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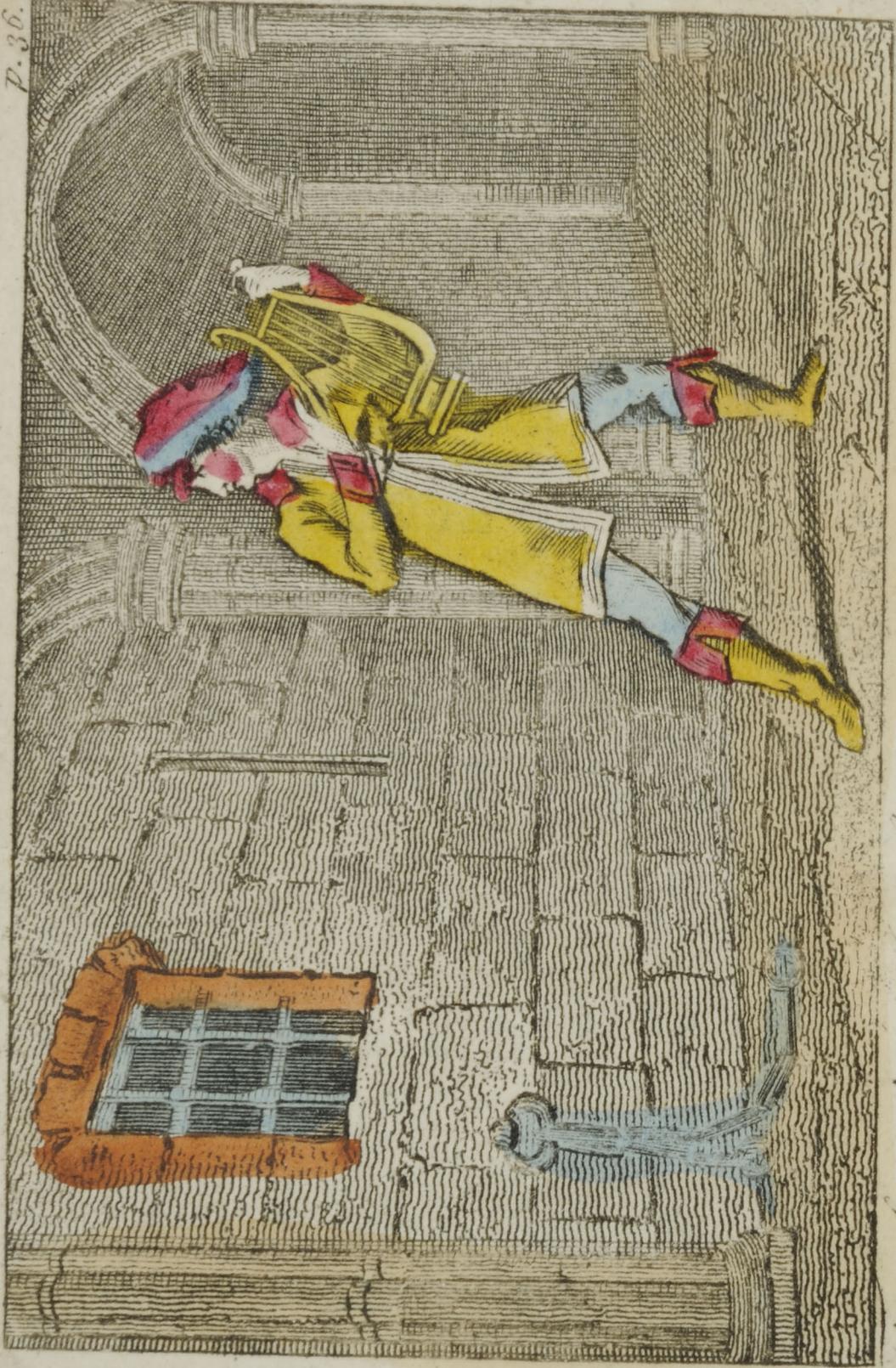
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*The Surprise & Joy of Matilda, at hearing the voice of Richard.*

*Published 1 June 1805, by Tabart & Co.*

RICHARD

COEUR DE LION,

AN

HISTORICAL TALE,

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*With Three Copper-plates.*

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A NEW EDITION.

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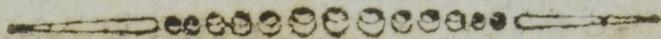
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# *Richard Cœur de Lion.*



RICHARD I. surnamed, from his uncommon bravery, *Cœur de Lion*, or the Lion-hearted, was the second son of Henry II. king England. At that time the kings of England were possessed of many provinces which are now under the dominion of France; and during the life of his father, Richard was invested with the government and dukedoms of Guienne and Poitere. Shortly afterwards, by the death of his elder brother, he became immediate successor to the English throne.

But Richard, whose ambition and restless courage ever prompted him to warlike deeds, was not content with these honours alone. To be the heir apparent of the crown did not satisfy his ardent temper. He longed to add to that dignity the glory of a conqueror. He panted for martial fame,

and to secure the Holy Land from the tyranny and oppressions of the Saracens, was the object to which he boldly aspired.

Nearly a hundred years before all the noblest spirits of Europe had been inflamed with the same zeal in the same cause, and uniting their victorious arms, they had rescued Jerusalem and almost the whole of Palestine from the dominion of the Infidels.

But, after the first torrent of success was past, and the Christian princes had retired to Europe from the scene of conquest, the Saracens recovered courage, and triumphed in their turn; they were a race of warriors, and by perseverance and unwearied efforts, they at length retook Jerusalem, and not only subdued the Christians, but treated them with oppression and cruelty.

The European world heard of the progress of the Saracens with indignation and dismay.—Nothing now remained of the wasted conquests of the Christian he-

roes over Palestine. But the undaunted spirit of those heroes had descended to their successors, and Henry king of England, the king of France, and the emperor Frederic, entered into a convention, to unite their powers once more to rescue Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidels.

The ambition of the young prince Richard, however, rendered their plans abortive. He wished to have the glory of such a conquest entirely to himself, and could not bear to have even his father a partner in his victories.

The king of France greatly helped to seduce the prince from his duty, by promising to assist him in his enterprises, and the unfortunate king of England was obliged first to take up arms against France, and his eldest son thus unfortunately leagued against him, and afterwards to make the most humiliating and painful concessions

in order to save his kingdom from being wrested from his hands.

The lofty monarch, hitherto accustomed to command, was now reduced to the painful necessity of submitting to the hard conditions imposed on him by his enemies; namely of paying a sum of money to the king of France, and allowing his son Richard to be immediately crowned king of England.

But even these mortifying conditions gave less pain to the unfortunate Henry than the discovery he made, that his son John (the younger brother of Richard) was of the league against him.

The persecuted king had long borne an infirm state of health with resignation; he had seen his own son become his conqueror; himself bereft of his power, reduced to the condition of a fugitive, and suppliant; and all these afflictions he had endured with tranquility of temper.—But

when he beheld John, his favourite child among the number of those who were in rebellion against him, he broke out into expressions of the utmost grief and despair, and bestowed on his ungrateful children, a malediction he never afterwards could be prevailed on to retract. A lingering fever, and a broken heart, soon terminated the life and miseries of the ill-fated monarch. He died at the castle of Chinon near Saumer, having reigned in England thirty-five years.

Richard, whose ambitious thirst of glory had drawn him aside from the duty he owed to his king and parent, beheld the death of his father with the greatest anguish and remorse. He hastened to the Abbey Church of Fontrevault, where the corpse of the king had been conveyed, and exclaiming that he was the murderer of his father, he threw himself on the ground, and la-

mented his past conduct with tears of unfeigned sorrow and contrition.

Nor did Richard upon his elevation to the throne, amidst the pomp and splendour which surrounded him, forbear to testify the strong sense he entertained of his past errors. He neglected no opportunity of doing honour to the memory of the late king, and as the surest mark of his repentance, he dismissed from his service all those who had encouraged or assisted him in his undutiful conduct.

The persons who had seconded his rebellion, instead of being rewarded with wealth, honours, and lofty stations, as they expected to be, were driven from the court with ignominy, or treated with scorn and neglect; while those servants and adherents, who had remained faithfully and loyally attached to the late king in all his reverses of fortune, were taken by Richard into his immediate favour and protection.

Thus the youthful monarch, by these public testimonies of repentance for the errors of his past conduct, expiated his offences, and endeared himself to the hearts of his subjects.

The king had made but one exception, when he cast off the abettors of his former errors, and that was in favour of his brother John—an exception that fraternal affection might not only excuse but justify. He was profuse in the favours he heaped upon John, but that selfish and narrow-minded prince made a most ungrateful return to the munificent affection of his brother.

Richard, however, was no way suspicious in his temper, nor did he pay much attention to his own security; military ardour, the desire of fame, were the cherished propensities of his mind. A romantic desire for strange adventures, an intolerant zeal for the external rights of Christianity, and

an enthusiastic admiration of the pomp of chivalry, were the ruling passions of the age in which he lived ; and the bold, the enterprising, the warlike temper of the monarch, but too well accorded with the temper of the times.

Scarcely was Richard seated on his throne, when he determined upon an expedition to the Holy Land, resolving to revive the glory of the English name, and make the enemies of Christianity tremble.

His father had left a large sum of money in the royal treasury, and this sum Richard endeavoured to augment by every means in his power.

Numerous expedients were tried to procure money from people of all ranks and stations ; and menaces or promises frightened the timid, or allured the avaricious into compliance. Meanwhile, Richard, dazzled with the hopes of fame, and panting to lead his troops to victory, was blind

to every other consideration, and his infatuated subjects willingly impoverished themselves to gratify the aspiring wishes of their monarch.—They applauded this splendid commencement of his reign, and predicted the future glory of his career.

At length Richard having completed his preparations, set out for the Holy Land, whither he was impelled by repeated messages from the king of France, who was ready to embark in the same enterprize.

The first place of rendezvous for the two armies of England and France, was the plain of Vazelay, on the borders of Burgundy, where, when the French and English monarchs arrived, they found their armies amounting to a hundred thousand fighting men; these were all ardent in the cause, the chosen flower of the military of both dominions, and well provided with all the implements and accoutrements of

war ; while the English and French monarchs presaged the most unlimited success from the strength of their armies, and the eagerness of their troops in the cause.

In the presence of their assembled soldiers, the two kings entered into the most solemn engagements of mutual support, and having determined to conduct their armies by sea to the Holy Land, they parted, one for Genoa, and the other for Marseilles, in order to meet the fleets that were to attend them at their respective stations.

Scarcely had both fleets put to sea, when a violent storm arose, which compelled them to take shelter in the port of Messina, the capital of Sicily ; and the season being already too far advanced to permit them to refit the vessels for sea, both armies were under the necessity of remaining there during the winter.

Richard took up his quarters in the suburbs of Messina; but Philip stationed his

troops in the town, and lived in habits of intimacy with the Sicilian king.

It is now unknown whether it was owing to the secret intrigues of the French king, or some haughty and arbitrary measures on the part of Richard, that a violent quarrel soon arose between the Sicilians and the English; but certain it is, that the inhabitants of Messina took occasion to treat the English with great insolence: they shut the gates of their city against them, manned their walls, and breathed nothing but invectives and defiance.

Richard, with more prudence and caution than might have been expected from his impetuous and ardent temper, sought by every means in his power to avoid coming to an absolute rupture with the Messinese, and endeavoured to use the mediation of Philip to compromise the quarrel; but while he was engaged in this praiseworthy and peaceable negotiation, a party

of Sicilians one day suddenly issued from the town, and attacked the English with great fury.

This outrage was sufficient to rouse the anger and vengeance of the intrepid and war-like Richard. He instantly summoned his troops, attacked the city, and in a short time, with his own hand, he planted the standard of England upon the ramparts of Messina.

Philip, who considered Messina as his quarters, exclaimed loudly against the conduct of Richard, and ordered some of his troops to advance, and tear down the English flag from the walls. Richard would not suffer the French soldiers to approach, but sent for answer to the angry monarch, that he would himself remove the standard, at the *request* of his associate; but that no power on earth should *compel* him so to do.

From this hour, jealousy, distrust, and

suspicion, took place of the harmony that had previously subsisted between the allied monarchs. Numberless disputes followed, which the Sicilian king took considerable pains to inflame and protract. However, after an interval spent in alternate debate and reconciliation, they settled all controversies, entered into new engagements, and set sail in their respective fleets for the Holy Land, where it was the good fortune of the French to arrive before the English, for Richard's fleet again encountered a tempest, and two of the ships were driven upon the coast of the island of Cyprus.

Isaac, who was then prince of that country, inhumanly pillaged the ships that were stranded, and threw the seamen and soldiers into prison.

But Richard took ample vengeance for that injury. He landed his troops, defeated the tyrant, and took the island into his

own possession. It was there that he was betrothed to Matilda, daughter of the king of Navarre, a lady who bore so memorable a share in his subsequent misfortunes.

Upon the arrival of Richard with his army in Palestine, the two kings seemed to have buried their animosities, and to think only of the common cause. By thus acting in concert, daily advantages were gained. In besieging the city of Acra, while the one made the attack, the other guarded the trenches; and this duty they performed each day alternately; in consequence of which, the garrison, after an obstinate resistance, were compelled to surrender.

It could not, however, fail soon to be perceived by the French monarch, that the English were rapidly gaining the ascendancy. The bold intripid spirit of Richard ever prompting him to deeds of

valour, hourly increased his popularity among the soldiers of both armies ; and Philip, equally unable to endure the superiority of his rival, as to lay claim to it by any prominent merits of his own, suddenly announced his resolution of returning to France. He pleaded a bad state of health as an excuse for his unexpected desertion, and to give a colour to his friendly professions of regard towards Richard, he left him ten thousand of his troops.

Richard, now the sole conductor of the war, was at the very summit of his wishes. Gratified ambition gave him new ardour for conquest, and unsated with glory, he went triumphantly from victory to victory.

Saladin, the most renowned of all the Saracen monarchs, prepared to oppose the progress of the English arms, and took the field with an immense, and hitherto invincible army, consisting of 300,000 men.

This was a day equal to Richard's

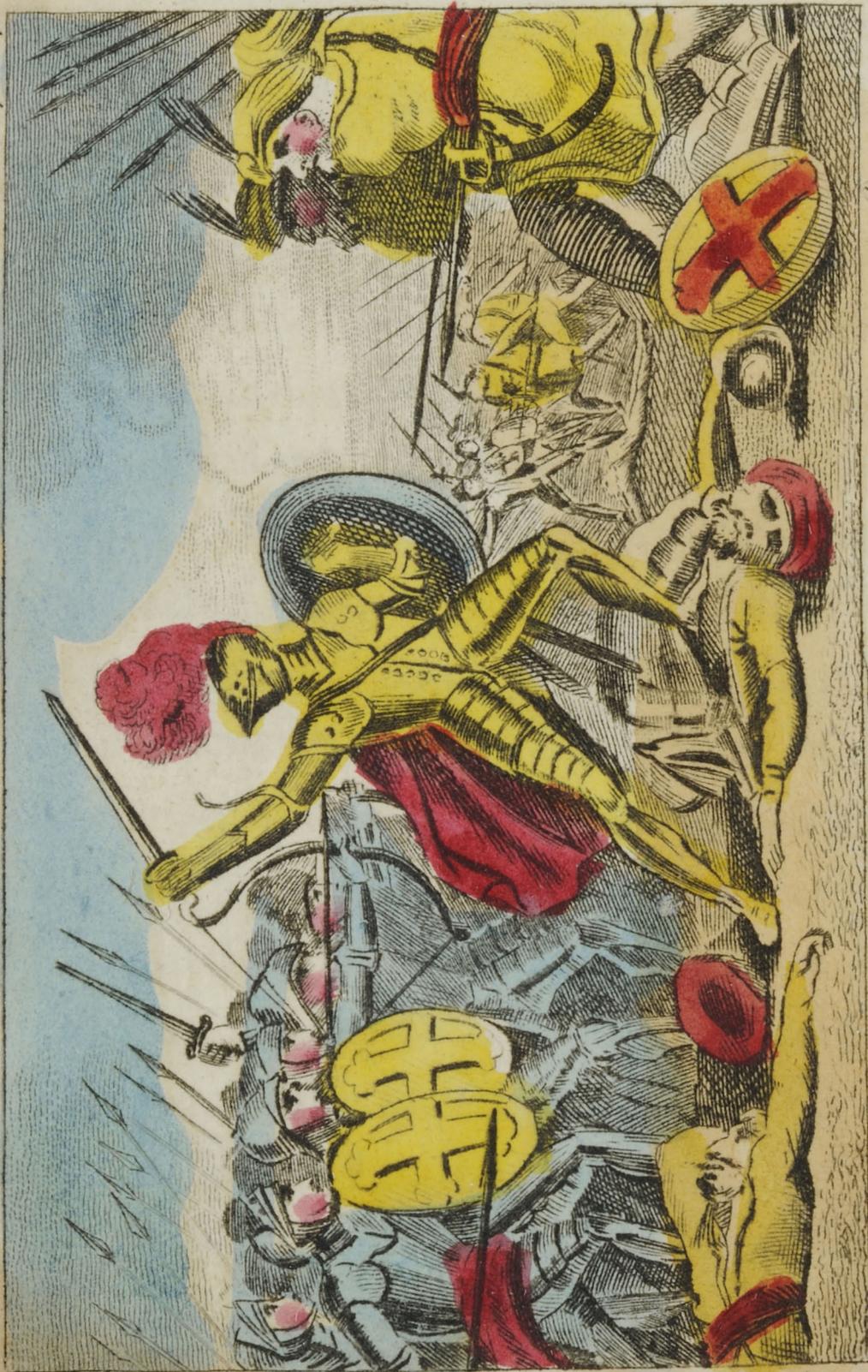
hopes,—this an enemy worthy his highest ambition.

The English were victorious.—At first the attack of the Saracens was so fierce, and they came pouring on in such multitudes, that the wings of the English army gave way. Richard seeing the disorder, and threatened defeat of his troops, led on the main body in person, and restored the battle. The Saracens fled in the utmost confusion, and forty thousand of their numbers perished on the field of battle.

Richard was now within sight of Jerusalem, the object of his long and ardent expectations. But at this glorious juncture, he first learned to know how fleeting are the triumphs of ambition, and was forced to make an estimate of the dreadful cost of his multiplied victories.

His army wasted with famine, exhausted by fatigues, and deplorably reduced in numbers, were neither able nor willing





*Richard leading his Troops against the Saracens.*

*Whitcomb & Co. June 1807. No. 10. Tabac & Co.*

any longer to follow the footsteps, or second the views of their leader. Richard therefore, however reluctant to abandon his career of conquest, was obliged to offer terms of accommodation to Saladin, and a cessation of hostilities during three years, was concluded on.

Richard, having thus concluded his expedition with more glory to himself than advantage to his people, after stationing his troops in the garrisoned towns he had possessed himself of, began to think of returning to England.

But he was at a loss how to proceed thither. He was perfectly aware that the king of France was now his decided enemy, and he determined to avoid putting himself in his power; he, therefore, with a few domestics, took shipping for Italy. The winds and the waves seemed constantly to be unpropitious to the monarch's designs. He was once more

wrecked near Aquilia, and with difficulty saved his life.

Richard, now divested not only of the splendid train of a conqueror, but even of any attendants, become a solitary traveller, and foreboding the dangers that awaited him, put on the disguise of a pilgrim, intending privately to make his way through Germany. Unfortunately, the monarch was not endowed with that cautious, self-denying, and forbearing temper, that could adapt his mien, and manners, to his disguise; and very shortly his real quality became suspected.

The governor of Istria pursued him, in order to take him prisoner; but Richard escaped his pursuit, and quitting the direct road, he proceeded to Vienna, where in despite of the late warning he had received, his incautious liberalities, and his princely munificence, again betrayed the

gallant monarch, and conqueror of Saladin, under the homely garb of a pilgrim.

He was arrested at Vienna by Leopold duke of Austria, imprisoned, and loaded with fetters, to the disgrace of honour and humanity.

Leopold had served under Richard in Palestine, and was instigated to this base and cruel outrage, by some harsh expression the king had used towards him at the seige of Acra.

The emperor of Germany, another narrow-minded potentate, who hated and envied the renown of the English monarch, no sooner heard of Richard's being in custody, than he ordered the prisoner to be delivered to him, and rewarded the duke Leopold's treachery with a large sum of money.

The emperor secretly removed his captive to a remote fortress, where the king of England, who had long filled the world

with his fame, now languished in a dungeon, loaded with chains, and suffering all the insults and mortifications that malicious tyranny could invent.

In those times there was so little intercourse between different nations, that the English knew not what was become of their warlike and beloved monarch. The people lamented him unceasingly, but prince John, who had the government of the kingdom entrusted to him in Richard's absence, basely sought to possess himself of the throne, and took no one step towards unravelling the mystery that concealed the fate of his king and brother.

But not thus supine, base, and degenerate, was the princess Matilda, the beloved and affianced bride of the unfortunate monarch.

The amiable princess suspecting that her royal lover had been treacherously ensnared by some of the German princes,

secretly left the court of the king her father, and in the habit of a poor minstrel boy, she wandered through Germany in search of Richard's prison.

Many a weary mile she traversed, while dangers, terrors, and disappointment, followed her steps. Her delicate frame, nurtured in all the comforts, elegancies, and luxurious enjoyments of her station, was now exposed to the warfare of elements. The princess, before whom the nobles of the land had bowed in respectful homage, now disguised in the lowly garb of poverty, patiently endured the scornful taunts or neglect of the rich, or the rude familiarities of the humble.

Ever studious not to betray her mission by any appearances above the lowly pretensions of a wandering minstrel, she was content to eat the homeliest fare of the cottagers, and to lie on a bed of straw.

In this manner did the princess pass

from fortress to castle, and from castle to fortress, till chance at length happily conducted her steps to the gloomy towers which held the conqueror of the Saracens an inglorious captive: an unusual and scrupulous exactness in all the military duties of the little garrison stationed there, gave the princess reason to believe she had at length obtained her object.

In a small village near the castle, the pretended minstrel now took up her abode. She won the good will of the peasants by her singing, and her skill on the harp, and they vied with each other who should be most kind and hospitable to the poor minstrel.

When the labours of the day were ended, and the cottagers were gathered in groupes under the shade of their trees to enjoy the cool breeze of evening, their conversation often ran upon the prisoner so closely guarded in the neighbouring fortress. Every

peasant had a different hero for his tale; some called him a Moor, some a Turk, and each was positive in maintaining his own belief, but none of them, save the attentive Matilda, even suspected the captive to be the warlike Richard *Cœur de Lion*.

The minstrel now daily approached nearer and nearer to the ramparts of the castle. At first she was rudely and severely repulsed by the centinels on duty: but her perseverance, her gentle, timid manners, and above all, the sweet and plaintive strains that she issued from her harp, softened the rigid severity of the soldiers, and the poor harmless minstrel boy was frequently allowed to approach, and retire, unheeded.

At length the attention of the governor of the fortress was attracted by the song of the humble minstrel; she was then permitted to pass the gates, and sit with a throbbing heart, yet careless mien, upon

the ramparts, near the windows of the governor's apartment, touching her harp with a skilful, though trembling hand.

Having become as it were a sort of dependent at the fortress, and now passing and repassing without exciting more than common notice, Matilda wandred through the courts of the castle daily, repeating a plaintive song, and listening with anxious wishes, for the answering voice of Richard.

This song, so often, so anxiously repeated, was composed by Richard himself, who had taught his mistress to play and sing the air, in the happy hours of their first intercourse.

At length when the hopes of the princess was almost vanquished by disappointment and despair, she one day repeated the first stanza of her song near a narrow grating which admitted light into a subterranean passage and presently was answered by the king from within.

The transports of her joy had nearly overwhelmed Matilda. Fearing that her imagination had deceived her, trembling and palpitating, she again essayed the verse, and again the melodious voice of Richard echoed back the strain.

The noble minded princess, worthy to be the bride of a hero, now convinced that she had discovered the prison of her royal lover, had the prudence immediately to withdraw from the castle, lest the violence of her emotions should betray her to the observation of the governor.

She felt that every moment she lingered near its walls, was an added weight to the sufferings of the captive, and with that unabated firmness, and self command, upon which the success of all great and virtuous enterprises must depend, she denied herself the satisfaction of again approaching the grate of Richard's dungeon. Her single arm she knew was insuf-

ficient to rescue the inspired monarch; she, therefore, hastened with impatient steps, to summon the friends of Richard to unite their efforts for his deliverance.

It was thus by the unexampled courage, constancy, and persevering affection of Matilda, princess of Navarre, that the English were first informed of the sufferings and captivity of their beloved monarch.

The people testified their regard for him by violent clamours of grief and despair. The clergy considered him as a sufferer in the cause of the church, and all mouths were filled with the nobleness of his actions, and the greatness of his fall.

But while these testified the sincerity of their sorrow, there were some that secretly exulted in his disaster. Of this number was the king of France, and his own brother John, who trampling upon every tie of kindred loyalty, duty, and gratitude, suddenly went to France, and held a confer-

ence with Philip, wherein it was agreed to make the captivity of Richard perpetual, and that the prince John should ascend the English throne.

Having concluded upon the terms of this treaty, John returned to England, and upon his arrival in London, claimed the throne as being heir to his brother, of whose death he pretended to have received certain intelligence. But the traitor's views were frustrated. His claim was rejected by the nobles and the people, and he was compelled to retire to the protection of the king of France, whose alliance he openly acknowledged.

The emperor now convened the German princes, and in order to justify his own barbarous proceedings, he accused Richard of a number of crimes and misdemeanors; among which were, his affront to duke Leopold, and his having basely betrayed the cause of the Christian arms, by entering

into a truce with Saladin, and leaving Jerusalem in the hands of the infidels.

Richard, whose lofty spirit, their cruel indignities had not been able to subdue, answered these charges in a manner so firm and so just, that the emperor was disgraced in the eyes of all Europe, and seeing he could no longer make any decent pretext for detaining his prisoner, he offered the king of England his liberty, upon paying a ransom of a hundred and fifty thousand marks—a sum amounting to three hundred thousand pounds.

No sooner were the terms of the king's ransom known in England, than the ardour of the people was inflamed to the greatest eagerness. Voluntary contributions poured in from every quarter to purchase the freedom of the king; the churches and monasteries sold their plate; the bishops, abbots, and nobles, paid a fourth of their annual income, and the necessary sum

being thus speedily amassed, proper persons immediately set out with it to Germany.

While the English were thus piously employed in preparing for the ransom of their king, Philip of France was entirely occupied in endeavouring to prolong Richard's captivity. He offered to marry the emperor's daughter, and give him a sum equal to the ransom, if he would only detain his prisoner one year more in captivity.

The emperor was very willing to sacrifice every consideration of honour and justice, but he feared the resentment of the German princes. He continued thus fluctuating between his fears and avarice, till the day fixed for the king's deliverance arrived. Richard's deliverance from captivity was performed at Mentz with great ceremony, in presence of all the German nobility.

But no sooner was his captive freed, than the most malignant passions filled the

emperor's breast. He could not endure to see one he had made his enemy restored to felicity, nor could he bear to lose the rewards the king of France was willing to bestow for his detention.

His former fears were swallowed up by the dictates of his malice and avarice, and he gave peremptory orders that Richard should be pursued, seized, and brought back to his dungeon. Happily, Richard, aware of the possibility of such treachery, unusually cautious, had not lost one moment in getting on board a vessel, and was out of sight of land before his pursuers had reached the coast.

Nothing could surpass the rapturous joy of the English upon seeing their monarch return after all his achievements and sufferings. He made a triumphal entry into London; and such was the profusion of wealth and splendor exhibited by the citizens on this occasion, that the German

lords who attended the king, were heard to remark to each other, that if the emperor had known the affluence of the English, he would not so easily have parted with their king.

The day after Richard landed in England, his faithless brother John came to make submission; and threw himself at the monarch's feet. The king could not forbear to express some resentment against a prince who had acted so base and cruel a part towards him, but being implored to receive him again into favour, "Well, I forgive him," said the king; "and I wish I may as easily forget his offences, as he will forget my pardon."

This generous condescension was not thrown away upon prince John, who from that time remained faithfully attached to his brother, and did him signal services in the war which followed with France.

Richard, after his return from captivity,

was not tardy in seeking to avenge himself of the perfidious and cruel conduct of the French king. A war followed with France, in which both parties were inflamed by their animosity to acts of insult, oppression, and revenge.

The fruitless contest between France and England, was suddenly terminated by the death of Richard, which happened in the following manner. One Aymar, viscount of Limoges, and a vassal of the crown, had taken possession of a treasure which was found by one of his peasants in digging a field. Of this treasure Aymar sent a small part to the king, and kept the remainder to himself. But Richard, as superior Lord, was entitled to the whole; and the necessary expences of the war having drained his supplies, he determined to enforce his right, and possess himself of the treasure which Aymar steadily refused to deliver up.

The king attacked the castle of Chalus, where he learned the treasure was deposited, and on the fourth day of the seige, as he was riding round the walls to observe where the assault might be given with the fairest hopes of success, he was aimed at by one Bertram de Gourdon, a French archer, from the castle, and pierced by an arrow in the shoulder.

The wound was not in itself dangerous, but an unskilful surgeon endeavouring to disengage the arrow from the flesh, so tore and irritated the wound, that it mortified with fatal symptoms.

Richard, when he found his death inevitable, made a will, in which he bequeathed the crown to his brother John, and also his jewels and treasures, except a fourth part to be distributed among his servants.

He soon after commanded that the archer who shot him should be brought

into his presence, and demanded what injury he had ever done to him, that he should have desired to take away his life? —The archer answered with solemn intrepidity, “You killed my father and my two brothers. I am now in your power. Inflict your torments on me ! I will endure them with pleasure, since I have the consolation of having destroyed a tyrant.”

Richard, struck with the answer, ordered the soldier to be presented with one hundred shillings, and to be set at liberty: and shortly afterwards the monarch expired.

Thus died the warlike Richard Cœur de Lion, in the tenth year of his reign, and the forty-second year of his age.

THE END.

P. 54.



*Richard mortally wounded.  
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