

was told me that my own son had captured them, and guarded them with his own body. After that I felt I could no longer lift up either hand or voice in his defence. My son, let me confess to you now, I was wrong, and you were right. I disinherited you, my son, but will you come home?"

Now all this was wonderful to me, for my father was a proud man, and never during my life had I ever known him confess that he was in the wrong.

"But will it be safe for you to receive me openly at my old home, father?" I asked.

"As to that you shall come home if you will, safe or unsafe. Not that I have ceased to believe in Royalty; as God is my witness, no. Moreover, I will never lift up my hand against Charles Stuart, traitor and tyrant as he hath been. But I can no longer fight for him. My King must be kingly; he must be the soul of honour and truth. Should he die, and if I believe his son Charles to be a King elected by God, I will fight for him; but this man—no, my son, never. Besides, you need not fear to come. The revelations made in those letters have done more to conquer Cornwall than all the battles Cromwell hath won. Many who were faithful to the King's cause have deserted him, and when General Fairfax marches through Cornwall he will find but little resistance. And so, my son, it will be safe for you to return—that is, unless you are overcome with pride because of the praise they bestow on you."

"Praise?" I said.

"Ay; even when I left they were singing songs concerning Sir John Falkland's youngest son, who carried away the Royal papers in the face of death."

Of all that followed there is no need that I should