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thy pure soul I find no sin requiring priestly absolution!"

The Marquis de Pescara, the Duc de Bourbon, and other captains now advanced, bareheaded. Pescara placed himself by Bayard's side on his knees, and made a touching speech to one who had been his enemy. "Would to God, Monsieur de Bayard, that I could have given sufficient of my blood to nourish you, and save you as my prisoner in perfect health, then should you soon learn how greatly I have ever held you in esteem, most noble foe!"

To this the Chevalier responded. "Greatly I thank you for your courtesy. Death removes earthly enmities! My noble Marquis, it hath ever been an honour to have you as opponent. I grieve that I wounded you at the bridge." The two great commanders clasped hands, while the tears coursed down the cheeks of Fernando d'Avalos.

The Duc de Bourbon now advanced, seeking to make his peace with one whom he, above all others, had cause to honour.

"Alas! Monsieur de Bayard! I grieve greatly to see you thus! you who were such a virtuous knight!"

Bayard looked reprovingly upon this great Prince. "Monseigneur, I thank you, yet is there no cause to pity me. I die as an honourable man, serving my King. Rather are you to be pitied, who carry arms against your Prince, your country, and your oath!"

In silence, and with head bowed down, Bourbon retired.

While the Cardinal held high a crucifix before Bayard's placid eyes, the Spanish captains fell back reverentially as L'Allègre once more led the Princess to his side. They knelt while, with infinite tenderness, Marguerite supported him in her arms.

For a space Pierre de Terrail gazed upon his loved one's face while saying no word. A radiance as of heaven illumined Bayard's war-worn features as,