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THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

CHAPTER XI.

"That of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most."

Shakspeare.

THE night succeeding the imprisonment of M. La Tour, appeared to him almost endless in duration. A small and closely grated window, sparingly admitted the light and air of heaven; and through its narrow openings he watched the last beams of the moon, and saw the stars twinkle more and more faintly in the advancing light of morning, before he sought that repose which entire exhaustion at length rendered indispensable.

He was aroused from feverish slumber, at a late hour on the following morning by the opening of his door; and starting up he recognized with equal surprise and displeasure in the intruder, his hated rival, Mons. D'Aulney. A glance of angry defiance was the only salutation which he deigned to give; but it was unnoticed by D'Aulney, who seemed resolved to restrain the violence which they had mutually indulged on the preceding day.

"I come to offer you freedom, Mons. De La Tour," he said in his blandest tones, "and the terms are so lenient, that even the most prejudiced could scarcely cavil at them."

"Freedom from life then!" La Tour scornfully replied, "I can expect no other liberty while it is in your power to hold me in bondage!"

"Beware how you defy my power, or provoke

my wrath," replied D'Aulney, with forced calmness. "You are my prisoner, De La Tour; and as the representative of royalty in this domain, I hold the command of life and death within my hand."

"I deny your authority," said La Tour firmly, "and bid you exercise it at your peril. Shew me the commission which constitutes you my judge,—which gives you a right to scrutinize the actions of a compeer,—to hold in duress the person of a free and loyal subject of your king—prove your authority for this, and I may then submit to your judgment, and perchance crave the clemency which I now despise,—nay, which I would not stoop to receive from your hands!"

"You speak boldly for a rebel and a traitor!" said D'Aulney contemptuously, "for one whose office is annulled, and whose name is branded with infamy!"

"Come you hither to insult me, false hearted villain?" exclaimed La Tour passionately; "prisoner and defenceless though I now am, you may yet have cause to repent the rashness which brings you to my presence!"

"Your threats are idle," replied D'Aulney, "I never feared you, in your greatest strength, and think you that I can now be intimidated by your words?"

"What is the purport of this interview?" asked La Tour impatiently; "and why am I compelled to endure your presence? Speak, and briefly, if you have aught to ask of me, or go and leave me to the solitude which you have so rudely disturbed."