

questions were put, and then came the vital points. To the first of these, as to whether young Enderby had uttered malignant and seditious libels against the Protector, the old man would answer nothing.

"What speech hath ever been between my son and myself," he said, "is between my son and myself only."

A start of anger travelled round the circle of the court-martial. Young Enderby watched his father curiously and sullenly.

"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 thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; if thy foot cause thee to stumble, heave it to the shambles. 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's 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 Enderby, 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 advantage. Once more Cromwell essayed to get Enderby's testimony, but, "I will not give witness against my son," was his constant and dogged reply. At last Cromwell rose in anger.

"We will have justice in this realm of England," said