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THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

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As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven subtle, strand by strand,
Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long with-
stood;
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
Knitting the mother and the daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is deftly woven now, in that true gaze
Of mutual plight and truth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age—
The pledge of peace and concord true always:
Perish the hand, and palsied be the arm,
That would one fibre of that fabric harm!

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THE DAVENANTS.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The likeness of Hortense was taken after her return to the château. It were a sweet expression, and there was in the dark eye a chastened light—a look not of this world. Georgina's admiration of it gratified Stephanie.

"Ma chère maman die very young, and ma tante Louise will be dead too," she observed, with a sigh. "La coiffe," she added, pointing to another portrait near that of Hortense.

"Is that your aunt's likeness?" asked Georgina, looking with indifference at the plain face, regarding her so steadily from the canvass. But now a portrait of striking beauty caught her eye, and she uttered a little cry of surprise. "Why was Dr. Delamare's likeness there! was he a relative of Madame St. Hilaire?"

"C'est mon oncle!" was Stephanie's careless remark as she saw her governess gazing at the portrait.

"Your uncle!" repeated Georgina, a new light dawning on her. "Then he married your aunt Louise?"

"Oui," said the child curtly. "You like to look at him, mademoiselle," she added, with a light laugh; the admiration in Georgina's gaze did not escape her observation.

"He is very handsome: don't you like him, Stephanie?"

"Non! he is not good to ma chère tante. Bah! you are très-beau mais méchant," she added, with a grimace at the portrait.

"Do you often see your aunt and uncle, Stephanie? do they come often to the château?" asked Georgina eagerly.

"They live here," was the child's startling answer.

"Live here!" repeated the governess with a bewildered air.

"Oui, but oncle has been away for some semaines," she added, at a loss for the English word.

"When will he return?" was the next anxious question.

"Aujourd'hui—he come home to-day; Aunt Louise so glad too! she fear he never come—he so long away."

"Is Aunt Louise very ill, Stephanie?"

"Oui! ma pauvre tante will be dead too early like maman; mais venez! I will make you see la maison—de view from de turret. C'est magnifique! Allons!" and seizing Georgina's hand she led her up two flights of stairs and through various passages into a small chamber at the top of one of the turrets. Feeling in a state of bewilderment from the discovery she had made that Delamare was an inmate of the château, Georgina threw herself into a chair beside one of the windows, and looking out pretended to be admiring the very fine prospect it commanded, while she indulged in a train of thought strangely pleasing and painful—her mind filled with conflicting emotions. But her voluble companion would not allow her to remain long silent.

"How do you like de room, mademoiselle? it is where to stay les leçons?"

"Indeed! what a charming school-room; the view from it is so beautiful! And who occupies the turret-room in the opposite wing?"

"Grand-mère, c'est la chambre, where she say her prayer. She say dem very often."

"And do you often say yours, Stephanie?" asked her governess, with an arch smile.

"Pas très-souvent; I be too wicked," was the answer, with a little grimace and shrug.

"Is the view from your grandmamma's turret as fine as this?"

"Je ne suis pas! I never see dat chambre. Nobody go dere but grand-mère. Mais tenez! See mon oncle!" and she pointed to a horseman approaching the château.

With a sudden throb of joy Georgina turned quickly to look once again on the well-remembered face of Delamare. Some months had passed since she last saw him. He was looking altered, she thought, as if sorrow pressed heavily upon him. Was he too suffering from their separation.

"Excusez-moi, mademoiselle; I must run to see mon oncle pour un moment," was Stephanie's hurried remark as she rushed from the room.

At the hall-door she met Delamare; Georgina saw him start with surprise as his niece spoke to him in an excited manner, pointing towards the window where her governess stood looking down upon them. The flush of joyful emotion coloured his face as he glanced hurriedly up. She drew back quickly, and trembling with agitation withdrew to her own room to commune with herself and recover her composure before she again saw Stephanie. Delamare was an inmate of the château! How filled with sunshine was the path that so unexpectedly opened before her! Dazzled by the glare she saw not the serpent gliding amid the bright blossoms that strewed the pleasant way. With intense joy she thought of again meeting Delamare, of daily enjoying his society, of living under the same roof with him. The sight of this man, who had so cruelly deceived her, stirred the depths of her heart and fanned into a flame the love she had tried to subdue. Back in a strong current rushed the tide of her affections, threatening to overleap the barrier with which principle tried to restrain it. And now above the tumult of passion was heard again the voice of conscience sternly reminding her that as Delamare lived at the château it was not a fit residence for her. Then the weak human heart in its passionate yearnings for that which principle denied begged for a little delay, pleading the necessity of fulfilling her engagement with Madame St. Hilaire and the impossibility of leaving so suddenly without a sufficient excuse, for she could not assign the real cause. And where was she to go, she asked herself. She could not return to the protection of Mrs. Seymour, having quarrelled with that kind friend, and no other situation as governess presented itself. She must remain at Madame St. Hilaire's for the present, but she would be exceedingly circumspect in her conduct towards Delamare. She would conceal from him the power he still possessed over her affections. She would never allow him an interview with her alone. And with this determination she quitted conscience and prepared to enjoy the inviting walk into which she had stumbled, although it did lead along the brow of a precipice.

Oh life! how varied are thy paths! To some favoured few they lead amid shady groves and sheltered vales, fragrant with odorous plants and glittering with sunlight. To the many thy ways are through a wilderness, a dreary waste, uncheered by either sunshine or verdure. Some tread an easy earth-path without any severe trial to test their principles; they glide through the journey of life as it were by easy stages, and sink at last into a quiet grave, knowing scarcely ought of life's trials. While others almost at the very outset are met with fierce temptation, beguiling them through forbidden paths over hidden pitfalls strewn with flowers into which the unwary feet of youth can scarcely avoid stumbling. How necessary that prayer of Him who knew the weakness of our fallen nature—Lord, lead us not into temptation!

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE GARDEN.

The dinner hour at the château was two o'clock. As the bell rang Stephanie entered Georgina's room.

"On a servi, mademoiselle!" Then with an exclamation of intense admiration the child stood and stared at her governess. She was looking bewilderingly beautiful, dressed with exquisite taste, the excitement of her feelings giving its own beauty to her countenance.

"That is the bell for dinner, I suppose. I am ready, but just want your help, Stephanie, to clasp my bracelet," and Georgina held out her beautifully-moulded arm towards her pupil, who eagerly performed the required service.

"Will your aunt be at dinner?" asked Georgina as they descended the stairs. She felt some curiosity to see Delamare's wife.

"Oui; she feel better aujourd'hui."

The family were in the dining-room when Stephanie and her governess entered. The eyes of Louise were turned eagerly towards the door, as if watching for the stranger's entrance, and they rested with widest admiration on the charming face that met her view. Holding out her hand with winning courtesy she welcomed her to the château, and Georgina's heart throbbed painfully as she met those sweet eyes and felt her hand clasped by the unsuspecting wife.

"Allow me to present Dr. Delamare," said Madame St. Hilaire, with stately politeness.

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting Miss Davenant at the ball at St. John's," said Delamare hastily, with a furtive glance at the governess. He seemed to forget that their acquaintance had begun some months previously.

"How is it that you did not mention that before? Gentlemen usually speak of the handsome ladies they meet at such places."

There was no reply. It seemed to escape the doctor's observation as he seated himself at table and began vigorously to carve the roast fowl placed before him.

"You are from England, I believe, Miss Davenant?" resumed Louise. "When did you come to Canada?"

Delamare listened unasily for Georgina's answer. He feared she might make some remark that would elicit the fact that they had crossed the Atlantic in the same vessel—a circumstance which if now known to his wife—as he had concealed it from her—might awaken her suspicion, but Georgina had no intention of revealing this fact, and she quietly answered—"Last fall I landed at Quebec."

"That was the time you came out, Henri?"

"Very probably," he coldly replied.

"England is a charming country, so richly cultivated," resumed Louise "Contrasted with it what a wilderness must Canada appear in your eyes?"

"Canada has its own attractions—its vast forests, its majestic lakes and rivers. Nature here wears a magnificent garb."

"But the climate is too severe, the winters are so cold!"

"I prefer them to the rainy winter in England, full of fog and gloom. My sister and I like the Canadian climate, but papa has suffered much from its rigour on account of ill health."

"And I too for the same reason find it most trying. Some years since I could enjoy the pleasant amusements of the winter in Canada, but that time will never come again," and the gentle invalid sighed deeply.

During dinner Georgina, who sat opposite Madame Delamare, found herself frequently regarding one who was unconsciously the barrier to her happiness. Her face looked even plainer than the portrait taken when she was young. Disease had robbed the cheek and lips of colour and dimmed the brightness of the gentle eye. Very many silver threads were mingled with the dark hair, and every feature was sharpened by suffering. One charm alone remained—the beauty of her smile. When it broke over the wan face every feature partook of its sweetness. The more Georgina looked at the patient, sad-looking invalid, the deeper was her self-reproach for ever having cherished the wish for her death. And yet selfishness suggested the thought would not death be a happy release from all suffering, and would it not open up for herself a way to earthly happiness by putting it in the power of Delamare to claim her hand?

What a contrast did the plain, pallid face of Louise present to the marvellous beauty of Georgina! Delamare's eyes wandered incessantly towards her, but did not dare to linger. He seemed ill at ease and was silent and thoughtful. The cold demeanour of Georgina, and the haughty resentment her eyes flashed on him as they first met his impressed him with the painful conviction that the discovery of his marriage had estranged her affections.

The conversation was chiefly carried on by Madame Delamare and the governess. Madame St. Hilaire, as well as her son-in-law, took little part in it. She, too, seemed thoughtful, her manner was, as usual, cold and formal. It was only when her eye rested on her grandchild that her countenance softened, and a grim smile was always seen to flash over her face when she indulged in any little burst of merriment.

"I must apologize for your pupil's rudeness this morning," was an observation addressed by Louise to Georgina during her niece's temporary absence from the dining-room. "She is quite spoiled and will give you a vast deal of trouble. Her impatience to see you whom her grandmamma described as very beautiful, is the only excuse for her rude conduct in ringing you out of bed."

"She has promised to be obedient and attentive to her studies. I hope to find less difficulty in managing her than you anticipate. The only trouble I find is her unwillingness to speak English, and my knowledge of French is imperfect."

"But you must insist on her conversing with you in English," broke in Madame St. Hilaire. "I wish her to understand that language perfectly. Although a little spoiled she possesses amiable qualities and only requires judicious management. Her affections are warm, and as she has fallen in love with you," added Madame, with one of her grim smiles, "I think you will find her a docile pupil."

"Dr. A——, from St. John's, was here lately attending Louise, Henri!" resumed the mistress of the château, addressing her son-in-law, after a pause in the conversation. "She felt so ill we found it necessary to call him in during your absence. He does not approve of your treatment of her disease and would like to consult with you about it."

Delamare bent his eyes upon his plate, and a deep flush mantled on his face. Was it anger or a guilty conscience which sent that sudden colour to his brow?

"Doctors differ in opinion," he coldly observed. "If you have no confidence in my skill let A—— attend Louise; altogether he is considered a clever physician."

"No! no!" broke in Louise quickly, "I will have no one but yourself, Henri."

There was a confiding affection in the look she turned on him, but she received no reply, no look of answering tenderness. A startling thought flashed across the mind of Georgina. A vague dark suspicion crept toward her, but

she crushed it instantly, it sent such a pang to her heart.

"Dr. A—— thinks change of air and scene would benefit me," resumed Louise, wearily, but I fear nothing can do me good."

"He advises another visit to Saratoga," remarked Madame St. Hilaire.

A shadow darkened Delamare's face, the prospect of leaving home again was evidently not pleasing—it contained an attraction now.

"I don't agree with him," he said curtly.

"Why not?" asked Madame St. Hilaire, with irritation. She thought he felt but little interest about his wife's health or what was beneficial to her. His coldness and neglect had been a source of deep annoyance.

"Simply because the fatigue of the journey in her weak state might be too much for her."

"She could travel by easy stages. Dr. A—— wouldn't advise it if it wasn't for her good," was Madame's snappish rejoinder.

"And when do you purpose setting out, Louise?" asked her husband, coldly veiling his anxiety in the matter under assumed indifference.

"To-morrow or next day, the sooner the better," put in his mother-in-law, gruffly.

"I cannot be ready as soon as that," he retorted rather defiantly. "Having just returned home I have some necessary business to attend to."

"You are not always so unwilling to leave home," she rejoined bitterly as she rose from the table, dinner being finished, and left the dining-room.

"I shall wait your convenience, dear Henri," said Louise tenderly, as she followed him out on the veranda, where he went to soothe his irritation with a cigar. "Come and sit here, Miss Davenant," she added, calling to the governess, who was withdrawing with Stephanie. "It is pleasant on this shaded veranda this warm day."

"Rather too cool for you, Louise; the breeze from the river is fresh for an invalid."

"Oh it is delightful! let me stay here," she pleaded. "Stephanie can fetch me a shawl."

"You will always have your own way, Louise, and then you suffer for it."

Delamare's manner was a little savage, he did so long to get rid of his wife and have a tête-à-tête with Georgina.

"Always have my own way!" she repeated reproachfully. "You know that it is not the truth, Henri. But if you really think it best for me not to sit here enjoying that refreshing air I shall obey."

"I give you my professional opinion," he answered eagerly. "Dr. A—— would tell you the same thing."

"Then I submit," said Louise wearily, as she passed into the dining-room and retired to her own apartment.

"Stephanie! go and gather a choice bouquet for Miss Davenant!" This was Delamare's next move to get rid of the child. When she had got beyond listening distance he turned eagerly to address Georgina, but she had quietly moved away to the end of the veranda, true to her determination not to afford him an opportunity of speaking to her alone although it taxed her self-denial to the utmost. Descending some steps to the garden she entered a gravelled walk and proceeded towards the parapet overlooking the river. A rustic seat beside a graceful elm invited her to repose beneath the friendly shade, and she threw herself wearily into it, glad to be alone and think over all that had been said at dinner.

A feeling of deep disappointment pervaded her mind at the proposed departure of Delamare and his wife from the château, although she tried to persuade herself she was glad of it, that it was the best thing that could occur. Soon a step was heard approaching; she listened eagerly to the well-known tread. Delamare had followed her from the veranda, walking leisurely, as if he had no particular object in view, stopping now and then to cull a flower, which he pulled to pieces the next moment in his nervous excitement. Georgina felt that some explanatory conversation could not be avoided and it was as well to have it now as at another time. She therefore awaited his approach, her heart throbbing with mingled emotions, resentment towards Delamare struggling with fonder feelings.

"Why do you shun me, Georgina?" The words came in low passionate tones as he stood beside her.

She made no reply, but there was a world of meaning in the look she turned upon him.

"I cannot express the unexpected rapture it was to find you here, to meet you again after our long cruel separation. How little did I know of the pleasure that awaited me this morning as I returned reluctantly to my miserable home!"

"My being here is not through design. I was not aware I was coming to your home."

"Ah!" with a look of disappointment, "then you did not seek our re-union—"

"Certainly not!" broke haughtily from Georgina, who felt her maidenly dignity insulted by such a supposition.

"Ah! you no longer care to see me. You do not forgive me, Georgina. Must this intense pain be added to my other sufferings already so intolerable?"

"It is only what you deserve," she answered, idly, sharply yet secretly exulting in the power