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PROSPECTUS
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The College of St. Boniface, incorporated by an Act of Parliament, and affiliated to the University of Manitoba, is, since the 19th of August, 1885, directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, under the high patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Its course of studies comprises the Greek, Latin, French and English languages and literature; History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Higher Mathematics, mental Philosophy, Natural Sciences and Theology. Although chiefly intended to prepare young men for the study of the liberal professions and divinity, it is also calculated to fit them for commercial pursuits. Its large and spacious grounds, secluded from the city, offers all the advantages of a country site, and are so near the cities of St. Boniface and Winnipeg as to secure all the advantages of a town residence. The College can accommodate a hundred students, of whom eighty may be boarders. The terms have been made as easy as possible. \$15 a month for boarding, and \$3 a month for those who take their meals in town and sleep in the college, beside a small additional fee for a few dormitory articles, of \$2 a year; the whole to be paid half yearly in advance. The uniform consists of a frock coat, with trousers, necktie and felt hat, all black. Each student is to be sufficiently provided with other articles of clothing. The discipline of the College, strict in point of morality, is, as far as possible, paternal in character. The scholastic year opens on the third Wednesday of August and ends about the 25th of June.
St. Boniface, August 27th, 1885.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

(Father Ryan.)
I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hours when angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win.
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary with places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said, "In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is tossed on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in its grave."

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing.
That to men, like the dove of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
I have dreamed dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And did you ask me the place of this valley,
Ye hearts that are burdened by care?
It lies far away between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright Mountain of Prayer.

And still did I pine for the perfect,
Yet still I found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for Heaven,
But I caught a mere glimpse of the blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I tolled on, heart tired of human,
And I moaned 'mid the masses of men,
Until I knelt long at an altar
And heard a voice call me—since then
I have walked down the Valley of Silence,
That is far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in this valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
For I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine,"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
The echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in this valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayers, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

THE AMULET.

CONTINUED.
CHAPTER II.
SIGNOR DEODATI.

"You have not the money?" murmured the young man, despairingly.
"No; to-morrow, or perhaps day after to-morrow."

"Good heavens! suppose my uncle reproves me in anger. I implore you, Simon, to procure the amount. Do not cause my destruction!"

"Oh!" muttered the other, in a hoarse, altered voice, "were I to be the cause of any misfortune to you, I would avenge you upon myself in a bloody manner."

"No, no," said the young man, in a compassionate tone, "banish these horrible thoughts. I will wait; I will seek a delay, and endeavour to divert my uncle's attention for a few days. Alas! I am filled with anxiety; at the very moment, too, that my uncle has consented to my marriage with Mary!"

Simon's face became fearfully contorted.
"Your uncle has consented?" he said, in a stifled voice. "And Mr. Van de Werve?"

"He agrees to it also. O Simon! pardon me my happiness. I know, my poor friend, that this news is most painful to you; but did we not loyally promise each other, that were one of us to succeed in our suit, it should not break our long-tried friendship?"

"Fool!" God has abandoned me!" muttered the other between his teeth.
"There is my uncle with Mr. Van de Werve," said Geronimo. "Cheer up, Simon; hide your emotion. When I am my own master, I will aid you in your affairs. In the meantime put your trust in God."

The man with the scar made a powerful effort to control himself, and advancing cheerfully to meet Mr. Van de Werve, he said to his companion: "My emotion was natural under the circumstances; now that the blow has fallen, it is all over. Pained as I am, Geronimo, I congratulate you cordially. If I could only obtain the money, and spare you anything disagreeable! I will do all in my power."

Mr. Van de Werve joined them, and after the first salutations said to the old Deodati: "I am happy to present to you my friend, the Signor Simon Turchi, who is at the head of the house of the Buonvisi, and who frequently does me the honor to visit me."
"Ah! I know him well," said Deodati, cordially taking Simon's hand. "The

signor is from Lucca, and the son of an esteemed friend."

"You are welcome this side of the Alps, Signor Deodati," replied Simon Turchi. "My father often spoke of your mutual friendship. May God grant you prosperity in Brabant!"

"I am under many obligations to you, signor," replied the old Deodati, "for the affectionate interest you have shown in my nephew. That my business affairs have been as well transacted in this country as though I had been here myself, I am indebted to your experience and wise counsels. I know from Geronimo's letters that he is sensible of the favor and deeply grateful for it."

Simon Turchi was about to disclaim the praise bestowed upon him, but the carriage drew near, and Mr. Van de Werve said:

"I hope, signor, that you will honor us with your company this evening. We will pass together a few hours with our noble guest."

Simon excused himself, saying that some important commercial affairs demanded his attention; but as Mary and Geronimo urged him to accept the invitation, he promised to see them, at least for a short time.

They bade adieu as the carriage drove out of the gate of the dock-yard.

Simon Turchi followed it with his eyes, immovable as a statue, until the sound of the rolling wheels was lost in the distance. Then he convulsively crossed his arms and dropped his head, as though the certainty of a terrible misfortune had overwhelmed him.

He remained a long time plunged in thought; but he was startled from his reverie by a vehicle which dashed along near him, and by the call of the driver warning him of his danger. He stepped aside and looked around him, as though seeking a way of escape from the wharf and the crowd of workmen. He walked slowly towards the church of Saint Walburga, and around the wall enclosing the cemetery. He entered, wandered awhile among the tombs, until reaching an obscure spot, where he was concealed by an angle of the church, he paused.

He pressed his brow with his hands, as if to shut out painful thoughts; the scar on his face frequently changed color, and at intervals his whole frame shook with emotion. At last, as if his reflections had assumed a determined form, he muttered:

"The arm-chair? it is not completed! And then he would be too late. A dagger, a sword, an assassin lying in wait? If Julio were only more courageous; but he is a cowardly boaster. Why did I take into my service such a paltrone? He would not dare run the risk of striking a fatal blow; but I can force him to it, force him even to be bold. I need but pronounce his real name; but the murder of a friend is a frightful crime; and then, perhaps, to be discovered, betrayed—to die on a scaffold like a common felon—I, the head of the house of the Buonvisi!"

This thought made him shudder. After a few moments' reflection, he said, more calmly: "I will go to the bailiff Van Schoonhoven; he has espoused my cause with Mr. Van de Werve; he will, perhaps, be offended that Mary's hand has been disposed of contrary to his urgent solicitations. Perhaps he may have influence to prevent the marriage."

An ironical smile curled his lip.
"Fool that I am!" he muttered. "And the ten thousand crowns? and the disgrace of bankruptcy? Oh, the infernal thought! might I not take from a corpse the acknowledgment of the debt? I will go to Mr. Van de Werve's; I must speak with Geronimo; I must know where this evening he—"

The words died upon his lips, and a sudden terror shook him from head to foot.

He had heard behind him the voice of a man who spoke in a low tone, and who seemed to be a spy.

Could he have heard what Simon Turchi had so imprudently spoken in this solitary corner of the cemetery?

Turning in his anguish, he saw two persons, three or four steps behind him, looking at him with a mocking air.

Under other circumstances the Italian cavalier would certainly have called the unknown men to account for their insolent curiosity; but fear deprived him of

all courage and energy.

He dropped his head, concealed his face as far as possible, crossed the cemetery with long and rapid strides, and disappeared behind the wall of the enclosure.

CHAPTER III. THE PALACE OF SIMON TURCHI, AND WHAT OCCURRED THERE.

Not far from the bridge De la Vigne, Simon Turchi had a magnificent dwelling, where the offices of the commercial house of Buonvisi were situated; but he possessed also, at the extremity of the city, pleasure-grounds, where in fine weather he was accustomed to invite his friends and acquaintances to festivals, banquets, and concerts. His domains were near the church of Saint George, surrounded by grounds belonging to the hospital.

Exteriorly it appeared to be only a wall of enclosure, shaded by lofty trees, and without openings. Against the horizon were seen two glittering weathercocks surmounting two small towers arising in the midst of foliage. Within there was, however, a vast garden diversified with winding paths, flowery parterres, hillocks, and grottoes. Here and there, scattered among the thickets of verdure, appeared marble statues representing principally the gods of pagan mythology. In the centre of the garden was a pond, in which seemed to float a crowd of monstrous animals, such as dragons, basilisks, lizards, and salamanders. It was a fountain; and when the robinets were opened these monsters spouted the water in every direction from their eyes and mouths.

But at the bottom of the garden and at some distance from the wall of enclosure was an antique pavilion of graystone, the walls of which were nearly covered with ivy, and which, in spite of their dark hue, presented a very picturesque appearance.

With the exception of the small and narrow windows, which were protected by iron bars, and the staircase of slate which gave admittance, this heavy building presented nothing remarkable, unless it were two round turrets, which rose above the surrounding roofs and even above the gigantic trees in its vicinity.

The garden had been evidently long neglected, for all the walks were covered with weeds, and in the flower-beds were the half decayed props which had supported the plants of the previous autumn. The statues were spotted by the dust and rain; a fine moss covered the monsters of the fountains, and the little water remaining in the pond was stagnant.

These evidences of the absence of man, the sombre hue of the edifice, the shrubs growing untrimmed, but, above all, the complete silence, gave a mournful air of abandonment to the place, and in this solitude the soul was necessarily filled with painful reflections.

It was already late in the afternoon; the sun was about to sink below the horizon, its slanting rays illumined only the weathercocks on the top of the towers. Within the thickets and at the entrance of the grottoes, night already reigned. Not the slightest sound was heard in this place. The noise of the people at work in the city resounded in the air, the chiming of the church-bells was wafted from the distance over this solitary dwelling; but as no sound arose from the habitation itself, the distant hum from an active multitude rendered the silence of the spot all the more striking.

Only at intervals a dull sound like the grating noise of a file seemed to issue from the old edifice; but it was so indistinct and so often interrupted that it was not sufficient to destroy the solitude and silence of the place.

Suddenly two heavy strokes, as if from a hammer, resounded through the garden. Some one had knocked at the exterior door for admittance.

A few moments afterwards a man appeared on the staircase of the pavilion, and descended into the garden.

He was tall and slender; his hair and beard were red, and a red moustache covered his upper lip. His cheeks, though sunken and emaciated, were very

red. His eyes were wild in their expression. His arms and legs were of extraordinary length; his movements were heavy and slow, as though his limbs had been dislocated and his muscles without strength.

His dress denoted him to be a menial: he wore a vest of black leather, a red doublet and breeches of the same color, without embroidery or ornament.

At this moment his sleeves were rolled up, and his thin arms were bare to the elbows. In his hands he held a file, and apparently he had been interrupted in some urgent work by the knock at the door. Having reached the outer door he drew a key from his doublet, and asked in Italian: "Who knocks?"

"Open the door, Julio; it is your companion Bernardo," was the reply in the same tongue.

"Of course, on the way you stopped at the Camel, and drank some pots of Hamburg beer? Did you bring me as much as a pint?" asked the man with the red beard. "Nothing? have you nothing? I have worked until I am exhausted; I am dying of hunger, and no one thinks of me. Let me see the spring."

Saying these words, he took from his companion's hands a bent steel spring and examined it attentively, closing and opening it as if to judge of its form and power of resistance.

Bernardo was a deformed man of low stature; the projection on his back might be styled a hump—it was so prominent. His physiognomy denoted pusillanimity; but there was at the same time, a malicious sparkle in his eye, and it was with a mocking smile that he contemplated the man with the red beard.

The latter said to him in a commanding tone: "The spring appears to be good. Go bring me a pint of Rhenish wine from the Saint George."

"You know well that our master has forbidden it. Let me go; the signor ordered me to return immediately to the factory."

"Get me the wine, or I will break this spring in a thousand pieces over your hump."

"Always threatening!" muttered Bernardo. "You know I am not wanting in goodwill. I will go for the wine; give me the money."

"Money? I have not a farthing in my pocket. Lend me the price of this pint."

"My purse is empty, Julio; but yours! Our master gave you ever so many shillings yesterday. You told me so yourself."

"Bah! the dice made way with the whole of it."

"Hardened gambler!" said Bernardo, with a sigh. "You would risk your soul at the gaming-table if any one held out to you a gold coin."

"Very likely!" replied Julio, in an indifferent tone; "my soul is hardly worth more."

"What impious words! We are alone now, but there is One above who hears what we say. He will punish you, Julio."

The red-haired man shrugged his shoulders.
"Continue your dissolute habits," resumed Bernardo; lose your money in gambling, drown your senses in intoxication: at the end of this path there is a gallows, and behind it the devil, to whom all such souls are welcome. Adieu! reflect upon my words, and remember that the justice of God will one day demand an account of your life. Adieu!"

Julio sprang towards the small door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Cease this trifling," said the other, evidently ill at ease. "Open the door, Julio, or I will complain of you to our master."

"What do I care for our master?" said the man, laughing. "You say, Bernardo, that I shall end my days on the gallows. No, no; the proverb says, that he who draws the sword shall perish by the sword. I have pierced so many with my dagger, that my turn must come to fall by the dagger. Last night, Bernardo, I had rare sport. I knocked down eight, wounded one in the arm, and as to three or four others whom I left extended on the ground, my dagger knows better than I what mischief was done them. Come in with me, and I will tell you all about it."

TO BE CONTINUED.