

NO DEFENSE

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"The Seats of the Mighty"
"The Right of Way"

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SHEILA.

Synopsis.—Dyck Calhoun, gifted young Irish gentleman of the time of the French and American revolutions, meets Sheila Llyn, seventeen-year-old girl visiting in the neighborhood. They are mutually attracted. Sheila never knew her dissipated father, Erris Boyne, her mother having divorced him. In Dublin Leonard Mallow and Dyck fight with swords and Dyck is victor. Erris Boyne, secretly in French employ, gets 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. Llyn opposes the idea. A letter from Mrs. Llyn'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. Bad 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 ships' 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. Calhoun is arrested for his part in the mutiny but thanked by the admiral for his work in the battle. The British government gives Dyck the freedom of the island of Jamaica, of which his old enemy, Lord Mallow, is governor. With a companion, Dyck secures treasure worth £40,000 from a sunken Spanish ship, and becomes a wealthy and respected planter.

(CHAPTER XIII—Continued.)

"The governor has been warned, but he gives no heed, or treats it all lightly, pointing out how few the Maroons are. He forgets that a few determined men can demoralize a whole state, can fight and murder and fly to dark coverts in the tropical woods, where they cannot be tracked down and destroyed; and, if they have made supporters of the slaves, what consequences may not follow!

"One thing is clear to me—only by bounds can these people be defeated. So sure am I upon this point, that I have sent to Cuba for sixty hounds, with which, when the trouble comes—and it is not far off—we shall be able to hunt the Maroons with the only weapon they really fear—the dog's sharp tooth. It may be the governor may intervene on the arrival of the dogs; but I have made friends with the provost marshal general and some members of the Jamaica legislature; also I have a friend in the deputy of the provost marshal general in my parish of Clarendon here, and I will make a good bet that the dogs will be let come into the island, governor or no governor.

"When one sets one's self against the crown one must be sure of one's ground, and fear no foe, however great and high. Well, I have won so far, and I shall win in the end. Mallow should have some respect for one that beat him at Phoenix park with the sword; that beat him when he would have me imprisoned here; that beat him in the matter of the ship for Haiti, and that will beat him on every hazard he sets, unless he stoops to underhand acts, which he will not do. That much must be said for him.

"But what is this I see? Michael Clones—in his white jean waistcoat, white neckcloth and trousers and blue coat—is coming up the drive in hot haste, bearing a letter. He rides too hard. He has never carried himself easily in this climate. He treats it as if it was Ireland. He will not protect himself and, if penalty followed folly, should now be in his grave. I like you, Michael. You are a boon, but—"

CHAPTER XIV.

Strangers Arrive.

Dyck Calhoun's letter was never ended. It was only a relic of the years spent in Jamaica, only a sign of his well-being, though it gave no real picture of himself. He was in appearance thin, dark-favored, buoyant in manner and stern in face, with splendid eyes. Had he dwelt on Olympus, he might have been summoned to judge and chastise the sons of men.

When Michael Clones came to the doorway, Dyck laid down his quill pen and eyed the flushed servant in disapproval.

"What is it, Michael? Wherefore this starkness? Is some one come from heaven?"

"Not precisely from heaven, y'r honor, but—"

"But—yes, Michael! Have done

with but-ting and come to the real matter."

"Well, sir, they've come from Virginia."

Dyck Calhoun slowly got to his feet, his face paling, his body stiffening. From Virginia! Who should be coming from Virginia, save she to whom he had just been writing?

"Who has come from Virginia?"

He knew, but he wanted it said. "Sure, you knew a vessel came from America last night. Well, in her was one that was called the queen of Ireland long ago."

"Queen of Ireland—well, what then?" Dyck's voice was tuneless, his manner rigid, his eyes burning.

"Well, she—Miss Sheila Llyn and her mother are going to the Salem plantation, down by the Essex Valley mountain. It is her plantation now. It belonged to her uncle, Bryan Llyn. He got it in payment of a debt. He's dead now and all his lands and wealth have come to her. Her mother, Mrs. Llyn, is with her and they start tomorrow or the next day for Salem."

Dyck Calhoun made an impatient gesture at this last remark.

"Yes, yes, Michael. Where are they now?"

"They're at Charlotte Bedford's lodgings in Spanish town. The governor waited on them this morning. The governor sent them flowers and—"

"Flowers—Lord Mallow sent them flowers! Hell's fiend, man, suppose he did?"

"There are better flowers here than any in Spanish Town."

"Well, take them, Michael; but if you do, come here again no more while you live, for I'll have none of you. Do you think I'm entering the lists against the king's governor?"

"You've done it before, sir, and there's no harm in doing it again. One good turn deserves another. I've also to tell you, sir, that Lord Mallow has asked them to stay at King's house."

"Lord Mallow has asked Americans to stay at King's house?"

"But they're Irish, and he knew them in Ireland, y'r honor."

"From whom do you get your information?" asked Dyck Calhoun with an air of suspicion.

"From Darius Boland, y'r honor," answered Michael, with a smile. "Who is Darius Boland, you're askin' in y'r mind? Well, he's the new manager come from the Llyn plantations in Virginia; and right good stuff he is, with a tongue that's as dry as cut wheat in August. I saw him this mornin' on the quay at Kingston. He was orderin' the porters about with an air—oh, bedad, an air! I saw the name upon the parcels—Miss Sheila Llyn of Molra, Virginia, and so I spoke to him. 'Well,' said he, 'who might you be? For there's queer folks in Jamaica, I'm told.' So I said I was Michael Clones, and at that he doffed his hat and held out a hand. 'Well, here's luck,' said he. 'Luck at the very start! I've heard of you from my mistress. You're servant to Mr. Dyck Calhoun—ain't that it? And I nodded and he smiled again—a smile that'd cost money anywhere else than in Jamaica. Queer way of talk he has, that man, as queer as—"

"I understand, Michael. But what else? How did you come to talk about the affairs of Mrs. and Miss Llyn? He didn't just spit it out, did he?"

"Sure; not so quick and free as spittin', y'r honor, but when he'd sorted me out, as it were, he said Miss Llyn had come out here to take charge of Salem, her own estate in Virginia belin' in such good runnin' order and her mind belin' active. Word had come of the trouble with the manager here, and one of the provost marshal's deputies had written accounts of the flogging and ill-treatment of slaves, and that's why she come—to put things right at Salem!"

"To put things wrong in Jamaica, Michael, that's why she's come. To loose the ball of confusion and free the flood of tragedy—that's why she's come! Man, Michael, you know her history—who she was and what happened to her father. Well, do you think there's no tragedy in her coming here? I killed her father, they say, Michael. I was punished for it. I came here to be free of all those things—lifted out and away from them all. I longed to forget the past, which is only shame and torture; and here it is all spread out at my door again like a mat, which I must see as I go in and out. There was no talk on Boland's part of their coming here, was there, Michael?"

"None at all, sir, but there was that in the man's eye and that in his tone, which made me sure he thought Miss Llyn and you would meet."

"That would be strange, wouldn't it, in this immense continent!" Dyck remarked cynically. "She knew I was here before she came. I wonder her mother let her come here. Her mother knew part of the truth. She hid it all from the girl—and now they are here!"

"Michael, order my horse and I will go to Spanish Town. This matter must be brought to a head. The truth must be told. Order my horse!"

"It is the very heat of the day, sir."

"Then at five o'clock, after dinner, have my horse here."

"Am I to ride with you, sir?"

Dyck nodded.

"Yes, Michael. There's only one thing to do—face all the facts with all the evidence, and you are fact and evidence, too. You know more of the truth than any one else."

Several hours later, when the sun was abating its force a little, after traveling the burning roads through yams and coconuts, grenadillas and all kinds of herbs and roots and fragrant trees, Dyck Calhoun and Michael Clones came into Spanish Town.

Dyck looked around upon the town with new eyes. He saw it like one for the first time visiting it. He saw the people passing through the wide verandas of the houses, like a vast colonnade, down the street, to be happily sheltered from the fierce sun. As they passed King's house they saw troops of the viceroy's guests issuing from the palace—officers of the king's navy and army, officers and men of the Jamaica militia, pale-faced, big-eyed men of the creole class, mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons, Sambos with their wives in loose skirts, white stockings and pinnacles hats. Snatches of song were heard and voices of men who had had a full meal and had "taken observations"—as looking through the bottom of a glass of liquor was called by people with naval spirit—were mixed in careless carousal.

All this jarred on Dyck Calhoun and gave revolt to his senses. Yet he was only half-conscious of the great sensuousness of the scene as he passed through it. All was brought to focus at last, however, by their arrival at Charlotte Bedford's lodgings, which, like most houses in the town, had a look-out or belfry fitted with green blinds and a telescope, and had a green-painted wooden railing round it.

At the very entrance, inside the gate, in the garden, they saw Sheila Llyn, her mother and Darius Boland, who seemed to be enduring from the mother some sharp reprimand, to the amusement of the daughter.

As the gate closed behind Dyck and Michael, the three from Virginia turned round and faced them. As Dyck came forward, Sheila flushed and trembled. She was no longer a young girl, but her slim straightness and the soft lines of her figure gave her a dignity and charm which made her young womanhood distinguished—for she was now twenty-five and had a carriage of which a princess might have been proud. Yet it was plain that the entrance of Dyck at this moment was disturbing. It was not what she had foreseen.

She showed no hesitation, however, but came forward to meet her visitor, while Michael fell back, as also did Darius Boland. Both these seemed to realize that the less they saw and heard, the better; and they presently got together in another part of the garden, as Dyck Calhoun came near enough almost to touch Sheila.

Surely, he thought, she was supreme in appearance and design. She was touched by a rose on each cheek and made womanly by firm and yet generous breasts, tenderly imprisoned by the white chiffon of her blouse in which was one bright sprig of the buds of a cherry tree—a touch of modest luxuriance on a person sparsely ornamented. It was Sheila herself, whom time had enriched with far more than years and experience. It was a personality which would anywhere have taken place and held it. It was undefeatable, persistent and permanent;



Dyck Looked Around Upon the Town With New Eyes.

It was the spirit of Ireland loose in a world that was as far apart from Ireland as she was from her dead, dishonored father.

And Dyck? At first she felt she must fly to him—yes, in spite of the fact that he had suffered prison for manslaughter. But a nearer look at him stopped the impulse at its birth. Here was the Dyck Calhoun she had known in days gone by, but not the Dyck she had looked to see; for this

man was like one who had come from a hanging, who had seen his dearest swinging at the end of a rope. His face was set in coldness; his hair was streaked with gray; his forehead had a line in the middle; his manner was rigid, almost frigid, indeed. Only in his eyes was there that which denied all that his face and manner said—a hungry, absorbing, hopeless look, the look of one who searches for a friend in the denying desert.

Somehow, when he bowed low to her and looked her in the eyes as no one in all her life had ever done, she had an almost agonized understanding of what a man feels who has been imprisoned—that he is never the same again. He was an ex-convict and yet she did not feel repelled by him. She did not believe he had killed Erris Boyne. As for the later crime of mutiny, that did not concern her much. She was Irish; but more than that, she was in sympathy with the mutineers. She understood why Dyck Calhoun, enlisting as a common sailor, should take up their cause and run risk to advance it. That he had advanced it was known to all the world; that he had paid the price of his mutiny by saving the king's navy with a stolen ship; and that he had won wealth was but another proof of the man's power.

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

"There is much to do at Salem," he added calmly, and yet with his heart beating as it had not beaten since the day he had first met her at Playmore.

"You wouldn't take the money I sent to Dublin for you—the gift of a believing friend, and you would not come to America!"

"I shall have to tell you why one day," he answered slowly, "but I'll pay my respects to your mother now."

So saying he went forward and bowed low to Mrs. Llyn. Unlike her daughter, Mrs. Llyn did not offer her hand. She was pale, distraught, troubled—and vexed. She, however, murmured his name and bowed.

"You did not expect to see me here in Jamaica," he said boldly.

"Frankly, I did not, Mr. Calhoun," she said.

"You resent my coming here to see you? You think it bold, at least?"

She looked at him closely and firmly. "You know why I cannot welcome you."

"Yet I have paid the account demanded by the law. And you had no regard for him. You divorced him."

She had drawn near, and Dyck made a gesture in her direction. "She does not know," he said, "and she should not hear what we say now."

Mrs. Llyn nodded, and in a low tone told Sheila that she wished to be alone with Dyck for a little while. In Dyck's eyes, as he watched Sheila go, was a thing deeper than he had ever known or shown before. In her white gown and with her light step Sheila seemed to float away—a picture graceful, stately, buoyant, "keen and small." As she was about to pass beyond a clump of pimento bushes, she turned her head toward the two, and there was that in her eyes which few ever see and seeing are afterward the same. It was a look of inquiry, of revelation, of emotion which went to Dyck's heart.

"No, she does not know the truth," Mrs. Llyn said. "But it has been hard hiding it from her. One never knew whether some chance remark, some allusion in the papers would tell her you had killed her father."

"Did I kill her father?" asked Dyck helplessly. "Did I? I was found guilty of it, but on my honor, Mrs. Llyn, I do not know and I do not think I did. I have no memory of it. We quarreled. I drew my sword on him, then he made an explanation and I madly, stupidly drank drugged wine in reconciliation with him, and then I remember nothing more—nothing at all."

"What was the cause of your quarrel?"

Dyck looked at her long before answering. "I hid that from my father even, and hid it from the world—did not even mention it in court at the trial. If I had, perhaps I should not have gone to jail. If I had, perhaps I should not be here in Jamaica. If I had—"

He paused, a flood of reflection drenching his face, making his eyes shine with black sorrow.

"Well, if you had . . . Why did you not? Wasn't it your duty to save yourself and save your friends, if you could? Wasn't that your plain duty?"

"Yes, and that was why I did not tell what the quarrel was. If I had even had I killed Erris Boyne, the jury would not have convicted me. Of that I am sure. It was a loyalist jury."

"Then why did you not?"

"Isn't it strange that now, after all these years, when I have settled the account with Judge and Jury, with state and law—that now I feel I must tell you the truth? Madam, your ex-husband, Erris Boyne, was a traitor. He was an officer in the French army and he offered to make me an officer also and pay me well in French government money, if I would break allegiance and serve the French cause—"

Ah, don't start! He knew I was on my last legs financially. He knew I had acquaintance with young rebel leaders like Emmet, and he felt I could be won. So he made his proposal. Because of your daughter I held my peace, for she could bear it less than you. I did not tell the cause of the quarrel. If I had, there would have been for her the double shame. That was why I held my peace—a fool, but so it was!"

The woman seemed almost robbed of understanding. His story overwhelmed her. Yet what the man had done was so quixotic, so Celtic, that her senses were almost paralyzed.

"So mad—so mad and bad and wild you were," she said. "Could you not see it was your duty to tell all, no matter what the consequences? The man was a villain. But what madness you were guilty of, what cruel madness! Only you could have done a thing like that. Erris Boyne deserved death—I care not who killed him—you or another. He deserved death, and it was right he should die. But that you should kill him, apart from all else—why, indeed, oh, indeed, it is a tragedy, for you loved my daughter, and the killing made a gulf between you! There could be no marriage in such a case. She could not bear it, nor could you. But please know this, Mr. Calhoun, that she never believed you killed Erris Boyne. She has said so again and again. You are the only man who has ever touched her mind or her senses, though many have sought her. Wherever she goes men try to win her, but she has no thought for any. Her mind goes back to you. Just when you entered the garden I learned—and only then—that you were here. She hid it from me, but Darius Boland knew, and he had seen your man, Michael Clones, and she had then made him tell me. I was incensed. I was her mother, and yet she had hid the thing from me. I thought she came to this island for the sake of Salem, and I found that she came not for Salem, but for you. . . . Ah, Mr. Calhoun, she deserves what you did to save her, but you should not have done it."

"She deserves all that any better man might do. Why don't you marry her to some great man in your republic? It would settle my trouble for me and free her mind from anxiety. Mrs. Llyn, you are not children, you and I. You know life, and so do I, and—"

She interrupted him. "Be sure of this, Mr. Calhoun, she knows life even better than either of us. She is, and has always been, a girl of sense and judgment. When she was a child she

"Oh, not today—not today!" she said with a piteous look. "Let it not be today. It is our first day here, and we are due at King's house tonight, even in an hour from now."

"But isn't it better to end it all now? Suppose Lord Mallow tells her."

"He did not before. He is not likely now," was the vexed reply. "Is it a thing a gentleman will speak of to a lady?"

"But you do not know Mallow. If he thought she had seen me today, he would not hesitate. What would you do, if you were Lord Mallow?"

"No, not today," she persisted. "It is all so many years ago. It can hurt naught to wait a little longer."

"When and where shall it be? He asked gloomily.

"At Salem—at Salem. We shall be settled then—and steady. There is every reason why you should consider me. I have suffered as few women have suffered, and I do not hate you. I am only sorry."

Far down at the other end of the garden he saw Sheila. Her face was in profile—an exquisite silhouette. She moved slowly among the pimento bushes.

"As you wish," he said with a heavy sigh. The sight of the girl anguished his soul.

CHAPTER XV.

At Salem.

The plantation of Salem was in a region below the Pedro plains in the parish of St. Elizabeth, where grow the aloe, and torch-thistle, and clumps of wood which alter the appearance of the plain from the South Downs of England, but where thousands of cattle and horses even in those days were maintained. The air of the district was dry and elastic, and it filtered down to the valleys near like that where Salem was with its clusters of negro huts and offices, its mills and distilleries where sugar and rum were made. Salem was situated on the Black river, accessible by boats and canoes. The huts of negro slaves were near the sugar mills, without regard to order, but in clusters of banana, avocado-pear, limes and oranges, and with the cultivated land round their huts made an effective picture.

Every plantation had a surgeon who received a small sum for attendance on every slave, while special cases of midwifery, inoculation, etc., had a particular allowance. The surgeon had to attend to about four hundred to five hundred negroes, on an income of £150 per annum, and board and lodging and washing, besides what he made from his practice with the whites.

Salem was no worse than some other plantations on the island, but it was far behind such plantations as that owned by Dyck Calhoun, and had been notorious for the cruelties committed on it. To such an estate a lady like Sheila Llyn would be a boon. She was not on the place a day before she started reforms which would turn the plantation into a model scheme. Houses, food, treatment of the negroes became at once a study to her, and her experience in Virginia was invaluable. She had learned there not to work the slaves too hard in the warm period of the day; and she showed her interest by having served at her own table the favorite olio the slaves made of plantains, bananas, yams, calalou, eddoes, cassavi, and sweet potatoes boiled with salt fish and flavored with cayenne pepper. This, with the unripe roasted plantain as bread, was a native relish and health-giving food.



Lord Mallow—He Courts Her, Does He?

was my master, even in Ireland. Yet she was obedient and faithful, and kept her head in all vexed things. She will have her way, and she will have it as she wants it, and in no other manner. She is one of the world's great women. She is unique, child as she is, she still understands all that men do, and does it."

"Why does she not marry? Is there no man she can bear? She could have the highest, that's sure."

He spoke with passion and insistence. If she were married his trouble would be over. The worst would have come to him—like death. He had the look of a lost angel, one who fell with Bellini in the first days of sin.

"There is no man she can bear—except here in Jamaica. It is no use. Your governor, Lord Mallow, whom she knew in Ireland, and his distant kin of mine, he has already made advances here to her, as he did in Ireland—you did not know that. She is rich, and he would be glad of an estate that brings in scores of thousands of pounds yearly. He has asked us to stay at King's house, but we have declined. We start for Salem in a few hours. She wants her hand on the wheel."

"Lord Mallow—he courts her, does he?" Mrs. Llyn's face grew grimmer. "Well,

"I hid it—I did not want you to know what your father was."