

NO DEFENSE

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THE MUTINEER.

Synopsis.—Dyck Calhoun, gifted young Irish Gentleman of the time of the French and American revolutions, meets Sheila Lynn, seventeen-year-old girl visiting in the neighborhood. They are mutually attracted. Sheila never knew her dissipated father, Errie Boyne, her mother having divorced him. In Dublin Leonard Mallow and Dyck fight with swords and Dyck is victor. Errie Boyne, secretly in French employ, sets Dyck drunk and tries to persuade him to join in revolt against England. They quarrel. While Dyck is overcome with drunken wine, Boyne's second wife enters the room and stabs her faithless husband to the heart. Dyck is arrested on a charge of murder. He does not know if he killed Boyne or not. Sheila begs her mother to go to Dublin with her to help Dyck. Mrs. Lynn opposes the idea. A letter from Mrs. Lynn's wealthy brother in America decides them to go and live with him. Dyck refuses to enter any plea except "No Defense." He might have escaped by revealing Boyne's treachery but refuses on Sheila's account. He is sent to prison for eight years. Sheila writes Dyck, assuring him of her belief in his innocence. Released after serving four years, Dyck finds himself destitute, his father dead. In London Dyck receives a letter from Sheila inviting him to come to America and sending money for the voyage. He feels he cannot in honor go to her. Dyck joins the British navy as an enlisted man. Had conditions in the fleet result in mutiny. Dyck, joining the mutineers, is chosen by them to command the ship, the Ariadne. Dissatisfied with the conduct of the other ship's crews, Dyck breaks with them and sails the Ariadne to the West Indies. He arrives in time to turn the tide of victory in a battle between the French and English fleets.

(CHAPTER XI—Continued.)

On the deck of the Beatitude, Dyck looked into the eyes of Captain Ivy. He saluted; but the captain held out a friendly hand.

"You're a mutineer, Calhoun, but your ship has given us the victory. I'd like to shake hands with the man that's done so good a stroke for England."

A queer smile played about Calhoun's lips.

"I've brought the Ariadne back to the fleet, Captain Ivy. The men have fought as well as men ever did since Britain had a navy. I've brought her back to the king's fleet to be pardoned."

"But you must be placed under arrest, Calhoun. Those are the orders—that wherever the Ariadne should be found she should be seized, and that you should be tried by court-martial."

Dyck nodded.

"I understand. When did you get word?"

"About forty-eight hours ago. The king's mail came by a fast frigate."

"We took our time, but we came straight from the channel to find this fleet. At the mouth of the Thames we were determined to find it, and to fight with it—and by good luck so we have done."

"Let me take you to the admiral," said Captain Ivy.

He walked beside Dyck to the admiral's cabin.

"You've made a terrible mess of things, Calhoun, but you've put a lot right today," he said at the entrance to



"Mr. Dyck Calhoun of the Ariadne, Sir."

the cabin. "Tell me one thing honestly before we part now—did you kill Errie Boyne?"

Dyck looked at him long and hard. "I don't know—on my honor I don't know! I don't remember—I was drunk and drugged."

"Calhoun, I don't believe you did; but if you did, you've paid the price—and the price of mutiny, too! In the clear blue eyes of Captain Ivy there was a look of friendship. 'I notice you look a good deal like my father,' he

added. "I mean a captain's uniform."

Dyck smiled.

"I never have."

The next moment the door of the admiral's cabin was opened.

"Mr. Dyck Calhoun of the Ariadne, sir," said Captain Ivy.

CHAPTER XII.

The Admiral Has His Say.

The admiral's face was naturally vigorous and cheerful, but, as he looked at Dyck Calhoun, a steely hardness came into it, and gave a cynical twist to the lips. He was a short man, and spare, but his bearing had dignity and every motion significance.

He had had his high moment with the French admiral, had given his commands to the fleet and had arranged the disposition of the captured French ships. He was in good spirits, and the wreckage in the fleet seemed not to shake his nerve, for he had lost in men far less than the enemy, and had captured many ships—a good day's work, due finally to the man in sailor's clothes standing there with Captain Ivy. The admiral took in the dress of Calhoun at a glance—the trousers of blue cloth, the sheath-knife belt, the stockings of white silk, the loose, unstarched collar, the fine black silk handkerchief at the throat, the waistcoat of red kerseymer, the shoes like dancing pumps, and the short, round blue jacket, with the flat gold buttons—a seaman complete. He smiled broadly; he liked this mutineer and ex-convict.

"Captain Calhoun, eh?" he remarked mockingly. "Well, you've played a strong game, and you've plunged us into great difficulty."

Dyck did not lose his opportunity. "Happily I've done what I planned to do when we left the Thames, admiral," he said. "We came to get the chance of doing what, by favor of fate, we have accomplished. Now, sir, as I'm under arrest, and the ship which I controlled has done good service, may I beg that the Ariadne's personnel shall have amnesty, and that I alone be made to pay—if that must be—for the mutiny at the Nore?"

The admiral nodded. "We know of your breaking away from the mutinous fleet, and of their firing on you as you passed, and that is in your favor. I can also say this: That bringing the ship here was masterly work, for I understand there were no officers on the Ariadne. She always had the reputation of being one of the best-trained ships in the navy, and she has splendidly upheld that reputation. How did you manage it, Mr. Calhoun?"

Dyck briefly told how the lieutenants were made, and how he himself had been enormously indebted to Greenock, the master of the ship.

The admiral smiled sourly. "I have little power until I get instructions from the admiralty, and that will take some time. Meanwhile, the Ariadne shall go on as she is, and as if she were—and had been from the first—a member of my own squadron."

Dyck bowed, explained what reforms he had created in the food and provisions of the Ariadne, and expressed a hope that nothing should be altered. He declared the ship had proved herself, chiefly because of his reforms.

"Besides, she's been badly hammered. She's got great numbers of wounded and dead, and for many a day the men will be busy with repairs."

"For a man without naval experience, for a mutineer, an ex-convict and a usurper, you've done quite well, Mr. Calhoun; but my instructions were, if you fell into my hands, to try you and hang you."

At this point Captain Ivy intervened. "Sir," he said, "the instructions you received were general. They could not anticipate the special service which the Ariadne has rendered to the king's fleet. I have known Mr. Calhoun; I have visited at his father's house; I was with him on his journey to Dublin, which was the beginning of his bad luck. I would beg of you, sir, to give Mr. Calhoun his parole on sea and land until word comes from the admiralty as to what, in the circumstances, his fate shall be."

"To be kept on the Beatitude on parole!" exclaimed the admiral.

"Land or sea, Captain Ivy said, I'm as well born as any man in the king's fleet," declared Dyck. "I've as clean a record as any officer in his majesty's navy, save for the dark fact that I was put in prison for killing a man; and I will say here, in the secrecy of an admiral's cabin, that the man I killed—or was supposed to kill—was a traitor. If I did kill him, he deserved death by whatever hand it came. I care not what you do with me—his hands clenched, his shoulders drew up, his eyes blackened with the dark fire of his soul—"whether you put me on parole, or try me by court-martial, or hang me from the yard-arm. I've done a piece of work of which I'm not ashamed. I've brought a mutinous ship out of mutiny, sailed her down the seas for many weeks, disciplined her, drilled her, trained her, fought her; helped to give the admiral of the West Indian squadron his victory. If I'm not ashore at Jamaica, I'll keep my parole; if I am a prisoner here, I'll

keep my parole. If I've done you service, admiral, be sure of this, it was done with clear intent. My object was to save the men who, having mutinied and fled from admiralty control, are subject to capital punishment."

"Your thinking came late. You should have thought before you mutinied," was the sharp reply.

"As a common sailor I acted on my conscience, and what we asked for the admiralty has granted. Only by mutiny did the admiralty yield to our demands. What I did I would do again. We took our risks in the Thames against the guns that were leveled at us; we've taken our risks down here against the French to help save your squadron, and we've done it. The men have done it, because they've been loyal to the flag, and from first to last set to make the admiralty and the people know they have rights which must be cherished. If all your men were as faithful to the crown as are the men on the Ariadne, then they deserve well of the king. But will you put me on paper the written word that every man now aboard the Ariadne shall be held guiltless in the eyes of the admiral of this fleet; that the present officers shall remain officers, that the reforms I have made shall become permanent? For myself, I care not; but for the men who have fought under me, I want their amnesty. And I want Michael Clones to be kept with me, and Greenock, the master, and Ferens, the purser, to be kept where they are. Admiralty, I think you know my demands are just. Over there on the Ariadne are a hundred and fifty wounded at least, and fifty have been killed. Let the living not suffer."

There was something so set in Dyck's voice that the admiral had a sudden revulsion against him, yet, after a moment of thought, he made a sign to Captain Ivy.

Then he dictated the terms which Dyck had asked, except those concerning the reforms he had made, which was not in his power to do, save for the present.

When the document had been signed by the admiral, Dyck read the contents aloud. It embodied nearly all he had asked.

"Now, I ask permission for one more thing only, sir—for the new captain of the Ariadne to go with me to her, and there I will read this paper to the crew. I will give a copy of it to the new captain, whoever he may be."

The admiral stood for a moment in thought. Then he said:

"Ivy, I transfer you to the Ariadne. It's better that some one who understands, as you do, should be in control after Calhoun has gone. Within two days, Mr. Calhoun, you shall be landed at Jamaica, there to await the admiralty's decree. I will say this: That as the sure victory of our fleet has come through you, you shall not suffer in my report. Fighting is not an easy trade, and to fight according to the rules is a very hard trade."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Letter.

With a deep sigh, the planter raised his head from the table where he was writing, and looked out upon the lands he had made his own. They lay on the Thomas river, a few hours' horseback traveling from Spanish Town, the capital, and they had the advantage of a plateau formation, with mountains in the far distance and ravines and valleys everywhere.

Now his eyes wandered over the space where were the granddalla, with its blossom like a passion-flower, the black Tahiti plum, with its bright pink tassel-blossom, and the fine mango trees, loaded half with fruit and half with bud. In the distance, were the cotton fields of brownish hue, the guinea cornfields of brownish hue, the cotton fields, the long ranges of negro houses like thatched cottages, the penguin hedges, with their beautiful red, blue, and white convolvuluses; the lime, logwood, and bread-fruit trees, the avocado-pear, the feathery bamboo, and the jack-fruit tree; and between the mountains and his own sugar estates, negro settlements and pens. He heard the flight of parrots clattering, he watched the floating humming-bird.

It was Dyck Calhoun.

With an impatient air he took up the sheets that he had been reading. Christmas day was on his nerves. The whole town of Kingston, with its twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants, had but one church. If he entered it, even today, he would have seen no more than a hundred and fifty to two hundred people; mostly mulattoes—"bronze ornaments"—and peasants in shag trousers, jackets of coarse blue cloth, and no waistcoats, with one or two magistrates, a dozen gentlemen or so, and probably twice that number of ladies. It was not an island given over to piety or to religious habits.

But let Dyck tell his own story. The papers he held were sheets of a letter he was writing to one from whom he had heard nothing since the night he enlisted in the navy, and that was nearly three years before.

This was the letter:

"My Dear Friend—
You will see I address you as you have done me in the two letters I have

had from you in the past. You will never read this letter, but I write it as if you would. For you must know I may never hope for personal intercourse with you. I was imprisoned for killing your father, Errie Boyne, and that separates us like an abyss. It matters little whether I killed him or not; the law says I did, and the law has taken its toll of me. I was in prison for four years, and when freed I enlisted in the king's navy, a quota man, with my servant-friend, Michael Clones. That was the beginning of painful and wonderful days for me. I was one of the mutineers of the Nore, and—"

Here followed a description of the days he had spent on the Ariadne and before, and of all that happened down to the time when he was arrested by the admiral in the West Indian sea. He told how he was sent over to the Ariadne with Captain Ivy to read the admiral's letter to the seamen, and then, by consent of the admiral, to leave again with Michael Clones for Jamaica, where he was set ashore with twenty pounds in his pocket—and not on parole, by the admiral's demand. Here the letter shall again take up the story, and be a narrative of Dyck Calhoun's life from that time until this Christmas day.

"What to do was the question. I knew no one in Jamaica—no one at all except the governor, Lord Mallow, and him I had fought with swords in Phoenix park five years before. I had not known he was governor here. I came to know it when I first saw him riding over the unpaved street into Kingston from Spanish Town with his suite, ornate with his governorship."

"Lord Mallow did not see me when I passed him in the street, but he soon



It was Dyck Calhoun.

came to know me from the admiral and Captain Ivy, who told him all my story since I was freed from jail. Then he said I should be confined to a narrow space near to Kingston, and should have no freedom; but the admiral had his way, and I was given freedom of the whole island till word should come from the admiralty what should be done with me.

"Well, we had—Michael and I—twenty pounds between us; and if there was not plenty of free food in the island, God knows what would have become of us! But there it was, fresh in every field, by every wayside, at every doorway. And one day at Kingston I met a man, one Cassandro Blatt, who had an obsession for adventure, and he came and spoke to me privately. He said he knew me from people's talk, and would I listen to him? What was there to do? He was a clean-cut rogue, if ever there was one, but a rogue of parts, as he proved; and I lent an ear."

"Now, what think you was his story? Well, but this—that of the coast of Haiti, there was a ship which had been sunk with every man on board, and with the ship was treasure without counting—jewels belonging to a Spaniard of high place, who was taking them to Paris. There had been searching for the ship, but none had found it; but he, Cassandro Blatt, had sure knowledge, got from an old-man, of the place where it lay. It would not be an expensive business, but, cheap as it was, he had no means of raising cash for the purpose; while I could, no doubt, raise the needed money if I set about it. That was how he put it to me. Would I do it?"

"Why should I tell Blatt the truth about myself? He knew it. Cassandro was an accomplished liar, and a man of merit of his kind. This old-man's story I have never believed; yet how came Blatt to know where that treasure-ship was I do not know now, while I am very rich because of it all."

"Yes, out we went through the harbor of Kingston, beyond the splendid defenses of Port Royal and the men-of-war there, past the Palisades and Rock fort, and away to the place of treasure-trove. We found it—that lost galleon; and we found the treasure-box of the captain's cabin. We found gold, too; but the treasure-box was the chief thing; and we made it ours after many a hard day."

"How I induced one of the big men of Jamaica to be banker and skipper for us need not be told; but he is one of whom men have dark sayings—chiefly, I take it, because he does bold, incomprehensible things. That business paid him well, for when the rent of the ship was met, and the few men on it paid—slaves they were chiefly—he pocketed ten thousand pounds, while Blatt and I each pouched forty thousand, and Michael two thousand. Aye, to be sure, Michael was in it! He is in all I do, and is as good as men of ten times his girth and history. Michael will be a rich man one day. In two years his two thousand have grown to four, and he misses no chance."

"I'm bound to say this—one of the straightest men I ever met, liar withal, was Cassandro Blatt. He took his jewels and vanished up the seas in a flourish. He would not even have another try at the gold in the bowels of the ship."

"I've got plenty to fill my pouch, and I'll go while I've enough. It's the men that don't go in time that get left in the end—that's what he said."

"And he was right; for other men went after the gold and got some of it, and were caught by French and South American pirates and lost all they had gained. Still another group went and brought away ten thousand pounds, and lost it in fighting with Spanish buccanniers. So Blatt was right, and went away content, while I stayed here—because I must—and bought the land and house where I have my great sugar plantation. It is an enterprise of volume, but it is not beyond my capacity, and all would be well if I were normal in mind and body; but I am not. I have a past that stinks to heaven, as Shakespeare says."

"Men do not treat me badly here, for I have property and money, and this is a land where these two things mean more than anywhere else, even more than in a republic like that where you live. But what can you expect of a chief justice who need not be a lawyer, as this one is not, and has other means of earning income which, though not disloyal, are lowering to the status of a chief justice? And not the chief justice alone. I have seen French officers entertained at Government house who were guilty of inhumanities and cruelties. The governor, Lord Mallow, is much to blame. On him lies the responsibility; to him must go the discredit. For myself, I feel his enmity on every hand. I suffer from his suggestive opposition; I am the victim of his dark moods."

"If I want a concession from a local council, his hand is at work against me; if I see him in the street, I get a courtesy tossed, as you would toss a bone to a dog. If I appear at the king's hall, which is open to all on the island who are respectable, I am treated with such disdain by the viceroys of the king that all the island is agog."

"He does not spare me in his recitals to his friends, who carry his speech abroad. His rancor against me is the greater, I know, because of the wealth I got in the treasure ship, to prevent which he tried to prohibit my leaving the island, through the withholding of a leave-ticket to me. His argument to the local authorities was that I had no rights, that I am a murderer and a mutineer, and confined to the island, though not on parole. He almost succeeded; but the man to whom I went, the big rich man, intervened successfully—how I know not—and I was let go with my permit-ticket."

"What big things hang on small issues! If my Lord Mallow had prevented me leaving the island, I shouldn't now own a great plantation and three hundred negroes. I shouldn't be able to pay my creditors in good gold Portuguese half-johannes and Spanish silver, and give no heed to the existence of the bill, which, as you perhaps know, is equal to five-pence in British money, such as you and I used to spend when you were queen of Ireland and I was your slave."

"Then I worshipped you as few women have been worshipped in all the days of the world—oh, cursed spite of life and time that I should have been jailed for killing your bad father! Aye, he was a bad man, and he is better in his grave than out of it, but it puts a gulf between you and me which nothing will ever bridge—unless it should some day be known I did not kill him, and then, no doubt, it will be too late."

"On my soul, I don't believe I put my sword into him; but if I did, he well deserved it, for he was worse than faithless to your mother, he was faithless to his country—he was a traitor! I did not tell that story of his treachery in court—I did not tell it because of you. You did not deserve such infamy, and the truth came not out at the trial. I, in my view, dared not lest it might injure you, and you had suffered enough—nay, more than enough—through him."

"I did not go to the United States, as you asked me to do. Is it not plain I could not? My only course was to avoid you. You see, your mother knows the truth—knows that I was lured for killing your father and her divorced husband. Therefore, the only way to do was as I did. I could not go where you were. There should be hid from you the fact that Errie Boyne was a traitor. This is your right, in my mind. Looking back, I feel sure I could have escaped jail if I had told what I knew of Errie Boyne; and perhaps it would have been better, for I should, no doubt, have been acquitted. Yet I could not have gone to you, for I am not sure I did not kill him."

"It seems strange to me that I am as near to the United States here in

Jamaica, or almost as near, as one in London is to one in Dublin; and yet one might as well be ten thousand leagues distant for all it means to her one loves in the United States. Yes, dear Sheila, I love you, and I would tear out the heart of the world for you. I bathe my whole being in your beauty and your charm. I hunger for you—to stand beside you, to listen to your voice, to dip my prison fingers into the pure cauldron of your soul and feel my own soul expand. I wonder why it is that today I feel more than I ever felt before the rare splendor of your person."

"For I have always loved you, always heard you calling me, as if from some sacred corner of a perfect world. Is it that yesterday's dissipation—yes, I was drunk overnight, drunk in a new way. I was drunk with the



"For I Have Always Loved You."

thought of you, the longing for you. I picked a big handful of roses, and in my mind gave them into your hands. And I thought you smiled and said: 'Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter Paradise.'

"So I followed you to your home in the Virginian country. It was a dream, all except the roses, and those I laid in front of the box where I keep your letters and a sketch I made of you when we were young and glad—when I was young and glad. For I am an old man, Sheila, in all that makes men old. My step is quick still, my eye is sharp, and my brain beats fast, but my heart is ancient. I am an ancient of days, without hope or pleasure, save what pleasure comes in thinking of one who must ever be worshipped from afar. I wonder why I seem to feel you very near today!"

"Here at my window grows a wild aloe, and it is in flower. Once only in fifty years does this aloe flower, and I pick its sweet verdure now and offer it to you. There it lies, beside this letter that I am writing. It is typical of myself, for only once has my heart flowered, and it will be only once in fifty years. The perfume of the flower is like an everlasting bud from the last tree of Time. See, my Sheila, your drunken, reckless lover pulls this sweet offering from his garden and offers it to you. He has no virtues; and yet he would have been a thousand times worse if you had not come into his life. He had in him the seeds of trouble, the sproutings of shame, for even in the first days of his love there in Dublin he would not restrain himself. He drank, he played cards, he fought and went with bad company—not women, never that; but he kept the company of those through whom he came at last to punishment for manslaughter."

"Yet, without you, who can tell what he might have been? He might have fallen so low that not the wealth of ten thousand treasure-boxes could give him even the appearance of honesty. And now he offers you what you cannot accept—can never accept—a love as deep as the life from which he came; a love that would throttle the world for you, that would force the doors of hell to bring you what you want."

"I look out on a world of summer beauty and of heat. I see the sheep in hundreds on the far hills of pasture—sheep with short hair, small and sweet as any that ever came from the South Downs. I see the natives in their madras handkerchiefs. I see upon the road some planter in his ketum—a sort of sedan chair; I see a negro funeral, with its strange ceremony and its gumbies of African drums. I see 'yam-fied planters,' on their horses, making for the burning, sandy streets of the capital. I see the Scots grass growing five and six feet high, food unsurpassed for horses—all the foliage, too—beautiful tropical trees and shrubs, and here and there a huge breeding farm. Yet I know that out beyond my sight there is the region known as Trelawney and Trelawney town, the headquarters of the Maroons, the free negroes—they who fled after the Spanish had been conquered and the British came, and who were later freed and secured by the Trelawney treaty. I know that now they are ready to rise, that they are working among the slaves; and if they rise the danger is great to the white population of the island, who are outnumbered ten to one."

"You would not come to America, so I came here, and—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)