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of the wounded had been passed over the bridge to the rear, he came up respectfully to report that fact, while saluting his former master, who was now his intimate friend.

"My Seigneur," said L'Allègre, for never would he give up the old and time-honoured appellation, "now I remain with you, for that which is yet to be done. For well I know," he added, "that on this side the Sesia will you remain to see it all out, and trust to none other, and further I observe that the Spaniards are once more hotly pressing forward."

"Give me your hand, L'Allègre!" quoth Bayard, with a rough tenderness in his voice. Looking deep into one another's eyes, these two brave men stood thus for a moment. They were silent, yet what a wealth of words and memories was conveyed in their silence!

Dropping, as if reluctantly, his friend's hand, presently the Chevalier spoke. "Now for it, L'Allègre! we have got to make a final charge, ay, one to be pressed home well beyond the guns, and then to make a stand while the standards and the guns are retired. We must hold them well back, friend, yet, think you, will our men-at-arms be able to do it? Remember this may be our last charge, L'Allègre, but, as many a former, we shall make it together!"

"Ay, my Seigneur, our men-at-arms are not as those who have been under the Admiral's command. Not one of them is there but would glory to die by our side! Were they not at Robecco!" continued L'Allègre with enthusiasm, "and did not they there see you hold the bridge single-handed against thousands?"

"Tush, Comrade!" answered Bayard, but nevertheless a tear sprung to his eye as, mounting their horses, the friends rode forward to the fighting line.

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