

fond." The following seems a little poem, that the king composed in his tribulation: "My mistress and my consort, accursed be the man who thus separateth us! I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire! since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppresseth my whole heart, that I am oftentimes near despair. Alas, Isabel! rightful daughter of France! you were wont to be my joy, my hope, my consolation. And now I plainly see, that through the violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must be deprived of you; whereat I often endure so sincere a pang, that day and night I am in danger of bitter death. And it is no marvel, when I from such a height hath fallen so low, and lose my joy, my solace, and my consort."¹

Henry of Bolingbroke, it is said, gained possession, by a *coup-de-main*, of 700,000*l.*, the treasury of the unfortunate Richard. With amazing celerity Henry traversed England, attended by sixty thousand Londoners and other malcontents, who had been disgusted with Richard's despotic government. With this disorderly militia Henry presented himself before the gates of Flint-castle, where Richard and a few faithful knights remained on the defensive. Here he boldly demanded an audience with the king, who agreed to admit him, and eleven others, to pass the wicket of the castle.² Henry spoke aloud, without paying any honour or reverence to the king, asking, "Have you broken your fast?" The king answered, "No; it is yet early morn. Why do you ask?"—"It is time you should breakfast," replied Henry, "for you have a great way to ride."—"What road?" asked the king. "You must wend to London," said Henry; "and I advise that you eat and drink heartily, that you may perform the journey more gaily."—"Well," said the king, "if that is the case, let the tables be covered."

When this was done, the king washed his hands, seated

¹ Archæologia, from the MS. of a French gentleman, an attendant on Richard, translated by the rev. Mr. Webbe.

² Froissart.

himself at
was eating
oppressed, t
castle, was c
on rising fro
who they
answer. "

"They want
prisoner to t
you yield y
this intimat
would kill h
yielded him
ever he shou
likewise to
accompanied
prisoners. I
stantly and b
to be flung o
crowded into

"I heard
that happen
Richard had
description, v
king. When
loosed by the
he ran to car
on his shoul
Henry of Bo
Flint-castle, t
the greyhoun
usual to king
shoulders, pa
his own mast
asked the ki
replied Richa
for me.'—' H
stand by it,'