

NOR KING NOR COUNTRY.

"Duty to country comes before all private feeling," said Cromwell. "I command you, sir, on peril of a charge of treason against yourself, to answer the question of the court. If you right hand off these, out is off, if they cause thee to stumble out of thy feet. The pernicious branch of the just tree shall be cloven and cast into the brush heap. You are an officer of this commonwealth, sir," asked Cromwell, again.

"By your highness' permission," he replied. "Did your son strike you upon the face with the flat of his sword upon the night recorded in this charge against him?"

"What acts have passed between my son and myself are between my son and myself only," replied the old man steadily. He did not look at his son, but presently the tears rolled down his cheeks, so that more than one of his judges who had sons of their own were themselves moved. But they took their cue from the Protector, and made no motion towards the old man's advance. Once more Cromwell essayed to get Enderby's testimony, but, "I will not give witness against my son," was John Enderby's constant and dogged reply. At last Cromwell rose in anger.

"We will have justice in this realm of England," he said, "though it turn the father against the son and the son against the father. Though the house be divided against itself yet the Lord's work shall be done."

Turning his blazing eyes upon John Enderby, he said:

"Treasonous and degenerate man, get thee gone from this country and no more set foot in it on peril of your life! We recalled you from outlawry, believing you to be a true lover of your country, but we find you malignant, seditious and dangerous!"

He turned towards the young man. "You, sir, shall get you back to prison until other witnesses be found. Although we know your guilt, we will be formal and just."

With an impatient nod to an officer beside him, he waved his hand towards father and son.

As he was about to leave the room, John Enderby stretched out a hand to him appealingly.

"Your highness," said he, "I am an old man."

"Will you bear witness in this cause?" asked Cromwell, his frown softening a little.

"Your highness, I have suffered unjustly; the law is done of my bone and flesh of my flesh, I cannot."

With an angry wave of the hand Cromwell walked heavily from the room.

Some touch of shame came to the young man's cold heart, and he spoke to his father as the officers were about to lead him away.

"I have been wronged, have misunderstood you, sir," he said, and seemed about to hold out his hand.

But it was too late. The old man turned on him, shaking his shaggy head.

"Never, sir, while I live! The wrong to me is little. I can take my broken life into a foreign land and die dishonored and forgotten. But my own child, my own dear child who has suffered year after year with me for the wrong you have done me, I never, never, never will forgive you! Not for love of you have I spoken as I did to-day, but for the honour of the Enderbys, and because you were the child of your mother!"

Two days later at Southampton the old man boarded a little packet-boat bound for Havre.

The years went by again. At last all was changed in England. The monarchy was restored, and all the land was smiling and content.

One day there was a private reading in the queen's chamber, the voice of the reader moved in pleasant, yet vibrant modulations.

"The king was now come to a time when his enemies wickedly began to plot against him secretly and to oppress him in his purposes; which, in his own mind, were beneficent and generous."

From the shire where his labors had been most unselfish came the first malignant insult to his person and the first peril to his life—prefiguring the heinous plots and violence which drove him to his august martyrdom."

The king had entered quietly as the lady-in-waiting had read the passage to the queen, and attracted by her voice, continued to listen, signifying to the queen, by a gesture, that she and her ladies were not to rise.

In the time when Charles was yet devoted to his Princess of Portugal, and while she was yet happy and untroubled by rumors or assurances of her own unwelcome affections.

"And what else was that?" asked the king at that point where the chronicler spoke of his royal father's "august martyrdom."

"The shire of Lincoln, your majesty," said the young lady, flushing, and, rising from her footstool, at the queen's feet, she made the king an elaborate courtesy.

Charles made a gentle and playful gesture of dissenting from the formality, and, with a look of admiration, continued:

"My Lord Rippington should know somewhat of that 'first violence' which you have read, Mistress Fainklingham. He is a Lincolnshire."

"He knows all that first violence," he was present at that first violence," said the king at that point where the chronicler spoke of his royal father's "august martyrdom."

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And then the queen of England sent for her and she had been brought close to the person of her majesty.

At a motion from Charles, who sat upon a couch, idly tapping the cushions on his knees with his gold-headed cane, the young lady stepped forward again at the queen's feet and continued reading.

"It was when the king was come to Boston town upon the business of the Fens and to confer some honors and acquire into the taxes and for further purpose of visiting a good subject at Louth, who knew of the secret plans of Fyn and Hampden, that this shameful violence befell our pious and illustrious prince. With him was my Lord Rippington and my Lord Rippington's son."

"Ah, my Lord Rippington," said Charles, "all aloud, 'so this is where my father and secret history meet my dear, dumb lord!'"

Continuing the young lady read a fair and just account of the king's meeting with John Enderby, of Enderby's refusal to accept the knighthood, and of his rescue of the king at Sutterby.

"Enderby? Enderby? Enderby?" said the king, "that was not one Sir Garrett Enderby, who was with the Scotch army at Bunker's?"

"No, your majesty," said the young lady, "scarcely looking up from the page she read, she said, 'Sir Garrett Enderby died in Portugal, where he fled, having escaped from prison and Cromwell's vengeance.'"

"What Enderby did this fine thing then? My faith, my married father had such men—even in Lincolnshire!"

"The father of Sir Garrett Enderby, your majesty," said the young lady, "was a knight of the king's household—his death, it seems to me I have a memory of this thing somewhere, if I could but find it!"

"His gracious majesty of sacred memory gave him his knighthood."

"How came the son by the knighthood—death, it seems to me I have a memory of this thing somewhere, if I could but find it!"

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THE SONG DON'T WORK.

They had been married only a year, but alas! they had already begun to have their little disputes and differences.

This morning over their breakfast they quarreled more vigorously than usual, and, as usual, from Charles, who sat upon a couch, idly tapping the cushions on his knees with his gold-headed cane, the young lady stepped forward again at the queen's feet and continued reading.

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