands?" asked the chief.

"Bind the signor's hands behind his back!"

"Heavens! bind my hands like a thief!" exclaimed Turchi.

"Bind the hands of a nobleman?" repeated the chief in surprise.

"Execute my order immediately! This nobleman is an infamous robber and a cowardly assassin. Cast him in the deepest dungeon; he shall pay the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold."

The command was promptly obeyed, and Turchi, in spite of his resistance, was dragged from the room followed by the bailiff.

Mary and Geronimo wept with joy. Deodati claimed their attention saying: "My dear children let us fulfil a sacred duty of gratitude. God has so visibly protected innocence that the feeling of His presence in our midst overpowers me. Your hopes will become a reality. Let us pray!"

He knelt before the crucifix, bowed his head and joined his hands.

Geronimo and Mary knelt beside the old man Mr. Van de Werve behind them.

For a long time they lifted their grateful hearts in thanksgiving to the God of goodness.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MARY VAN DE WERVE'S (NOW MADAME GERONIMO DEODATI) DEPARTURE FOR ITALY

—THE PUNISHMENT OF SIMON TURCHI.

TURCHI.

It was six o'clock in the morning. The height of the sun indicated that the warm season of summer had replaced the mild month of May. It was apparently a festival day at Antwerp, for through all the gates people poured from all surrounding country into the city. The streets were filled with persons of all ages, who, talking and laughing, hastened to the centre of the city, as though they anticipated some magnificent spectacle.

Before Mr. Van de Werve's residence was a compact mass of citizens who seemed impatient at the delay. Through a sentiment of respect, they were perfectly quiet, speaking in very low tones, and making way to afford a passage through the crowd every time that a cavalier or any notable personage presented himself for admission into the house.

The attraction to the centre of the city must have been very powerful, for the greater part of those who passed neither stopped nor turned their heads. Some approached, and learning upon inquiry as to the cause of the gathering, that Miss Van de Werve was about to leave for Italy, they immediately resumed their walk, as if the sight of this departure were no equivalent to the imposing spectacle they were going to witness. A few however, remained in order to discover the real object of so large a concourse of people.

An old gray-headed peasant, after having listened to the conversation going on among the peasants, recognized in the crowd a man from his own village, who had been residing for some time in the city, near the church of St. James, and who consequently, he thought, must be better informed than the others in regard to Miss Van de Werve.

He elbowed his way through the crowd until he reached his friend, struck him on the shoulder, and said:

"What is going on here, Master John, to collect such an assembly? I heard some one say that Miss Van de Werve was about to leave for Italy."

"Ah! Master Stephen," said the other, "call her Madame Geronimo Deodati."

"Is she married?"

"One would say, Master Stephen, that our village is at the other end of the world. Even the children of Antwerp bless this marriage as a striking proof of God's justice."

"I did hear, friend John, that God had visibly avenged virtue and punished crime. The assassin dies by a frightful death, and the victim becomes the husband of the noblest and wealthiest young lady in the marquisate. Do you know her, Master John?"

"Do I know her? She passes my house twice every day in going to church. I furnish the family with bread, and I have frequent opportunities of speaking with this amiable young lady."

"I would like to see her," said the old man, "but if I wait, I shall arrive too late at the public square."

"You need not fear," replied Master John. "The executioner's car will not leave the prison for an hour to come."

The peasant hesitated as to what he should do.

"Are you sure that the young lady will leave at once?"

"Immediately, Master Stephen. Mr. Van de Werve urges the departure—he wishes to be out of the city before the executioner commences his work."

"Why," said the peasant, "did they wait until to-day? In their place I would have gone long ago."

"Ah!" replied Master John, "here is another evidence of God's intervention in these terrible affairs. The vessel which bears them to Italy has been ready to sail for a week. During all that time the wind blew constantly from the south-west; it changed to the east only last night, so that their departure before was impossible. But the tide is high now and will commence to ebb at the very hour fixed for the death of the assassin. You see that God himself willed Mr Van de Werve to remain here until his vengeance was accomplished."

"Does she go to Italy to reside?"

"Oh, no; she only goes on a wedding trip. She will return in the course of a year, when the impression of the perfidy and cruelty of Simon Turchi will be less painful. Back, back, Master Stephen, they are coming!"

From the crowd arose a joyous shout. Each was anxious to approach Madame Deodati. Those who did not know her desired to see the noble young woman whose name was so painfully connected with the bloody history of Simon Turchi, and who was esteemed a model of pure virtue, fervent piety, and ideal beauty. The neighbors and those who had the honor of knowing her collected in order to salute her, to bid her a respectful and cordial adieu, and to wish her a happy voyage.

Mary Van de Werve, now Madame Geronimo Deodati, appeared at the door accompanied by her husband. As soon as the people perceived her, loud and long exclamations greeted her; they waved their caps, clapped their hands, rent the air their cries of joy, and strove to obtain a glance of the angelic features of the beautiful lady and the noble countenance of her husband, who had been so miraculously preserved, by the providence of God, from the hands of his cruel enemy, Simon Turchi.

Mr. Van de Werve walked by his daughter's side; the old Deodati was near his beloved nephew Geronimo. Then followed Mary's two married brothers and a large number of her father's near relatives and friends, as well as many Italians, Portuguese, and Spaniards, who wished to escort Geronimo to the ship.

When Mary heard the benedictions and joyous shouts of the people, and saw all all eyes fixed upon her with looks of love, the blood mantled to her cheeks, and she modestly cast down her eyes. But immediately raising them, she saluted the crowd as a mark of her gratitude for their kindness. The multitude, at a sign from Mr. Van de Werve, opened a passage for the party, and they proceeded to the Scheldt amid acclamations testifying the love and respect they inspired. Their drive resembled a triumphal procession. The old Deodati was deeply moved. He seemed rejuvenated. A sweet smile was upon his lips, and he looked proudly upon Geronimo. Thus full of the thought of the future happiness, they reached the dock-yard. In the middle of the Scheldt was the "Il Salvatore," decked with flags and rocking upon the waves as if conscious of the precious treasure about to be confided to it.

A part of the sailors were occupied in unmooring the vessel; even the harsh grating sound of the capstan could be heard on the wharf. The rest of the crew manned the masts, and they waved their caps in the air, shouting: "Benvenuto, benvenuto. Viva, viva la nostra signora."

At the same time the sound of five or six cannon from the "Il Salvatore" boomed over the waters, prolonged by the echoes from either side as it floated down the river. The multitude replied by three cheers, and the last reverberation

tion of the cannon was lost in the "vivas" of those on the shore and ships.

In the meantime parents and friends were bidding adieu. Many tears were shed, and it was with tearful eyes that Mary Van de Werve received upon her brow her brothers' kiss.

The "Il Salvatore" weighed anchor; the sails caught the wind, and the vessel floated majestically down the river with the tide.

Mr. Van de Werve, Deodati, and their two happy children, entered the bark which awaited them. Petronilla seated herself beside her mistress. They exchanged a last adieu, and the eight oars fell simultaneously in the water. The bark, under the strokes of the robust oarsmen, cut the waves in a rapid course.

At this moment Geronimo's eyes were filled with tears. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he said:

"Blessed be Thou, my God, for all the sufferings Thou hast sent me; blessed be Thou for Thy infinite goodness. I thank Thee for the wife, it has pleased Thee to give me; she will be my companion in my much loved country. A thousand thanks for all Thy benefits.

The bark had reached the galley. A ladder was lowered, and aided by the sailors, the party ascended the deck.

The pilot gave the signal, the sails were unfurled, and the ship rocked for a moment as if courting the breeze, and then it rapidly cleared the waves.

The cannon again boomed from the "Il Salvatore," and again the acclamations of the crowd rent the air.

The sounds had hardly died away when the spectators, as if impelled by one thought, immediately retired, and made all speed to reach the central part of the city.

The crowd which left the wharf so precipitately soon arrived at the grand square, but they found it already occupied by so compact a mass of human beings, that it was impossible for them to penetrate it. As far as the eye could reach, there was a sea of heads; all the windows were crowded with women and even children; the roofs swarmed with curious spectators; the iron balustrades seemed to bend under the weight of the children who had climbed upon them.

A solemn silence reigned in the midst of the vast multitude. Not a sound was heard save the slow and mournful tolling of the death-bell, and at intervals a scream so piercing, so frightful, that those who listened to it turned pale and trembled. Every eye was fixed upon a particular spot, whence clouds of smoke curled in the air, and from which escaped the cries of distress.

What passed that day on the grand square of Antwerp is thus related by Matthew Bandello, Bishop of Agen, who lived at that period, and who wrote from the testimony of an eye-witness;

"Upon the appointed day, Simon Turchi was enclosed in the same chair and driven on a wagon through the streets of Antwerp, the good priest accompanying him and exhorting him. When they reached the grand square, the chair was removed from the wagon. The executioners lighted slow fire, which they kept alive with wood, but in such a manner that the flames should not rise too high, but sufficed to roast slowly the unhappy Turchi. The priest remained as near to him as the heat permitted, and frequently said to him:

"Simon this is the hour for repentance!"

And Simon, as long as he could speak, replied:

"Yes, father."

Simon Turchi evinced great repentance and much patience, and he accepted with resignation the painful and infamous death to which he was condemned. When it was certain that he was dead, his body, partially consumed, was conveyed outside the city gates and attached to a stake by an iron chain. The dagger with which he had stabbed Geronimo was thrust into his side. The stake was so placed on the public road that it could be seen by all who passed, in order that the punishment inflicted for murder might serve as a warning to others, and prevent the commission of infamous crimes.

THE END.