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NO. 2.

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**GOD.**  
BY FREDERIC J. HALM.

Infinite One, the merest thought of whom O'erpowers our puny minds, as when the sea, In seething fury, tosses on its waves A drowning swain. God of the universe, Before Thy throne we bend our knees, and, lost In contemplation of thy boundless power, Acknowledge Thee our Lord and sovereign King!

To Thee the ignorant and learned alike, Send up their sighs and groans, their being wants. Th' untutored savage, who with outstretched arms, Calls on the gods his father's erst invoked. Sees he not in those forms of wood or stone, Some gleaming of that Power ne feels must be?

And he, who, having climbed the dizzy heights Of science, descends beyond a gloom, In which Both he not, too, do homage unto Thee. Though on his lips Thou art the Great Unknown!

Like some fair Isle, girt by Atlantic waves, Or pale planet that in Cosmos swims, 'E'en so all finite things are circumscribed By Thy infinity; and whither so We steer our flight, we come at last to Thee. And some, like freedom's sun-soaring bird, Steer their bold flights above the fleecy clouds.

Till, pinion-weary, though undaunted still, In their sublime endeavors to probe The mystic problems of the universe, They seek again their native earth, to build To Thee, what erst Thy priest at Athens found.

Altars inscribed unto the unknown God. Not thus be 't ours, poor swains, to learn of Thee, Who see in every emerald blade of grass, Or violet that blows in Flora's glade. Such testimony of Thy power and love, That were we to behold Thee, face to face, Robed in the glory of Thy Majesty, We could not with more certainty exclaim: As Thou hast often heard us 'fore Thy shrine, In soul-dictated prayer: "My Lord and God."

—Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

## THE AMULET.

### CHAPTER X.

SIMON TURCHI'S ALARM—CRIME BEGETS CRIME.

(CONTINUED.)

"This explanation is wholly unnecessary, at least as far as regards myself, interrupted Simon Turchi. I desire you to search my country-house as you do all the other dwellings in the vicinity."

They were not far from the bridge of Meir, and they ceased speaking, as in so frequented a place they were in danger of being overheard. Farther on Turchi said:

"I acknowledge, however, that I am hurt and irritated by the disrespect and audacity of the populace. One might be tempted to suppose that they considered me capable of killing my best friend! My blood boils at the idea of such a suspicion!

Simon gladly availed himself of the opportunity thus offered of attributing to a just indignation the cruel anxiety which tortured him. He had anticipated the announcement just made him by the bailiff, and in consequence had taken suitable measures to screen himself in case of discovery; but now a terrible doubt as to the result of the search, and as to the confidence which might be reposed in his statements, arose in his mind. The least unforeseen accident the slightest oversight in his arrangement, might be his ruin.

"It is scandalous!" he exclaimed, shaking his fist. "To express publicly the opinion that a nobleman could so far degrade himself as to become a secret assassin! I will know who my insolent calumniators are, and I will then see if justice has power at Antwerp to protect an innocent stranger against the defamation of the people!"

"Calm yourself, signor," said Messire Van Schoonhoven; "I comprehend your well-founded indignation; but you are mistaken if you think the perquisition ordered by the burgomaster and constables be in your regard, aught but a condescension to the clamors of the multitude. As for myself, I beg you not to be displeased with me for accomplishing my duty."

"You need offer no excuse, messire," said Simon, speaking more calmly. "It is but proper and natural to search my garden. I am irritated solely by the insolence of the people. Do your duty, and continue to honor me with a friendship of which I am proud, and of which I will always strive to be worthy."

"When will it be convenient to you, Signor Turchi, to have the officers visit your house?" asked the bailiff.

"The time is perfectly indifferent to me."

"But appoint an hour; I would regret causing you any inconvenience or trouble."

Simon Turchi reflected a moment, and

said:

"To-morrow morning urgent affairs demand my attention; come then about noon."

"Suppose we say two o'clock?"

"Very well; between two and three."

"I will call for you to accompany me, signor. Do not be disturbed by this domiciliary visit; it implies no suspicion, but as I said before, it is a simple condescension to the populace. Shall I have the honor of meeting you this evening at the house of Mr. Van de Werve?"

"I do not know, messire, Mary's excessive grief affects me so much that it haunts me day and night. Would that I could offer the least consolation to the afflicted young girl! But of what use is it to mingle my tears with hers, when there is no ray of hope to illumine the darkness of her despair?"

Messire Van Schoonhoven pressed Simon's hand.

"Sincere friendship for Geronimo does your honor signor," he said "Were he your own brother you could not be more deeply grieved. And how great is your generosity! Geronimo was your friend, but he was at the same time an obstacle to the accomplishment of the dearest wish of your heart. Through affection for him you have sacrificed your fondest hopes of happiness. But the inexplicable disappearance of Geronimo spreads out before you a brighter future. Time will alleviate the bitterness of Mary's sorrow, and who so well as yourself, signor, could restore her to happiness—you who possess her father's confidence and esteem."

"Speak not of such things," said Simon. "I would gladly yield all the happiness the future might have in store for me to see my friend once more unharmed. But alas, alas!"

"That does not prevent me, signor, from cherishing the hope, that if Geronimo is really dead, you may one day receive the reward of your sincere friendship and your magnanimous generosity. To-morrow at two o'clock. May God be with you, signor."

"And may He protect you, messire."

Simon Turchi watched him until he was lost to sight, and then glanced around in order to note the degree of darkness. He drew his cloak closely around him, and walked rapidly down a side street, which soon brought him before the gate of his own garden. Unlocking the door, he traversed the walk rendered almost invisible by the darkness.

Reaching the house, he lighted a lamp and ascended the stairs to a room which in better times, he was accustomed to use as a bed-room, when occasionally he passed the night at the pavilion.

Casting his cloak upon a chair, he seated himself near a table, evidently a prey to distracting thoughts. He drew a phial from his doublet, and fixed his eyes upon it. By degrees, however, the clouds seemed to pass from his mind. He replaced the phial in his doublet, and said, calmly:

"Why am I so terrified. Did I not expect the search? Have not my precautions been well taken? What have I to fear. Julio is already at such a distance that he cannot be overtaken. If the corpse be found in the cellar, I will impute the crime to Julio. My explanation will be such that there will be no room for suspicion. But suppose it should be known. O torturing doubt. What desperate game! Wealth, honor, power, and the hand of Mary Van de Werve, against my life and the honor of my family. Triumph and happiness on the one hand; disgrace and death on the scaffold on the other. Suppose I go to the bailiff and accuse Julio of the murder. That would put me above suspicion. But no; the search will be superficial, a mere matter of form for the sake of appearances. If Julio has arranged things properly, they will merely cast a glance into the cellar. My presence will be a restraint upon the officers and will prevent them pushing their search so far as to imply a suspicion. If they do not find the body, as is probable, the affair will forever remain secret, and I will have in future no cause for alarm. I must take courage and descend into the cellar, to see how Julio performed the task assigned him before his de-

parture."

He approached a large wardrobe, took from it a bottle, poured out a large glass of wine and drank it. Lighted by the lamp, he descended the staircase and approached the cellar; but before proceeding the subterranean passage, he hesitated and stepped back:

"Singular!" he said; "I am overpowered with fear! I recoil in terror before that dark cave, as though the dead could arise from the grave to take revenge. What! I had the courage to stab him while living, and yet I tremble upon approaching the spot where lie his inanimate remains! Away with this childish terror!"

However bold his words, the Signor Turchi did not become calm, and his heart beat violently as he again slowly approached the entrance to the cellar. He hesitated an instant, as he looked down the long, dark passage, but was about to proceed, when a noise outside the building made him shake with fear.

"What can it be? Am I not mistaken? Some one unlocks the garden gate? Will I be found here? Am I betrayed?" After a moment of torturing doubt he fled from the cellar to his room, his hair bristling with terror.

"They open the door of the house. They are within! They come! Great heavens! What can it mean?"

A man appeared on the threshold of the room in which Simon Turchi had taken refuge.

"Julio! it is Julio!" exclaimed Simon, in despair.

The servant reeled under the influence of liquor. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes wandering, and while the smile upon his lips indicated a disagreeable surprise at the presence of his master, it also said plainly that he feared not Simon's anger. He held in his hand a small wheaten loaf, but he hid it hastily under his doublet as if unwilling for Turchi to see it.

Casting upon him a look of fury, Simon Turchi sprang to his feet, clenched his fist, and exclaimed in a rage:

"This is to much! Infamous traitor! cowardly rascal! whence do you come? Does hell itself bring you here for the destruction of both of us? Speak base drunkard, and tell me why you are here! Quick, or I will stretch you dead at my feet. I thirst for your blood."

Julio drew his knife from the scabbard and stammered, in a voice indistinct from intoxication:

"Wait awhile, signor. Wine, good wine has dulled my senses. You want to kill me? It would be very fortunate for one of us to die here—the executioner would have less work. But which of us must first render our account before the supreme tribunal, my knife and your dagger will decide. I am ready."

"Insolent wretch!" cried Turchi grinding his teeth, "my own safety and yours compel me to a painful circumspection; but beware how you brave me. Tell me why you are not on your way to Germany."

"You ask me something that I don't know myself. But let me see. Just as I was about to leave I went to the Swan, and drank a few pints of wine. This morning, when I woke, I was seated before a table at the Silver Dice. How I came there, I cannot tell. It was then too late for me to pass the gate. I determined to wait until to-morrow, and I came here to take a night's rest before setting out on the journey."

"And you played at dice?" said Turchi.

"I think I did; for the rattling of the dice still sounds in my ears."

"And the money? the two hundred crowns?"

"Be quiet signor, on that point. I ask for nothing. What business is it of yours that I have spent or lost a few pieces of gold, provided I leave for Germany to-morrow at daybreak?"

Simon Turchi was like one frenzied.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "and at the first tavern you meet on the way you will drown your senses with drink, and you will squander my money."

"Not so, signor; rely upon me—I will leave to-morrow morning at daybreak, and if I drink on the way it will only be to quench a burning thirst."

Simon Turchi's eye shone with a sudden and mysterious light, excited by some secret thought. He became calm,

and shrugging his shoulders, said quietly, as though he submitted with resignation to the contradictions which he could not avoid:

"I ought, Julio, to punish your want of fidelity. If the bailiff had come here to-day, as I expected, your culpable neglect of duty would have placed us both in the hands of justice. Fortunately the visit will not be made before noon to-morrow. As your negligence has had no evil consequences, I fully pardon you, upon condition that you leave the city before sunrise, and that you travel without stopping until you reach the Rhine."

"Never fear this time, signor," replied Julio. "I will pass the night here, and at early dawn I will be beyond the city gate. In the first village I will buy a horse, and I will make such speed that he would catch me must needs have wings."

He yawned, stretching his arms above his head, and said—

"I am overpowered by fatigue and sleep. If you have no other directions to give, permit me, signor, to go to bed, that I may be ready for the morning."

"Then I may rely upon you, Julio?"

"Have no anxiety about my journey; the rising sun will not find me at Antwerp."

"Are you certain?"

"As certain that I am that a halter hangs over my head, and over yours something quite as disagreeable."

This jest of his servant made Turchi convulsively contract his lips, but he restrained any expression of feeling, and he arose, saying:

"Julio, would you like a glass of good Malmsey?"

"Ah, signor," replied the servant, "I was just thinking that a cup of Malmsey would relieve my parched throat, when, lo, my desire finds an echo in your heart!"

"One single glass—a parting bumper."

"One or many, signor, as you wish—either will be welcome; but the excellent wine locked in the cupboard of your room will be particularly acceptable."

"Well, Julio, come with me and we will drink to the happy termination of your journey."

"He arose, traversed a passage, and ascended to the upper story. The servant followed him staggering, and trying to steady himself by the wall."

Having reached his bed-room, Turchi drew a second chair to the table, and said:

"Sit down, Julio; here is a bottle already opened. If I did not fear its effects, we would empty it in honor of your departure."

Julio sat down, and held the bottle before the lamp.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, "it only contains about four glasses."

You need not trouble yourself about that quantity."

Signor Turchi took two large glasses from the cupboard, placed them on the table and filled them to the brim.

"A pleasant journey to you, Julio," he said, "and may you arrive safely at your destination."

They both emptied their glasses at one draught, but the servant pushed his glass to his master saying; "Oh, the divine liquor! it is a cooling balm to my burning throat. One more glass, signor, I beg you."

Simon filled the glasses, and said;

"Yes, but on condition that you wait awhile before drinking it."

Hoping that his obedience might procure him a third glass, Julio resisted the temptation to gratify himself at once. In the meantime, Turchi contemplated his servant with a peculiar expression. There was a malicious sparkle in his eye, and a smile of triumph on his lips. He evidently had some purpose in thus watching Julio; but what could be his secret design.

At last he pretended that he was about to take the wine, but by a quick movement he upset it.

With an exclamation of impatience he raised the glass, and said:

"It is a sin to spill such wine. Now I have no more in which to drink your health. Get another bottle, Julio, from the cupboard; it is perhaps the last time that we shall drink together. On the third shelf, the bottle with the long neck."

(TO BE CONTINUED)