

as a gaze of impertinent curiosity. The man, as he retired, again turned, and seemed on the point of speaking, but La Tour could endure no intrusion, and a glance of angry reproof warned him to hasten his retreat. La Tour almost instantly repented his vehemence; there was something kindly and familiar in that countenance, and possibly some desirable information might have been communicated.

But it was too late to recall what he had done; and La Tour again sank into a train of reflections, though of a more tranquil nature than those which had recently agitated him. The remembrance of earlier years rose up before him, and he looked back with softened feelings on those peaceful scenes which he had left in early youth, to buffet with the storms of life, and the still fiercer storms of passion. His thoughts again dwelt on the fair form which had so unexpectedly passed before him, on the evening he was taken prisoner, and which brought back to him the gentle idol of his early worship, though her image had long since been absorbed in the strife of interest, and the struggle of ambition, and connected as it was with his aversion to M. D'Aulney, it tended to excite emotions of anger, rather than of tenderness.

CHAPTER X.

"Who is't can read a woman?"

Shakespeare.

WHATEVER was the nature of La Tour's feelings, they were shortly diverted to another channel, by a low sound without the door, which announced the cautious withdrawal of its bolts. The next instant it was opened by the same guard who had before entered, and La Tour, surprised at his unseasonable appearance,—for it was near midnight,—was about to question him, when he pointed significantly to the door, and again hastily retired.

"Antoine!" exclaimed La Tour, suddenly recognizing him as a soldier of his own, who on some former occasion had been taken prisoner by D'Aulney, and voluntarily remained in his service.

The call was unanswered, but presently the door re-opened, and a person entered dressed in priestly guise, with a cowl drawn closely over the face. La Tour's first thought was of father Gilbert, and with a sudden ray of hope, he rose to meet him; but the person before him was low in stature, and altogether so different from the monk, that La Tour turned away, with a sensation of keen disappointment, and believing he

saw before him some emissary from D'Aulney, he asked impatiently,

"Who are you that steal in upon my solitude at this untimely hour? that garb is your protection, or you might have reason to repent this rash and unwelcome intrusion."

The person thus addressed, seemed to shrink from the searching gaze of M. La Tour; and without returning a word of explanation, covered his face with the folds of his dark flowing garment.

"What trick of priestcraft is this?" demanded La Tour angrily; "is it not enough that I am held in duress by a villain's power, but must I be denied the poor privilege of bearing my confinement unmolested? What? silent yet!" he added in a tone of sarcasm; "methinks thou art a novice in thy cunning trade, or thou wouldst not be so chary of thy ghostly counsel, or so slow to shrive the conscience of a luckless prisoner!"

"St. Etienne!" replied a voice, which thrilled his ear in well-remembered accents; and a trembling hand removed the cowl which covered a face glowing with confusion, and confined a profusion of bright ringlets, that again fell around the neck and brow.

"Adèle!" exclaimed La Tour, springing towards her, then suddenly retreating to the utmost limits of the room, while every nerve shook with powerful emotion. He closed his eyes, as if fearing to look upon a face that he had last seen in the brightness of his youthful hopes, and which twelve years had left unchanged, except to mature the loveliness of earliest youth into more womanly beauty and expression, and to deepen the pensiveness which had always marked it, with a shade of habitual melancholy.

"Adèle, are you too leagued against me?" resumed La Tour, with recovered firmness, and looking steadfastly on her; "have you entered into the secret councils of my foe, and are you sent hither to torture me by your presence?—to remind me of past, but never to be forgotten injuries,—of the worse than infernal malice with which he has ever pursued me,—and for which, I exult in the hope of one day calling him to a deadly reckoning!"

"Speak you this of my husband?" she asked, in an accent of reproof; "and think you such language is meet to be addressed to the ear of a wife?"

"Aye, of your husband, lady," said La Tour, yielding to his chafed and bitter feelings. "He was once my friend too; the friend who won my confidence, only to abuse it,—who basely calumniated me in my absence,—who treacherously stole from me the dearest treasure of my heart.