

If 'tis attempted all parties will rally about you. Nay, face it out. Dare the Prince to his worst."

"I thank you for that, my lord Halifax," cried the King, starting up. "You would have me stay to be murdered."

"Faith, sir, the Prince has much more to fear from your staying than you. He dare not hold you prisoner, he dare not——"

"He dares all things," cried the King. "He is an infidel. He is possessed of a devil. Shall I wait to be destroyed? Nay, my lord, I have been too rash already, too venturous."

"I implore your Majesty to stay," cried Halifax.

"What, my lord?" Majesty's heavy brows came down. "You, too, are in league with the heretic? You would compass my death. Go, my lord, go! I wish you joy of your new master. Serve him as you have served me!" Majesty laughed at his jest.

My lord Halifax had drawn himself up haughtily, and looked down at the King, and the sneer deepened on his lip. "Sir, you forget your dignity," he said coldly, and bowed.

"One word, my lord," cried the King, and Halifax waited. "'Had Zimri peace—' ask yourself that my lord, 'had Zimri peace —'" and Majesty nodded wisely and frowned.

My lord Halifax, who alone had stood by him when the Whigs were triumphing, whom he had cast off in the years of his power, who alone, again, stood by him now that his power was gone—my lord Halifax allowed himself another smile ere he went out.

In the courtyard he found Beaujeu lounging, who turned at the sound of his footsteps, and waited for him. "You knew your man, Beaujeu," said Halifax with some scorn, and Beaujeu smiled. "Will you wait a little? I think we shall see something." So they paced together up and down the courtyard while the darkness gathered and the mobile still howled. "What will your King be like?" said Halifax.

"He is at least neither fool nor coward."

"I was wondering if he is grateful," said Halifax smiling;