

"O God of battles, steal my soldiers' hearts,
Possess them not with fear, take from them now,
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them ; not to-day. O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown."

One curious coincidence, as the reader will see it to be afterwards, was that Byrne took the part of Lord Scroop, one of the conspirators against Henry in the pay of France. It is only a very minor part, but so real was the tender scorn with which the king upbraided his friend's perfidy, that at the time, it was to me unaccountably touching. Now, as I look back upon it, it seems a curious foreshadowing of the end, and my belief inclines me to acknowledge such prophecies going before, to be not unusual in the course of life. The more I think of it, the stranger the scene becomes. Scroop, the convicted villain, stood there before the king, and Henry, who had dismissed the cases of the other conspirators, could hardly repress the outburst of anger and disappointment which shook his frame. He almost cried, tears certainly stood in his eyes, as in a slow and broken voice he said while the audience were hushed and silent as the grave :