

**MAYNE  
REID**



**NO QUARTER!**



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# Prologue.

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There is no page in England's history so bright, nor of which Englishmen have such reason to be proud, as that covering the period between 1640 and 1650. This glorious decade was ushered in by the election of the "Long Parliament," and I challenge the annals of all nations, ancient or modern, to show an assembly in which sat a greater number of statesmen and patriots. Brave as pure, fearless in the discharge of their difficult and dangerous duties, they faltered not in the performance of them—shrank not from impeaching a traitor to his country, and bringing his head to the block, even when it carried a crown. True to their consciences, as to their constituencies, they left England a heritage of honour that for long haloed her escutcheon, and even to this hour throws its covering screen over many a deed of shame.

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"Be a King?"

"Am I not one?"

"In name—nothing more. Ah! were I a man and in your place?"

"What would you do?"

"Give your island churls a taste of kingship, as we know it in France. My brother wouldn't let his subjects so beard him. Oh, it's abominable!"

“Ah, *chère*; for subjects your brother has a very different sort of people to deal with. In France they’ve not yet come to clamouring for what they call their rights and liberties. Here in England they’ve got Magna Charta into their heads—to a craze.”

“I’d have it out of their heads, or have their heads off. *Ciel!* I’d reign King as King should, or resign. No! not resign. Sooner than that I’d waste the country with fire and sword—make it a wilderness.”

It was Henrietta, wife of Charles the First, who thus expressed herself to her husband. They were alone in the gardens of Whitehall Palace, sauntering side by side on a terrace overlooking the Thames, the afternoon being an unusually fine one. As they made a turn which brought Westminster Hall before their eyes, the angry fire in those of the Queen flashed up again, and she added—

“Anything but be dictated to by that *canaille* of a Parliament! Anything but let them go on as now?”

“How am I to hinder it, Henriette?” the King timidly interrogated.

“Dismiss—send them packing back to their constituencies, and let them prate away there as much as they please. Dissolve and do without them, as you’ve done before.”

“That would be to do without the money we so much need. My subjects are determined to resist every tax levied under Privy Seal or otherwise. I can no longer raise loan or sell monopoly. Your own secretary, Sir John Wintour, has just been telling me how the people of Dean Forest have been harassing him about the grant we gave him of its timber



and mines. Impossible now to obtain the most insignificant supplies without their being sanctioned by this *cabal* called Parliament.”

“Then make the *cabal* sanction them.”

“But how, *chère?*”

“Have a score or two of them arrested—lodged in the Tower; and let Monsieur Tom Lunsford take care of them. He’ll soon cure them of their seditious inclinings.”

“To do that were as much as my crown’s worth.”

“If’t be worth no more, you may as well cease wearing it. Fling it into the Thames, or melt it down and sell it to the Ludgate Street goldsmiths for old metal. Shame of you, Charles! You talk of kingly rights, yet fail to exercise them—fear it?”

“My subjects talk of rights, too.”

“Yes, and you encourage them—by your timidity. Ever on your knees begging this and begging that, when a true king would command. Subjects, indeed! more like our masters. But I’d teach them obedience. What would they be without a king? What were they born for but to administer to our wants and our pleasures?”

Words worthy of a Medici; the sentiments of a queen two centuries and a half ago. Yet not so very different from those entertained by most Royal personages at the present day and hour. But few of them who would not sit placidly upon their thrones, see subjects slain, and realms reduced to desolation, rather than resign crown or yield up one iota of what they are pleased to call their prerogative. How could it be otherwise? Environed by sycophantic flatterers, heads bowing, knees bending, tongues eternally bepraising; things

in human shape giving them adoration as to God Himself—ay, greater than to God—how could it be otherwise? Not so strange that this proud, pampered woman, from her cradle accustomed to such slavish obedience, should verily believe it but her due.

“*Their* rights?” she continued, with a satirical laugh. “An absurd notion they’ve got into their Saxon skulls. Ah! *mon mari*, were I you for a month—for a week—I’d have it out—stamp it out—I would.”

And to give emphasis to her speech, she stamped her foot upon the ground.

A pretty foot it was, and still a handsome woman she, this daughter of the Medicis, notwithstanding her being now somewhat *passé*. Ambitious as Catherine herself—“that mother of a race of kings”—intriguing, notoriously dissolute, not the less did Charles love her. Perhaps the more, for the cuckoo’s cry is a wonderful incentive to passion, as to jealousy. He doted upon her with foolish fondness—would have done anything she commanded, even murder. And to more than this was she now instigating him; for it was to stifle, trample out the liberties of a nation, no matter at what cost in life or blood.

Wicked as were her counsels, he would have followed them and willingly, could he have seen his way clear to success. Men still talk of his kindly nature—in face of the fact, proved by irresistible evidence, that he rejoiced at the massacre of the Protestants in Ireland, to say naught of many other instances of inhumanity brought home to this so-called “Martyr King.” He may not have been—was not—either a Nero or a Theebaw; and with his favourites and

familiars no doubt behaved amicably enough; at the same time readily sacrificing them when danger threatened himself. To his wife his fidelity and devotion were such as to have earned for him the epithet “uxorious,” a title which can be more readily conceded. But in his affection for her—whether upheld by respect or not—there was a spice of fear. He knew all about the scandals relating to her mother, Marie of France, with Richelieu, and his own and father’s favourite, the assassinated Buckingham, now sleeping in his grave. Charles more than suspected, as did all the world besides, that this same Queen-mother had sent her husband—king as himself—to an untimely tomb by a “cup of cold poison.” And oft as the dark Italian eyes of her daughter flashed upon him in anger, he felt secret fear she might some day serve him as had her mother the ill-fated monarch of France. She was of a race and a land whence such danger might be reasonably expected and dreaded. Lucrezia Borgia and Tophana were not the only great female poisoners Italy has produced.

“If you’ve no care for yourself, then,” she went on with untiring persistence, “think of our children. Think of him,” and she nodded towards a gaudily-dressed stripling of some ten or twelve, seen coming towards them. It was he who, twenty years after, under the seemingly innocent soubriquet of “Merry Monarch,” made sadness in many a family circle, smouching England’s escutcheon all over with shame, scarce equalled in the annals of France.

“*Pauvre enfant!*” she exclaimed, as he came up, passing her jewelled fingers through the curls of his hair; “your

father would leave you bereft of your birthright; some day to be a king with a worthless crown.”

The “pauvre enfant,” a sly young wretch, smiled in return for her caresses, looking dark at his father. Young as he was, he knew what was meant, and took sides with his mother. She had already well indoctrinated him with the ideas of Divine Right, as understood by a Medici.

“*Peste!*” exclaimed the King, looking vexed, possibly at the allusion to a successor; “were I to follow your counsels, Madam, it might result in my leaving him no crown at all.”

“Then leave him none!” she said in quick return, and with an air of jaunty indifference. “Perhaps better so. I, his mother, would rather see him a peasant than prince, with such a future as you are laying out for him.”

“Sire, the Earl of Strafford craves audience of your Majesty.”

This was said by a youth in the official costume of the Court, who had approached from the Palace, and stood with head bent before the King.

A remarkably handsome young fellow he was, and the Queen, as she turned her eyes on him, seemed to recover sweetness of temper.

“I suppose my company will be *de trop* now,” she said. Then facing towards the youth, and bestowing upon him one of her syren smiles—slyly though—she added, “Here, Eustace; bring this to my boudoir,” and she handed him a large book, a *portfeuille* of pictures, she had been all the while carrying.

Whether the King caught sight of that smile, and read something wrong in it, or not, he certainly seemed irritated,

hastily interposing—

“No, Henriette, I’d rather have you stay.”

“*Con tout plaisir.*” A slight cloud upon her brow told the contrary. “Charles, too?”

“No; he can go. Yes, Trevor. Conduct the Lord Strafford hither.”

Eustace Trevor, as the handsome youth was called, bowing, turned and went off, the Prince with him. Then said the King—

“I wish you to hear what Strafford has to say on the subject we’ve been talking of.”

“Just what I wish myself,” she rejoined, resuming her air of *braverie*. “If you won’t listen to me, a weak woman, perhaps you will to him, a man—*one of courage.*”

Charles writhed under her speech, the last words of it. Even without the emphasis on them, they were more than an insinuation that he himself lacked that quality men are so proud of, and women so much admire. Almost a direct imputation, as if she had called him “coward!” But there was no time for him to make retort, angry or otherwise, even had he dared. The man seeking audience was already in the garden, and within earshot. So, swallowing his chagrin as he best could, and putting on the semblance of placidity, the King in silence awaited his coming up.

With an air of confident familiarity, and as much nonchalance as though they had been but ordinary people, Strafford approached the royal pair. The Queen had bestowed smiles on him too; he knew he had her friendship—moreover that she was the King’s master. He had poured flattery into her ears, as another Minister courtier of later



time into those of another queen—perhaps the only point of resemblance between the two men, otherwise unlike as Hyperion to the Satyr. With all his sins, Wentworth had redeeming qualities; he was at least a brave man and somewhat of a gentleman.

“What do you say to this, my lord?” asked the Queen, as he came up. “I’ve been giving the King some counsel; advising him to dissolve the Parliament, or at least do something to stop them in their wicked courses. Favour us with your opinion, my lord.”

“My opinion,” answered the Minister, making his bow, “corresponds with that of your Majesty. *Certes*, half-hand measures will no longer avail in dealing with these seditious gabblers. There’s a dozen of them deserve having their heads chopped off.”

“Just what I’ve been saying!” triumphantly exclaimed the Queen. “You hear that, *mon mari*?”

Charles but nodded assent, waiting for his Minister to speak further.

“At the pace they’re going now, Sire,” the latter continued, “they’ll soon strip you of all prerogative—leave you of Royalty but the rags.”

“*Ciel*, yes!” interposed the Queen. “And our poor children! What’s to become of them?”

“I’ve just been over to the House,” proceeded Strafford; “and to hear them is enough to make one tear his hair. There’s that Hampden, with Heselrig, Vane, and Harry Martin—Sir Robert Harley too—talking as if England had no longer a king, and they themselves were its rulers.”

“Do you tell me that, Strafford?”

It was Charles himself who interrogated, now showing great excitement, which the Queen's "I told you so" strengthened, as she intended it.

"With your Majesty's permission, I do," responded the Minister.

"By God's splendour!" exclaimed the indignant monarch, "I'll read them a different lesson—show them that England *has* a king—one who will hereafter reign as king should—absolute—absolute!"

"Thank you, *mon ami*," said the Queen, in a side whisper to Strafford, as she favoured him with one of her most witching smiles, "He'll surely do something now."

The little bit of by-play was unobserved by Charles, the gentleman-usher having again come up to announce another applicant for admission to the presence: an historical character, too—historically infamous—for it was Archbishop Laud.

Soon after the oily ecclesiastic was seen coming along in a gliding, stealthy gait, as though he feared giving offence by approaching royalty too brusquely. His air of servile obsequiousness was in striking contrast with the bold bearing of the visitor who had preceded him. As he drew near, his features, that bore the stamp of his low birth and base nature, were relaxed to their meekest and mildest; a placid smile playing on his lips, as though they had never told a lie, or himself done murder!

*Au fait* to all that concerned the other three—every secret of Court and Crown—for he was as much the King's Minister as Strafford, he was at once admitted to their council, and invited to take part in their conspirings.

Appealed to, as the other had been, he gave a similar response. Strong measures should be taken. He knew the Queen wished it so, for it was not his first conference with her on that same subject.

Strafford was not permitted time to impart to his *trio* of listeners the full particulars of the cruel scheme, which some say, and with much probability, had its origin in Rome. For the guests of the gay Queen, expected every afternoon at Whitehall, began to arrive, interrupting the conference.

Soon the palace garden became lustrous with people in splendid apparel, the *elite* of the land still adhering to the King's cause—plumed cavaliers, with dames old and young, though youth predominated, but not all of high degree, either in the male or female element. As in modern garden parties given by royalty, there was a mixture, both socially and morally, strange even to grotesqueness. The Franco-Italian Queen, with all her grand ideas of Divine Right and high Prerogative, was not loth to lay them down and aside when they stood in the way of her pleasures. She could be a very leveller where self-interest required it; and this called for it now. The King's failing popularity needed support from all sides, classes, and parties, bad or good, humble or gentle; and in the assemblage she saw around her—there by her own invitation—such high bloods as Harry Jermyn, Hertford, Digby, Coningsby, Scudamore, and the like, touched sleeves with men of low birth and lower character—very reprobates, as Lunsford, afterwards designated “the bloody,” and the notorious desperado, David Hide! The feminine element was equally paralleled by what may be seen in many “society” gatherings of the present day—

virtuous ladies brushing skirts with stage courtesans, and others who figure under the name of “professional beauties,” many of them bearing high titles of nobility, but now debasing them.

Henrietta, in her usual way, had a pleasant word and smile for all; more for the men than the women, and sweeter for the younger ones than the old ones. But even to the gilded youth they were not distributed impartially. Handsome Harry Jermyn, hitherto reigning favourite, and having the larger share of them, had reason to suspect that his star was upon the wane, when he saw the Queen’s eyes ever and anon turned towards another courtier handsome as himself, with more of youth on his side—Eustace Trevor. The latter, relieved from his duty as gentleman-usher, had joined the party in the garden. Socially, he had all right to be there. Son of a Welsh knight, he could boast of ancestry old as Caractacus, some of his forbears having served under Harry of Monmouth, and borne victorious banners at Agincourt. But boasting was not in Eustace Trevor’s line, nor conceit of any sort—least of all vanity about his personal appearance. However handsome others thought him, he himself was quite unconscious of it. Equally so of the Queen’s admiration; callous to the approaches she had commenced making, to the chagrin of older favourites. Not that he was of a cold or passionless nature; simply because Henriette de Medici, though a Queen, a beautiful woman as well, was not the one destined to inspire his first passion. For as yet he knew not love. But recently having become attached to the Court in an official capacity, he thought only

of how he might best perform the duties that had been assigned him.

Though there might be many envies, jealousies, even bitter heartburnings among the people who composed that glittering throng, they were on the whole joyous and jubilant. A whisper had gone round of the King's determination to return to his old ways, and once more boldly confront what they called the aggressions of the Parliament. These concerned them all, for they were all of the class and kind who preyed upon the people. Groups gathered here and there were merry in mutual congratulations on their fine prospects for the future; hoping that, like the past, it would afford them free plunder of the nation's purse and resources—ship tax, coal and conduit money once more, loans by Privy Seal, and sale of monopolies—all jobberies and robberies restored!

But just at that moment of general rejoicing, as a bombshell bursting in the midst of a military camp or regiment of soldiers in close column, came a thing that, first setting them in a flutter, soon seriously alarmed them. A thing of human shape withal; a man in official robes, the uniform of a Parliamentary usher from the Lords. He was announced as waiting outside, rather claiming than craving an interview, which the King dared not deny him.

Summoned into the Audience Chamber, where Charles had gone to receive him, he presented the latter with a document, the reading of which caused him to tremble and turn pale. For it was a Bill of Attainder that had been agreed to by both Houses against Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. The fluttering among the courtiers became fright,



when the King, returning to the garden, made known the usher's errand. To his familiars at first, but it soon passed from lip to lip and ear to ear. None seemed so little affected as Strafford himself. Sin-hardened, he was also endowed with indomitable courage, and maintained a bold, high bearing to the last of his life, even to the laying his head upon the block—an episode which soon after succeeded,—the craven monarch signing his death warrant as if it had been a receipt for one of his loans by Privy Seal.

Far more frightened by the Parliamentary message was Archbishop Laud. For him no more pleasure that day in the gardens of Whitehall. His smiles and simpering all gone, with pallid cheek and clouded brow, the wretched ecclesiastic wandered around among the courtiers, seeming distraught. And so was he. For in that Bill of Attainder he read his own doom—read it aright.

Grand, glorious Parliament, that knew not only how to impeach, but punish the betrayers of the people! Knew also how to maintain its own dignity and honour; as on a later occasion, when the King, once more maddened by the stinging taunts of his wicked wife, entered the august assembly with an escort of bullies and bravoes—Lunsford and Hide among them—to arrest six of England's most illustrious patriots: an attempt eminently unsuccessful—an intrusion handsomely resented. As the disappointed monarch and his disreputable following turned to go out again, it was with a wonderful come-down in their swagger. For along the line of seats, on both sides of the House, they saw men with scowling faces and hats on their heads;

heard, too, in chorus clearly, loudly repeated, the significant cry—"Privilege!"



# Chapter One.

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### A Sword Duel in the Saddle.

“He who is not a Republican must either have a bad head or a bad heart.”

The speaker was a man of military mien, cavalry arm, as could be told by his seat in the saddle—for he was on horseback. Not in military uniform, however, but dressed in a plain doublet of dark grey cloth, with a broad Vandyke collar, high-crowned hat, buff boots reaching above the knees, and turned over at the tips. Nor did his wearing a sword certify to his being a soldier. In those days no one went without such weapon, especially when on a journey, as he was. Thirty, or thereabouts, he looked a little older through his complexion being sun-browned, as from foreign service or travel; which had also left its traces in his hair, a strand or two of silver beginning to show in a *chevelure* otherwise coal-black. His fine sweeping moustaches, however, were still free from this betrayer of middle age; while his well-balanced figure, lithe and tersely set, bespoke the activity of a yet youthful manhood. His features, oval and regular, were of a type denoting firmness; handsome, too, with their tint of bronze, which lent interest to them, lit up as they were by the flashing of eagle eyes. For flash these did excitedly, almost angrily, as he so declared himself. By his speech he should be a Puritan, of extremest views; for that he meant what he said was as evident from the emphasis given to his words as from the expression on his face. Still, his hair showed not the close crop of the

“Roundhead;” instead, fell down in curling luxuriance as affected by the “Cavalier;” while a plume of cock’s feathers set jauntily on the side of his hat gave him more the air of the latter than the former, in contradiction to the sentiment expressed.

There could be no mistaking to which belonged the personage to whom he addressed his speech. Of the Cavalier class sure, as the effect it produced upon him would have told of itself. But the style of his dress, air, bearing, everything proclaimed him one. A youth not yet turned twenty, in garb of silken sheen; coat and trunks of rich yellow satin, Cordovan leather boots, with a wide fringe of lace around the tops; spurs gilt or of gold, and a beaver over which waved a *panache* of ostrich feathers, upheld in a jewelled clasp. His sword belt of silk velvet was elaborately embroidered, the needlework looking as though it came from the fingers of a lady who had worked with a will and *con amore*; the gauntlets of his white gloves ornamented in a similar fashion by the same. Handsome he, too, but of manly beauty, quite differing from that of the other, even to contrast. With a bright, radiant complexion, and blonde hair falling in curls over his cheeks, yet unbearded, his features were of the type termed aristocratic; such as Endymion possessed, and Phidias would have been delighted to secure for a model. Habitually and openly wearing a gentle expression, there was, at the same time, one more latent, which bespoke intellectual strength and courage of no common kind. Passionate anger, too, when occasion called for it, seeming to say, “Don’t put upon me too much, or you’ll find your mistake.”

Just such a cast came over them as he listened to what the other said; a declaration like defiance, flung in his teeth. Although meant as the clincher of a political argument which had been for some time going on between them, the young Cavalier, taken aback by its boldness, and doubtful of having heard aright, turned sharply upon the other, asking,

—

“What’s that you said, sir?”

“That the man who is not a Republican must either have a bad head or a bad heart.”

This time more emphatically, as though nettled by the tone of the other’s interrogative.

“Indeed!” exclaimed the youth reining up, for they were riding along a road.

“Indeed, yes,” returned the older man, also drawing bridle. “Or if you prefer it in another form, he who is not a Republican must be either a knave or a fool.”

“You’re a knave to say so!” cried the silken youth, whose rising wrath had now gathered to a head, his hand as he spoke crossing to the hilt of his sword.

“Well, youngster,” rejoined the other, seeming, on the contrary, to become calmer, and speaking with a composure strange under the circumstances, “that’s speech plain enough, and rude enough. It almost tempts me to retort by calling you a fool. But I won’t; only, if you value your life you must withdraw your words.”

“Not one of them! Never, so long as I wear a sword. You shall eat yours first?” and he whipped out his rapier.

Though journeying side by side, they were quite strangers to one another, an accident having brought them



together upon the road, both going in the same direction. It was up the steep declivity leading from the town of Mitcheldean into the Forest, near the point where now stands a mansion called "The Wilderness." Nor were they altogether alone, two other horsemen, their respective body servants, riding at a little distance behind. It was after surmounting the slope, and having got upon level ground, that their conflict of words reached the climax described, likely to end in one of blows. For to this the fiery youth seemed determined on pushing it.

Not so the other. On the contrary, he still sat composedly in his saddle, no sign of drawing sword, exhibiting a *sang froid* curiously in contrast with the warmth he had shown in the wordy disputation. It surely could not be cowardice? If so, it must be of the most craven kind, after that demand for withdrawal of the insulting words.

And as such the Cavalier conceived, or misconceived, it, crying out,—

"Draw, caitiff! Defend yourself, if you don't want me to kill you in cold blood!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the other, lightly and satirically. "It's just because I don't want to kill *you* in cold blood that I hesitate baring my blade."

"A subterfuge—a lie!" shouted the youth, stung to madness by the implied taunt of his inferiority. "Do your best and worst. Draw, sirrah, or I'll run you through. Draw, I say!"

"Oh, don't be in such a hurry. If I must I must, and, to oblige you, will, though it dislikes me to do murder—all the more that you've a spark of spirit. But—"

“Do it if you can,” interrupted the Cavalier, unheeding the compliment. “I’ve no fear of your murdering *me*. Maybe the boot will be on the other leg.”

Again that strange expression came over the face of the older man, half-admiration, half-compassion, with a scarce discernible element of anger in it. Even yet he appeared reluctant to draw his sword, and only did so when the opprobrious epithet *Lâche*—for the Cavaliers spoke a smattering of French—was flung into his teeth by his now furious antagonist. At this, unsheathing, he called out,—

“Your blood be on your own head. To guard!”

“For God and the King!” cried the challenger, as he tightened grasp on hilt and rein, setting himself firmly in the saddle.

“For God and the People!” followed the response antagonistic.

A prick of the spur by both, a bound forward, and their blades crossed with a clash, their horses shoulder to shoulder. But on the instant of engaging, that of the Cavalier, frayed by the clink of the steel and its flash in the dazzling sunlight, reared up, pivoting round to the right. This brought his rider left side to his antagonist, giving the latter an advantage: and so decided, it seemed as though he could bring the affair to an end at the moment of commencement. For his own better-trained steed had stood ground, and wanted only another touch of the spur to carry him close enough for commanding the bridle arm of his adversary, and all under it, when with a lunge he might thrust him through. Surely he could have done this! Yet neither spur nor sword were so exerted. Instead, he sat

quietly in his saddle, as if waiting for his adversary to recover himself! Which the latter soon did, wheeling short round, and again furiously engaging; by a second misconception, unaware of the mercy shown him. This time as they came to the “engage” the Cavalier’s horse behaved better, standing ground till several thrusts and parades were exchanged between them. Clearly the silk-clad youth was no novice at fencing, but as clearly the other was a master of it, and equally accomplished as a horseman; his horse, too, so disciplined as to give him little bother with the bridle. A spectator, if a connoisseur in the *art d’escrime*, could have told how the combat would end—must end—unless some accident favoured the younger combatant. As it was, even the Fates seemed against him, his horse again rearing *en pirouette*, and to the wrong side, placing him once more at the mercy of his antagonist. And again the latter scorned, or declined, taking advantage of it!

When the angry youth for the third time confronted him, it was with less fury in his look, and a lowered confidence in his skill. For now he not only knew his own inferiority as a swordsman, but was troubled with an indistinct perception of the other’s generosity. Not clear enough, however, to restrain him from another trial; and their swords came together in a third crossing.

This time the play was short, almost as at the first. Having engaged the Cavalier’s blade in *carte*, and bound it, the self-proclaimed Republican with a quick *flanconnade* plunged the point of his own straight for his adversary’s wrist. Like the protruded tongue of a serpent, it went glistening into the white gauntlet, which instantly showed a

spot of red, with blood spurting out; while the rapier of the Cavalier, struck from his grasp, flew off, and fell with a ring upon the road.



# Chapter Two.

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### Foes Become Friends.

The young Cavalier was now altogether at the mercy of his older, and as proved, abler antagonist; knew the latter could take his life, and had the right, as well as good reason, from the great provocation given him in that shower of insulting epithets—the latest of them “*Lâche!*” For all, he quailed not, neither made attempt to elude the next thrust of the victorious sword. Instead, stood his ground, crying out,—

“You have conquered! You can kill me!”

“Kill you?” rejoined the victor, with the same light laugh as before. “That’s just what I’ve been endeavouring *not* to do. But it has cost me an effort—all my skill. Had you been an ordinary swordsman I’d have disarmed you at the first pass after engaging. I’ve done it with others, half a dozen or more. With you, ’twas just as much as I was able, without absolutely taking your life—a thing far from my thoughts, and as far from my wishes. And now that all’s over, and we’ve neither of us *murdered* the other, am I to say ‘Surrender’?”

He still spoke laughingly, but without the slightest tone of satire, or show of exultation.

“You can command it,” promptly responded the vanquished youth, now doubly vanquished. “I cry ‘Quarter’—crave it, if you like.”

It was no fear of death made him thus humbly submit, but a sudden revulsion, an outburst of gratitude, to a

conqueror alike merciful and generous.

Ere this their attendants had got upon the ground, seeming undecided whether to pitch in with their masters, or cross swords on their own account. Both had drawn them, and waited but word or sign, scowling savagely at each other. Had it come to blows between the men, the result, in all probability, would have been as with their masters; the Cavalier's lightweight varlet looking anything but a match for the stout-bodied, veteranlike individual who was henchman to his antagonist. As it was, they had not resolved themselves till the combat came to an end. Then hearing the word "quarter," and seeing signs of amity restored, they slipped their blades back into the scabbards, and sate awaiting orders.

Only one of them received any just then—he the heavy one.

"Dismount, Hubert," commanded his master, "and return his weapon to this young gentleman, who, as you can testify, well deserves to wear it. And now, sir," he continued to the young gentleman himself, "along with your sword let me offer you some apologies, which are owing. I admit my words were rather rough, and call for qualification, or, to speak more correctly, explanation. When I said, that the man who is not a Republican must be deficient either in head or heart, I meant one who has reached the years of discretion, and seen something of the world—as, for instance, myself. At your age I too was a believer in kings—even the doctrine of Divine Right—brought up to it. Possibly, when you hear my name you'll admit that."

“You will give me your name?” asked the other, eagerly. “I wish it, that I may know to whom I am beholden for so much generosity.”

“Very generous on your part to say say I am Sir Richard Walwyn.”

“Ah! A relative of the Scudamores, are you not?”

“A distant relative. But I’ve not seen any of them lately, having just come back from the Low Countries, where I’ve been fighting a bit. In better practice from that, with my hand still in, which may account for my having got the better of you,” and he again laughed lightly.

The young Cavalier protested against the generous admission, and then went on to say he knew the Scudamores well—especially Lord Scudamore, of Holme Lacey.

“I’ve often met his lordship at the Palace,” was the concluding remark.

“At what palace, pray?” inquired Sir Richard.

“Oh! Whitehall. I did not think of specifying.”

“Which proves that you yourself come from it? One of the King’s people, I take it; or in the Queen’s service, more like?”

“I was, but not now. I’ve been at Court for the last few months in the capacity of gentleman-usher.”

“And now? But I crave pardon. It is rude of me to cross-question you thus.”

“Not at all, Sir Richard. You have every right. After being so frank with me, I owe you equal frankness. I’ve given up the appointment I held at Court, and am now on my way home—to my father’s house in Monmouthshire.”