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LEGEND IN ALSACE.

Know'st thou Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in his garden,
While the sun shines high;
In that garden there are roses
Beautiful and bright,
And he gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight.

If he marks one gaily blooming—
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and gaze upon it
Full of tender care;
And the beautiful rose he gathers,
In his bosom lies—
But on earth are tears and sorrow
For a dear one dies.

THE AMULET.

CONTINUED.
CHAPTER V.

VAN DE WERVE'S RECEPTION—SIMON TURCHI'S JEALOUSY AND HATRED.

Mr. Van de Werve, whose large fortune justified a lavish expenditure, was accustomed to receive at his residence every month the principal gentlemen of Antwerp, strangers as well as citizens. His love for art and science induced him to bring together the best artists and the most noted literary men of the day with the high-born, wealthy, and influential members of society at Antwerp; and his house had become the rendezvous of all that was excellent and celebrated in the city.

Nearly the whole of the anterior part of the house was occupied by a vast hall, called the Ancestral Hall, because it was decorated by numberless souvenirs of his illustrious family. The walls for a certain distance were sculptured in oak wood, so artistically designed, and so delicately wrought, that at the first glance it looked like embroidery in various colors. To produce this effect, the natural brown of the oak had been left in some places. All the rest shone with gold and silver, which was relieved by a beautiful scarlet, brilliant yellow, and the softest sky-blue. The many small figures scattered over the ornaments were highly gilded. From the wooden wainscot arose slight pillars, which, uniting in the Gothic style, supported the heavy beams of the ceiling. Six of these beams were visible: all were covered with highly colored sculptures. Their decorations harmonized with those of the wainscot, and seemed an expansion of it, as though the architect wished the exquisite ornaments of the beams of the ceiling to be considered a luxuriant verdure, springing from trunks rooted in the oaken wainscot.

The escutcheon of the Van de Werve family, together with the families allied to them, was artistically sculptured in the wood. The emblems and devices were in profusion: lions, wild boars, eagles, ermines, bands and crosses of gold, silver, green, and blue quartz, so numerous and sparkling, that when the noon-day sun penetrated into the hall, the eye could with difficulty bear the dazzling magnificence.

The armorial bearings of the Van de Werve, Lords of Schilde, painted in larger proportions than the others, were at the extremity of the hall. They consisted of a black boar on a field of gold, quartered by three chevrons of silver on black, surmounted by a helmet ornamented by mantlings of black and gold, and above this was a boar's head.

Around these family arms shone a large number of escutcheons of smaller size; among others, the coat of arms of the Wyneghem, the Van Immerseel, the Van Wilre, the Van Mildert, the Van Coolput, the Van Bruloch, and the Van Zymaer, families the most nearly related to that of Van de Werve.

Above the wainscot, within the niches formed by the pillars, hung the portraits of some of the most illustrious ancestors of William Van de Werve, as well as his own, in which he was represented as captain of a German company in the service of Charles V.

The portraits did not occupy all the panels formed in the richly carved oak. In a large number appeared valuable paintings from the pencil of the most celebrated masters of Netherlands. The eye rested on the creations of the immortal brothers Van Eyck, the touching Quintin Massys, the intellectual Roger Van der Weydens, the spiritual Jerome Bosch, the laborious Lucas de Leyde, and others whose names were favorably mentioned in the world of art.

In a corner of the room, beside the fireplace, stood a piano richly enamelled in woods of different colors, and upon it lay two lutes and a violin—a proof that the charming art of music was cultivated by the family of Mr. Van de Werve.

From the ceiling were suspended six gilded chandeliers; on the mantelpiece were two candelabras; along the walls, where the pillars formed projections, numerous sconces were fastened; and when Mr. Van de Werve received his friends in the evening, the reflection of the numberless wax candles from the many gold and silver ornaments gave a princely air to the hall.

Three days after the attempted assassination of Geronimo by the ruffian Bufferio, Mr. Van de Werve was to entertain his friends in the evening, it being the time appointed for their reunion. Although he had been deeply moved by the murderous assault, and his daughter Mary had scarcely recovered from the shock, he had not withdrawn the invitations, hoping that the social gathering might help to dissipate painful thoughts.

At the appointed hour the dwelling of Mr. Van de Werve was in a blaze of light. The large double door was thrown open, and in the vast hall were crowds of domestics, the attendants of the guests who had already arrived.

The large parlor was filled with persons of different conditions and ages. There were, however, only men present, for this evening was by a previous arrangement to be devoted to artists, men of letters, and notable men of commerce.

The first salutations had been exchanged among the guests of Mr. Van de Werve; they had separated according to their pleasure in different groups, and were engaged in cordial and familiar conversation.

Five or six of the more aged were seated near a table examining some new works which excited their admiration; others, whose more simple attire proclaimed them to be artists, were showing each other their designs; another party, evidently formed of young noblemen, surrounded Geronimo, and were asking particulars of the recent attempt upon his life.

At the end of the room, not far from the fireplace, were collected the foreigners who were engaged in commerce at Antwerp. Although they had assembled for amusement, they were conversing, through habit, upon the expected arrival of vessels, and the price of gold and different kinds of merchandise. Among these foreigners was to be seen every description of costume, and every variety of tongue could be heard. The Spaniard found himself besides a native of Lucca, the Portuguese near the Florentine, the English with the Genoese, the German next to the Venetian; and, as on Change at Antwerp, they found means to understand each other.

Mr. Van de Werve had at first remained near the door in order to welcome his guests as they entered; but supposing that the greater part of those invited had arrived, he left this place and was walking from group to group, joining in conversation for a few moments, and saying some pleasant words to each.

The old Deodati had seated himself in an arm-chair apart. So many had welcomed him on his arrival at Antwerp, and he had been the object of so much polite attention, that, being fatigued from standing and talking, he was now seeking some repose.

By his side was Simon Turchi, conversing familiarly and in a low tone with the old man. The hypocrite feigned an extraordinary affection for the venerable nobleman, and flattered him by every expression of respect and esteem. They had already spoken of the attempted assassination, and Simon Turchi had expressed his astonishment, for he did not believe that Geronimo had an enemy in the world. It was quite likely that Bufferio had made a mistake as to the individual, a thing which might easily have happened in so dark a night.

While Simon Turchi, with apparent calmness, thus conversed with the old gentleman, he was evidently meditating some wicked design; for while talking, his eyes incessantly wandered to Geronimo, and he endeavored to divine from

his countenance the subject of his conversation. He did not for one instant lose sight of Mary's betrothed.

After speaking of the assassination, the old Deodati glanced around the room upon the different groups of guests, and he asked Turchi:

Who is the gentleman in purple velvet, who is the object of such marked respect from the merchants around him? I do not mean the tall old man, I am acquainted with him, he is the rich Fugger of Augsburg; I am speaking of the one who stands beside him."

"He is a banker, signor," replied Simon Turchi. "He is very rich, and his name is Lazarus Tucher. The gentleman before him is the head of the house of the Hochstetter. The gentlemen conversing with him belong to the distinguished commercial houses of the Gigli, the Spignoli, and the Gualterotti. A little apart, and behind them, is Don Pezos, the superintendent of the king of Portugal; he is speaking with Diego d'Aro, and Antonio de Vaglio, superintendents from Spain. The gentlemen near them are Italian and Portuguese merchants, whose names I could tell you, for I know them all, but such details would not interest you."

"I am indebted to you for your kindness, Signor Turchi," replied Deodati. "My nephew, Geronimo, would give me all this information, but he is surrounded by his young friends, and as he sees me with you, he is undoubtedly convinced that I could not be in better or more agreeable company. Have the kindness to tell me the name of the fine-looking old man seated near the table, and to give me some information regarding those who are listening to him with so much attention."

"Around the table, signor, are the most learned men of Netherlands. That gray-headed orator is the old Graphaeus, secretary of the city of Antwerp, and the author of several well written Latin works. The young man, on whose shoulder he leans, is his son, Alexander, who is also very learned. Before him is seated Abraham Ortelius, the great geographer, who is regarded as the Ptolemy of his age. Beside Ortelius is his friend and fellow-laborer Gerard, also a learned geographer, and one of the luminaries of the day. The only one whose dress indicates his Italian birth is Louis Gucciardini, a Florentine gentleman, who is here for the purpose of collecting materials for an extensive work on the Low Countries, and particularly on the powerful commercial city of Antwerp. The gentleman plainly dressed, with a black beard, holding a book in his hand, is Christopher Plantin; he is engaged in establishing at Antwerp a printing-press of great importance. Its dimensions are so large that it will occupy the ground on which several spacious houses now stand; hundreds of workmen will be employed all day in composing, correcting, and printing books in every civilized tongue. You must not fail, signor, to visit the building; even in its unfinished state it will cause you astonishment."

"The Netherlands is a favored country," said the old Deodati. "If the climate is not as mild as in our own beautiful Italy, the men are bold, active, intelligent, industrious, and learned; and they possess all the qualifications requisite for the material prosperity and moral progress of a nation. I am surprised to see you, who are a foreigner, as well acquainted with the inhabitants as a native."

"I have lived here many years," replied Turchi. "These gentlemen are frequent visitors at the house of Mr. Van de Werve, and I have seen them so often, that I know them as old friends. Look at the corner near the piano, where those collected together laugh merrily, jest, and chat socially. You may easily recognize them by their light playful manners as artists."

"Yes. Is not that handsome man with noble features Frans Floris, the Flemish Raphael?"

"Yes; he was presented to you yesterday by Mr. Van de Werve, and you may remember how enthusiastically he eulogized Italian art."

"Near him is a singular-looking person; his very attitude is amusing, and his gestures force one to laugh."

"He is Peter Breughel, a humorist,

who so designs his pictures that they seem painted only by way of jest. He is, however, in good repute as an artist. I saw recently one of his pictures in which he represents the Saviour carrying his cross to Calvary. In this he represents pilgrims with their staves, Spanish soldiers in doublets, monks and nuns; there is even a statue of the Blessed Virgin suspended on a tree, and that at a time when there was no Christianity, no Saint James of Compostella, neither convents nor Spaniards."

"That is indeed singular," said Deodati, smiling. "It seems to me that such conceits do but very little honor to the artist. Is it a custom among other artists in the Netherlands to sport thus with holy things?"

"No; Signor Breughel is an exception. The other gentlemen in company with the Flemish Raphael are more serious men. Michael Coxie, whom you may distinguish by the gray doublet, excels in his portraits of women. The handsome young man standing behind him is Martin de Vos, a pupil of Floris; he evinces a high order of talent and gives promise of great perfection in his art. The others, as well as I can recognize them at this distance, are Lambert Van Noord, Egide Mostaert, William Key, Bernard de Rycke, and the two brothers Henry and Martin Van Cleef, all celebrated historical, fancy, or portrait painters. Near them is Master Grimmer, a famous landscape painter; and the gentleman now speaking is a certain Ack of Antwerp, who has painted the large glass windows of the church of Saint Gudula at Brussels. The old man sitting apart near the piano is Christian; he has marvellous skill in playing on many instruments, but he excels most on the violin. You will probably hear him this evening."

Simon Turchi continued to converse familiarly with the Signor Deodati, who was charmed with his intelligence, but still more with the kind consideration which made him refrain from joining in the general conversation in order to entertain an old man.

Geronimo had several times approached his uncle, but each time the latter had playfully sent him away, telling him that the agreeable company of the Signor Turchi sufficed for him, and that he preferred a quiet conversation.

In the meantime the conversation among the guests had become more general. Noblemen and bankers, merchants and literary men, manufacturers and artists, were mingling with each other; rank and condition were disregarded, and the animated conversation of the company resounded through the hall like the humming of a swarm of bees.

At this moment the servants entered, bringing silver waiters on which were wines of every description, pastry, cakes, rare fruits, and other refreshments.

They passed through the room offering the wines to the guests.

"Gentlemen, a glass of Malmsey, Rhenish wine, claret, sherry, Muscatel?"

Whilst these delicious drinks and delicacies were thus distributed, Geronimo never lost sight of Mr. Van de Werve, but observed him with an eye full of hope and expectation.

When at last he saw Mr. Van de Werve leave the room, a bright smile illumined his face. Geronimo knew that Mr. Van de Werve sometimes gratified his friends and acquaintances by allowing his beautiful daughter to be present at their evening reunion for about an hour, and he had been impatiently waiting the moment when the young girl would appear.

Simon Turchi, although apparently so unmoved, had constantly watched Mary's betrothed, noticed the radiant expression of his countenance, and understood the cause.

Mary was coming! Perhaps the whole company would know that his suit had been rejected, and that Geronimo had succeeded where the powerful administrator of the house of Buonvisi had failed!

This thought deeply wounded his pride. He scowled at Geronimo, who was looking in another direction. Rage and jealousy goaded him almost to madness; he felt that the scar on his face, by its deepening hue, would betray his emotion, and to conceal it he covered his eyes with his hand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Senate