

himself at table, and was served. During the time the king was eating, which was not long, for his heart was much oppressed, the whole country, seen from the windows of the castle, was covered with men-at-arms and archers. The king, on rising from the table, perceived them, and asked his cousin who they were? "For most part Londoners," was the answer. "And what do they want?" inquired the king. "They want to take *you*," replied Henry, "and carry you prisoner to the Tower; and there is no pacifying them, unless you yield yourself my prisoner." The king was alarmed at this intimation, for he knew the Londoners hated him, and would kill him if he were ever in their power; he therefore yielded himself prisoner to his cousin, promising to do whatever he should advise. His knights and officers surrendered likewise to Henry, who, in the presence of the eleven that accompanied him, received the king and his attendants as prisoners. He then ordered the horses to be saddled instantly and brought into the court, and the gates of the castle to be flung open; whereupon many archers and men-at-arms crowded into the court-yard.

"I heard," says Froissart, "of a singular circumstance that happened just then, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound, named Math, beautiful beyond description, who would not notice or follow any one but the king. Whenever Richard rode abroad, the greyhound was loosed by the person who had the care of him: and that instant he ran to caress his royal master, by placing his two fore-feet on his shoulders. It fell out, that as the king and his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke were conversing in the court-yard of Flint-castle, their horses being preparing for them to mount, the greyhound Math was untied, when, instead of running as usual to king Richard, he passed him and leaped to Henry's shoulders, paying him every court, the same as he used to his own master. Henry, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the king the meaning of his fondness? 'Cousin,' replied Richard, 'it means a great deal for you, and very little for me.'—'How?' said Henry; 'pray explain it.'—'I understand by it,' said the unfortunate king, 'that this my favourite