

had told the Princess then that she was the daughter of an exiled English gentleman, and was in the care of her aunt, one Mistress Falkingham, while her father was gone on an expedition to Italy. The Princess, eager to learn English, engaged her, and she had remained in the palace till the Princess left for England. A year passed, 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 buckles on his shoes with a gold-handled staff, the young lady placed herself 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 sundry honours and inquire into the taxes, and for further purpose of visiting a good subject at Louth, who knew of the secret plans of Pym and Hampden, that this shameful violence befel our pious and illustrious prince. With him was my Lord Rippingdale and—"

"Ah, ah, my Lord Rippingdale!" said Charles, half aloud, "so this is where my lord 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?" interjected the King, "that was not one Sir Garrett Enderby who was with the Scottish army at Dunbar?"

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