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## THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.\*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

### CHAPTER V.

"Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet And hose in my disposition?"

SHAKESPEARE.

M. DE VALETTE and Stanhope continued to watch the procession, till it stopped before the door of a comfortable dwelling attached to the Fort, which was occupied by M. La Tour and his family. There the music ceased, the soldiers filed off to their respective quarters, and the new-married pair received the parting benediction of Father Gilbert. That ceremony concluded, the priest retired, as if dreading the contamination of any festive scene, attended by the two boys who had officiated as torch bearers.

"By Our Lady, my good uncle," said De Valette to La Tour, who had stepped aside to speak with him, "our puritan allies would soon withdraw their aid from us should they chance to see what I have witnessed this evening!—By my faith! they would think the devil was keeping a high holiday here, and that you had become his chief favorite and prime minister."

"Your jesting is ill-timed Eustace," returned La Tour; "you have indeed arrived at an unlucky hour; but we must make the best of it, and be sure that none of the New England men leave the ships to-night. I hope we shall not need their assistance long, if you have aimed a true blow at M. d'Aulney. Say, where have you left him?"

"We have driven him back to his strong hold; but more of that hereafter. Mr. Stanhope waits to speak with you."

"Mr. Stanhope is very welcome," said La Tour, advancing cordially to welcome him; "and I trust no apology is necessary for the confusion in which he finds us."

"None, certainly," replied Stanhope, "and I trust you will not allow me to cause any interruption to your festivities. I am not quite so superstitious," he added, smiling, "as to fear contagion from accidentally witnessing forms, which are not altogether agreeable to my conscience."

"You deserve to be canonized for your liberality," said De Valette; "for I doubt if there could be another such rare example found in all the New England colonies. Even we; Hugonots," he continued with affected gravity, "who account ourselves less rigid than your self-denying sect, are sometimes drawn into ceremonies which our hearts abominate."

"No more of this, Eustace," said La Tour, gravely. "Mr. Stanhope must be aware that all of us are at times governed by circumstances which we cannot control, and he has heard enough of my situation to conceive the address which is needed to control a garrison composed of different nations and religions, who are often mutinous, and at all times discordant. In short, Madame La Tour, who is really too sincere a protestant to sanction a catholic service, prevailed on me to be present at the marriage of her favorite maid—I might almost say companion—with a young soldier, who has long been distinguished for fidelity in my service."

Before Stanhope could reply to this plausible explanation, their attention was attracted by the

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