

Halifax flung up his hands, laughing: "Monsieur Innocent, Monsieur New-born-babe—this becomes a little tedious. In great seriousness—before the mobile gets out of hand and rabbles us all, pray calm them. Let them know these romances of Papists and murder and rape are—romances."

Beaujeu shook his head. "I do not understand. Why I? Faith, my lord, it is for your King to act, to speak. If his people are unjust—*bien*, let him tell them so."

"*Pardieu*, but who would believe him?"

Beaujeu gazed steadily into my lord's eyes and spoke very slowly: "My lord, if his Majesty has so comported himself that there is no longer a man to believe his word—whose is the blame?"

Halifax stared back at him a moment. Then, bowing, left him.

M. de Beaujeu sought his coach and therein fell to smiling. Slowly through a thicker crowd he was borne along the Strand. Above the steep turn to his house the horses were stopped an instant: then, as they began to slide down over the pebbles, two men lounged out of the court on the left. The one was sallow and lean and tall, the other rubicund and fat, and one hustled the other back to the shadow of the court again while M. de Beaujeu alighted. "'Od rot me! 'Tis himself," muttered Captain Hagan to Mr. O'Gorman, and he rubbed his big hands together. But Mr. O'Gorman grew purple and swore. He was not pleased with M. de Beaujeu.

But soon another gentleman came down the street, and my lord Halifax was announced to M. de Beaujeu, who came in upon my lord with every feature striving to express amazement.

My lord Halifax rose laughing, "Pray do not affect surprise, monsieur," says he in English. "I think you guess my errand. Let us not waste time. I come from the King. You can speak for the Prince. Then——"

"Eh, pardon. You do me too much honour. Moreover, the Prince of Orange, as one tells me, is in England—doubtless to speak for himself."