

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF FOUR

TEWAYS TO HISTORY

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Book I.

Heroes of the Homeland

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COIMBATORE.

"Let us now praise famous men"

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.

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PREFACE

This book is the first volume of GATEWAYS TO HISTORY — A Graduated Series of Historical Reading Books for primary and preparatory schools. The aim of the writer is to introduce the young pupil to some of the great men and women in our national history, and to present those features of their characters which are worthy of admiration and emulation. The chapters are arranged roughly in chronological order from Saxon times to the present day.

The present volume is intended to form a companion to the following books already published :

Glimpses of the Homeland, being Book I. of ARNOLD'S HOME AND ABROAD (GEOGRAPHICAL) READERS.

This volume contains simply written chapters embodying first ideas of the geography of the homeland. Conversational lessons descriptive of walks in town and country and at the seaside; the sun and its apparent movements; the chief points of the compass: the slope of the land; highland and lowland; the weather; running water and its work; the sea, ships, and sailors; town and country; means of locomotion; ideas of distance and locality. No "astronomical geography" or "proofs" of the world's rotundity, no detailed lessons on map-drawing, or any definitions whatsoever. Simple poems like R. L. Stevenson's "Bed in Summer," "My Shadow," "From a Railway-carriage," etc., with a direct bearing upon the subject.

Tales of the Homeland, being Book I. of ARNOLD'S STEPS TO LITERATURE, a Series of Purely Literary Reading Books.

This volume contains a collection of folk-tales and fairy-tales of the British Isles, with rhymes and simple verses from the folk-lore of various parts of the country. The prose chapters contain several well-known and favourite stories, together with a large amount of new and interesting matter unearthed from old chap-books and forgotten volumes of country lore.

It will be seen that there is some attempt at correlation of the beginnings of literature, geography, and history in these three volumes, geography being made the central subject. The amount of possible correlation at this early stage is small, but teachers will find in using the three books side by side that they will have many opportunities of connecting one lesson with another, and of forging links of interest between the three subjects, to the great gain of the class work as a whole. In the second and succeeding years of school work the amount of profitable correlation is much greater and more helpful, as may be seen from an examination of the later volumes of the three series—

ARNOLD'S HOME AND ABROAD READERS.
ARNOLD'S STEPS TO LITERATURE.
ARNOLD'S GATEWAYS TO HISTORY.

The teacher is asked to note that any one of these series, or, indeed, any single book, can be used independently of the others.

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GATEWAYS TO HISTORY

BOOK I.

BEDE, THE LOVER OF PEACE.

A HERO is one who does great deeds. There are heroes of peace as well as heroes of war.

One of our heroes of peace was a good and gentle man named Bede. He lived many hundreds of years ago. His home was on the bank of the river Tyne, in the north of our land.

As a boy he lived with the monks of Jarrow. And when he grew up he became a monk, too. He spent a great part of his time in learning and in teaching, and he had great joy in his work.

Then he made up his mind to write a great book. He wished to tell the story of the first English who came to this land.

It was hard work, and Bede spent many years over it. But at last it was done; and now we can learn from it what was going on in those far-away times.

It tells of many cruel wars. For the first English who came to our land had to fight with the Britons, who held it before them. There were many fierce battles; but at last the English got most of the land for themselves.

Bede's book also tells us some pretty stories. Here is one of them:

One day, in a city far over the sea, a good priest went for a walk in the market-place. There he found some children who were to be sold as slaves. They had fair hair and blue eyes, and they looked very sad, for they had been brought from their own home far across the sea.

"Who are these?" asked the good priest.

"They are Angles," said the man who wished to sell the children. "They come from the land of the Angles far across the sea."

"Nay," said the priest, "say not that they are Angles, but *angels*." And he made up his mind to go some day to Angle-land, or England. He would teach these fair-haired people all about the great and good God; for as yet they knew only of the cruel gods of war.

Bede always took great pains with his work. He would often say to his friends: "I will not have my boys read what is not true when I am gone."

He wrote other books besides that of which we



A PAGE FROM A BIBLE MADE BY THE MONKS NOT LONG BEFORE THE TIME OF BEDE.

It shows St. Matthew writing the story of the life of Jesus Christ, which is called his Gospel.

have spoken. And he was writing one on the very last day of his life.

He sat in his little room with his boys about him, and though he was ill he went on with his work in a cheerful way. The boys wrote for him in turn, and he told them what to set down.

At last one of them said: "Dear master, it pains you to go on." "Nay," said the gentle teacher, "take your pen and write again. The work is nearly done."

So the boy bent once more to his task, and for a while there were no sounds in the room but those of the pen and the faint voice of the teacher.

"Dear master," said the boy after some time, "there is one sentence more." "Write quickly," said Bede. Soon the boy said: "It is now done." "Yes," said the old man, "all is done now." And with words of praise to God on his lips he gently died.

Not long before he had given away all he had. It was not much, but his friends thought a great deal of his little gifts.

To one he gave some pepper, to another some linen. "The rich give gold and silver," he said, "but my gifts are small. Yet they are given in love."

ALFRED THE GREAT.

LONG, long ago there was a King in our land who was named Alfred. He ruled his people so well that he is known as Alfred the Great.

As a little boy he loved to learn. He had a good step-mother, who taught him many things. But he liked best to learn the poems which told of the great deeds of the heroes.

One day his mother showed to him and his brother a book of poems. It had a pretty picture on the first page. The boys thought they had never seen such a nice book.

"Now," said the Queen, "I will give this book to the one who first learns the poems in it." "Do you mean what you say?" said Prince Alfred, with a bright light in his eyes.

"I do," said the Queen, with a smile. Then the boys took the book and went away to their task.

Now, Alfred's brother liked the book, but he did not like the hard work of learning the poems So, after a while, he ran away to play.

But Prince Alfred learnt the poems, though it took some time to do it. Then he went to the Queen and said them over to her. So he won the prize for his hard task.

Alfred was not only a lover of books. When

he grew up he became a great captain in war. He had to fight the fierce Danes who came to take his land from him. At one time they drove his army back, but the brave King did not lose heart; he was too great a man for that.

He hid his men in a place which had wet marshes all round it. There he made ready to come out and fight the Danes.

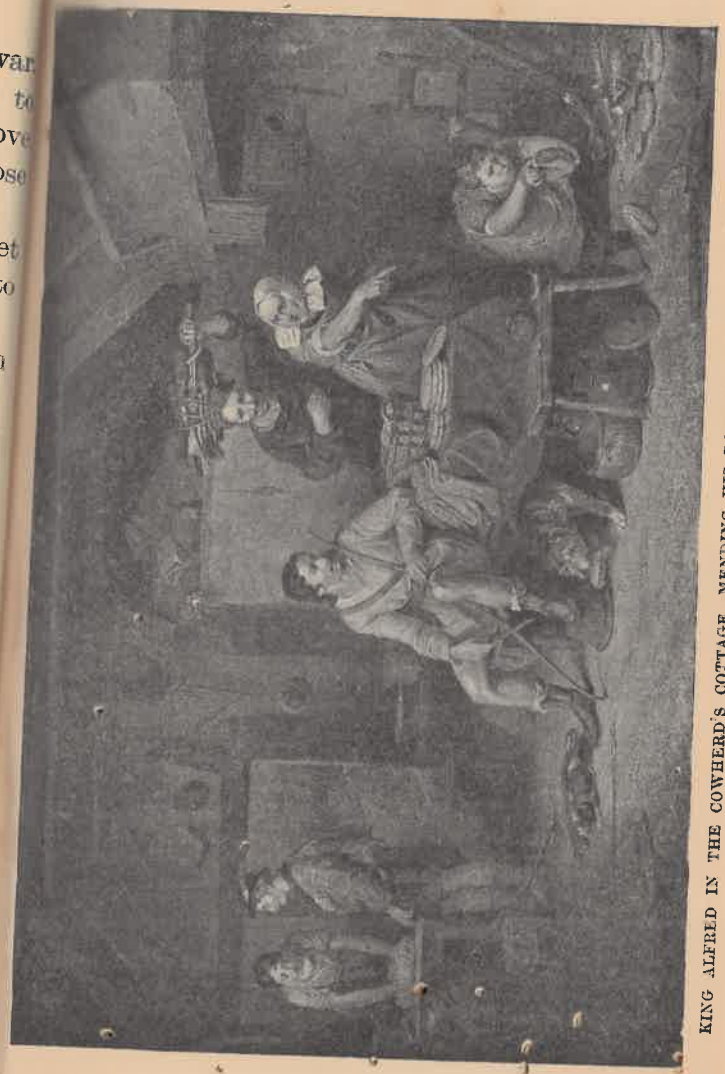
One day, it is said, he was going about when he came to the hut of a cowherd whom he knew. He was dressed like any other man, and was very tired.

The cowherd was not at home; but his wife let the King come near the fire to warm himself. She had no idea who he was.

The King sat down near the hearth on which some cakes were baking. The wife of the cowherd was busy about the house. So she told the King to watch the cakes and see that they did not burn.

Alfred began to mend his bow; and his mind was full of sad thoughts about his poor people. This made him forget all about the cakes, and before long they began to burn.

The woman turned and saw what was wrong. She was very angry, and ran at once to the fire. "Do you not see the cakes burn?" she cried. "Why, then, do you not turn them? You will



KING ALFRED IN THE COWHERD'S COTTAGE, MENDING HIS BOW WHILE THE CAKES ARE BURNING ON THE HEARTH.

eat them fast enough when they are ready, know."

The King did not speak a word. Then th cowherd came in, and at once knew him. Whe his wife learnt that she had scolded the King, sh was very much afraid. But Alfred, with a smile told her that no harm was done.

At another time, it is said, Alfred went with one of his men to the camp of the Danes. He wa dressed so that no one could tell that he was the King.

Now, Alfred was a good singer. So he took a harp and went among the Danes, and sang to them. They were glad to hear him sing his songs by the camp-fire at night.

And while Alfred was with them he got to know their plans. After a few days he left them. They never knew that the King they were fighting had been so near to them.

When Alfred was ready he led his army against the Danes. This time he beat them well, and for a long time there was peace in the land.

KING HAROLD OF ENGLAND.

KING HAROLD OF ENGLAND fought two great fights in the last year of his life. The first he won, and the second he lost.

Over the North Sea came another Harold, King of Norway, with a great fleet of ships. With him came the brother of the King of England. And the two meant to work all the harm they could.

They landed their men and marched to York. But King Harold went at the head of a great army to meet them. Soon the armies faced each other, and all was ready for battle.

But Harold of England loved his brother, and did not wish to fight with him. So he tried to put things right by words of peace.

If his brother would give in, he said, he would give him the lands he wanted.

"And what will King Harold of Norway get for himself?" asked the brother of the King.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," was the reply.

"Then get ready for the fight," said the other. And soon the sounds of war were heard on all sides. Both sides fought well and long, but in the end Harold of England won the day.

After the fight, he and his chief men sat down to a feast. As they were at meat a man ran into the hall. The dust on his clothes showed that he had come a long way, and the look on his face told of bad news.

"William, the Norman Duke," he said, "has come across the sea from France. And with the

help of a great army he means to make our la
his own."

At once Harold got ready to meet him. H
set his face to the south, and as he went ma
men came to join him. His banner bore th
figure of a fighting man; and under this bann
his brave men meant to win or die.

In time the two armies met not far from th
coast, and a great fight began. The Englis
King set up his banner on a low hill, and h
brave men stood round about it. The men i
front held strong spears in their hands. Behin
them were men with great war-axes.

Behind these, again, were those men who ha
bows and arrows, and were called archers.

The Normans had many archers too, and the
also had many men on horses, with long spear
and sharp swords.

The English waited for the Normans to come
on—and they did not wait long. On they came
with a rush, but the English stood like rocks.

The Normans fell back and came on once more.
But they could not break the line of spears; and
the arrows of the English killed many of them.

Then Duke William told his men to pretend
that they were running away. Some of the
English saw this. They thought they had won,
and ran down the hill after their foes.



THE NORMANS FIGHTING AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

This picture was worked with the needle by the wife of William the Norman. It shows very well the armour worn by the Norman horsemen in the great battle.

But when they came to the foot of the hill, t
Normans turned again, and killed many of the
The fight went on all day, and it was hard to t
how it would end.

At last Duke William thought of a new pla
"Shoot into the air," he cried to his archers, "a
let your arrows fall upon their heads."

This was done at once. The English had t
use their shields to cover their heads, and the
could not use them to keep off the Norman spear

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head!" cri
one who fought near King Harold. The Kin
lifted his face. Down came an arrow into his ey
He fell to the ground, and in a few moments la
dead.

So William the Norman won the fight, an
after a while he was made King of England i
place of the brave Harold.

HEREWARD THE WAKE.

WILLIAM THE NORMAN found it hard to mak
some of the English obey him. One man hol
out when nearly all the others had given in. H
was known as Hereward the Wake.

He was very strong and brave. He coul
wrestle well, and was also a good horseman.

When he was a young man he left his hom

and went to the castle of a friend. Here a large white bear was kept in a strong cage.

One day the fierce beast got out of its cage and ran into the castle-yard. All the men and boys ran away. But there was a little girl who was not quick enough, and the bear ran at her with a deep growl.

Just then Hereward came into the yard and saw what was wrong. He ran to save the child, and the bear turned upon him. So he lifted his great sword, and brought it down with all his force on the bear's head. With a growl it fell dead to the earth.

When William the Norman was made King, Hereward went with some men to hide in a marsh like King Alfred. Other men soon joined them, and they made a large camp in a place where King William could not get at them.

They caught wild-fowl and fish, and the people round about brought them flour to make bread. So they lived very well, and cared nothing for the King and his men.

The Normans began to build a road across the marsh to the camp. They laid the trunks of trees side by side and put stones over them. But at night the men in the camp would come and spoil the work that had been done in the day.

At one time Hereward dressed himself like a

potter, and went among the Normans. H carried some pots on his back, and as he wen along he cried: "Pots! Pots! good pots an pans!"

The potter was taken before the King; an William, it is said, thought that the man was no what he made himself out to be, so he was pu into prison; but before long he broke out and go back to his own camp again.

In time the Normans made a path across th marsh. Then they tried to get into the camp but they were driven back over and over again At last they got in, but they did not take Hereward.

He got away and hid in a fishing-boat with a few of his men. They could not get right away for want of horses, and they did not know where to get any.

By-and-by they saw a party of Normans come riding towards the boat.

The men stopped to buy some fish. Out sprang Hereward and his men and took their horses from them. Then they made for the woods, where they lived a wild life for a long time.

KING RICHARD OF THE LION HEART.

King Richard of England was so brave in war that he was known as the Lion Heart. He was afraid of nothing, and his people were very proud of their brave King.

Many of his wars were fought in a land far over the sea. It is known as the Holy Land, because it is the land in which Jesus Christ lived and died.

This land was held by the Arabs, who were often very cruel to the Christians. So King Richard went out to fight with them.

At one time the Arabs were trying to take a strong castle near the sea. In this castle was a number of Christians, and they would not give it up.

King Richard went with his men in a ship to drive away the Arabs. They came in a great army to meet him, and they sent sharp arrows into the King's ships. Their horsemen also rode forward into the water to stop the King's men from coming to land.

The King looked at the great army; and for a while he did not know what to do. Then he saw a man in the water who was swimming towards the ship.

The man was taken out of the water, and came

to the King. "Most noble King," he said, "
have come from the castle to ask for your hel
If you do not come at once there will not be o
of the men left."

The King at once made up his mind to land h
men. The ship was taken close to land. Th
the brave King jumped into the water and l
the way.

With his great sword in his hand he rushe
upon the foe. The Arabs gave way in great fea
They knew it was the Lion Heart, and they ha
often heard how strong and brave he was. In
short time they were all driven away, and th
men in the castle were saved.

After the war in the Holy Land the King se
out for home. On the way he was taken and pu
into prison by a man who hated him. This ma
said he would not let the King go till he was pai
a large sum of money.

It is said that one of the King's friends foun
out the castle where he was kept in prison. Thi
was a man named Blondel. He dressed himsel
like a harper and went from place to place.

One day he came to a strong castle on a high
rock. He sat down near the wall; then he sang
to his harp the first line of a song which the King
knew.

Soon he heard a voice at the window singing



KING RICHARD, THE LION HEART, FIGHTING IN A BATTLE IN THE HOLY LAND.

He wears a cross on his breast, because he is fighting for his Master, who died on the cross.

the next line of the song. It was the King himself. The man at once took the news to England, and the people set to work to get the money which would bring them back their King.

After some time King Richard went to war with the King of France. He built in one part of France a strong castle on a high rock.

When the French King saw it, he said: "I would take it if its walls were of iron." "And I would keep it," said the Lion Heart, "if its walls were of butter."

Richard was very proud of his fine castle, which took just one year to build. "How pretty a child is mine," he said, "this child of but one year old."

Now, the King needed a great deal of money for his wars and his castles. And he was always trying to get more and more.

At one time he heard that there was much gold in a certain part of France. Someone told him a story of twelve figures of gold sitting round a golden table. These were to be found, it was said, in a strong castle.

So the King went to take this castle. He tried very hard to do so, but it was too strong for him. One day an archer shot an arrow at him, and the King fell to the ground.

He was taken to his tent. Soon it was seen that he would die. Then his men brought in the



KING RICHARD ON HIS DEATH-BED.

The archer who shot at him is brought before him just before he dies.

archer who had shot him. The King told them not to do any harm to him. "I forgive him," he said, and not long after he died.

OWEN OF WALES.

In our time England and Wales have the same King, and their people live in peace with each other.

But in days of long ago this was not so. The Welsh had Princes of their own, and they often fought with the Kings of England.

Owen of Wales was one of the bravest. He fought many times with the English King Henry, and he took more than one strong castle from the English.

He had no castles of his own. His people lived in the woods, or on the plains by the rivers. They built small huts of the boughs of trees. They slept on beds of rushes, and lived a very rough life.

When their foes came to fight them, they ran to the mountains. Here it was not easy to fight them, for they hid among the rocks and in the deep valleys.

If their foes came after them they would often lose their way; and all at once the Welsh would rush down upon them from the places where they hid and kill many of them.

At one time the English sent a great fleet of ships to the coast of Wales. Owen called his men around him and got ready for the fight.

Then he spoke brave words to them. The English, he said, had come to take their lands from them. "But," cried Owen, "we must

> "'Burst upon their ranks like thunder,
> Strike their coward hearts with wonder,
> Drive them back and far asunder,
> Teach them we are free!'"

They stood on the shore in order, and watched the great black ships draw near. Then their foes leapt into the water and came on, sword in hand.

Soon a great fight was raging all along the shore. Hard were the blows and loud the noise of battle. Back fell the foe, and Owen drew his men to his side. Many lay dead on the field, but Owen had won the fight.

At another time the English army marched into the mountains, with Henry at their head. They were passing through a narrow valley when they met with Owen and his men.

The English had gone too far to turn back. They were caught in a trap. The Welsh with loud cries fell upon them. Great showers of stones and arrows were thrown at them. The English gave way, and did not know what to do.

Then a cry arose in their ranks: "The King is dead!" The soldier who bore the banner threw it to the ground, and turned to fly.

But Henry was not dead, or even hurt. He took his helmet from his head and threw it into the air. His men knew it, and when they saw it they took heart and made a stand against the Welsh.

Before long Owen and his men were driven back again into the woods; and in time Owen made peace with Henry. But among those who fought for Wales, Owen was one of the bravest.

STEPHEN LANGTON.

When the Lion Heart died, his brother John was made King. But some people said that a little prince named Arthur ought to have been chosen.

So King John grew to hate Prince Arthur, and he put him into prison. No more was ever heard of him, and some people say that King John told some wicked men to kill him.

It is also said that he sent men to put out the boy's eyes with hot irons. The poor boy at first did not know what was going to be done to him. Then when he was told, he said:

"Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?" "Young boy, I must," said the cruel man who had come from the King. "And will you?" said the boy. "And I will," was the cruel reply.



PRINCE ARTHUR BEGGING THE MEN SENT BY HIS UNCLE, KING JOHN, NOT TO PUT OUT HIS EYES.

Then the little prince spoke to the man in such a way that he had no heart to do the cruel deed. And he went back to the King to tell him so.

King John was not a good King. He did not rule his people in the right way. He asked many of them to pay him large sums of money, and if they would not he put them into prison.

Now, there was living at that time a good priest whose name was Stephen Langton. He spoke to some of the chief men about the King's deeds, and they made up their minds to get him to rule in a better way.

So they wrote down a number of promises which they wished the King to make. Then they went boldly to him and read over what they had set down.

When the King heard what he was to promise he was very angry. "Why," he said, "you may as well ask me to give up my crown." And he sent them away in great anger.

But they were not afraid of him, angry and cruel as he was. They got men to form an army and were ready to fight the King. John had only a few men on his side, so he said he would meet Langton and his friends—then they could talk things over.

The King met them on an island in the river Thames. The promises were read over, and the

King's face grew angry as he heard them. But he saw that Langton's friends were many, and ready to fight if he did not do what they wished.

So he made the promises they asked him to make. They were written not on paper, but on sheep-skin. This was called the Great Charter. It was kept with care so that it could be seen if the King kept his promises.

When Langton and his friends left him, he fell into a great rage. So great was his anger that he rolled on the floor and ground his teeth. Nor did he keep the promises, and before long he died of a fever, and very few were sorry when he was gone.

THE FIRST EDWARD.

The grandson of King John was one of the best Kings we have had. He was called Edward the First.

He was brave and a clever leader in war. Not only was he a good fighter, but he was also a good King. He would often say to those about him, "Keep troth," which means "Be true to your word," or "Keep your promise."

Before he was made King he went to the wars in the Holy Land as the Lion Heart had done. During one of the battles a man struck at him with a dagger and hurt him.

The point of the dagger had poison upon it, and it was thought that the Prince would die.

Now, he had with him his young wife, who was full of grief when she heard what had taken place. And she went at once to the Prince, and with her lips sucked the poison from the wound. So, it is said, the life of Edward was saved.

He came home not long after and was made King. Then he took part in many wars, both in Wales and Scotland.

At one time it is said his men were shut up in a castle. There was only one cask of wine left. The King would not keep it, or even part of it, for his own use. He made his servants add water to it; then there was plenty to give each man a share.

One day, it is said, Edward called the Welsh leaders to him, to try and make peace with them. He said he would give them a Prince who had been born in Wales, and could not speak a word of English.

The Welsh leaders were glad when they heard this. They did not want the English King to rule over them, and they thought, of course, that this new Prince must be a Welshman.

So they told the King how glad they were, and they said they would serve this Prince with all their hearts. Then the King sent for his baby

son who had been born a few days before in a Welsh castle. He took the child in his arms and held him up before the Welshmen.

"This is your Prince," he said; "he was born in Wales, and I am quite sure he cannot speak a word of English."

When this baby Prince grew up he was given the title of Prince of Wales. And since that time the eldest son of the English King has, as a rule, been given this title.

King Edward was very tall and broad; and because of his long legs he came to be known as Longshanks.

His men loved him dearly, and would fight for him to the death. This was because he took care of them and shared their dangers. He ate the same rough food as they had; and he often slept on the bare ground as they did, with nothing above him but the stars.

BRUCE, THE HERO OF SCOTLAND.

THE first Edward, as we have said, fought many battles in Scotland. The man who led the Scots against him was King Robert Bruce—a hero strong and brave.

At one time the English drove him away into

the mountains. He had only a few men wi
him, and they had very little food. The Engli
were looking for them far and near; and m
than once they were nearly caught.

One day some men went after Bruce with



ROBERT BRUCE, THE HERO OF SCOTLAND, WHO FOUGHT AGAIN
EDWARD THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND.

great dog called a blood-hound. The King l
his men to a place where they could hide.

"Rest here," he said, "while I go down to t
river and watch. If I see anyone coming, I w
let you know."

Then the King went, with only two men,
a part of the river where there was a ford. He

the water was not deep, but only one man could
pass over at a time.

There he kept a watch for his foes; but for a
long time there was no sign of them. Bruce
turned to his two men, and told them to go and
join the others.

"I wish to watch by myself," he said. "Sire,"
asked they, "who, then, will be with you?" "God
alone, and none other. Pass on, for such is my
will," was the brave reply. The men went away,
and Bruce was left alone.

The King lay down on the grass for some time.
Then he heard the baying of a hound far away on
the other side of the river. Nearer and nearer
came the sound, but Bruce did not leave his post.
He knew that his men would be asleep after their
long march. And he made up his mind not to
wake them if he could help it.

Before long he saw his foes come down to the
river led by the dog. The great hound brought
them to the water, but could lead them no further.
There they stopped and looked about them.

Soon they found the ford, and one by one they
began to pass over. The first that drew near
was struck by the King's spear. Down he fell
to the stream with his horse under him. The
horse fell in such a way that it blocked the path
for the others.

But they pressed on with loud cries of "A
him!" Bruce stepped into the water, sword
hand. Five men fell before him, and the re
drew back in great fear.

"What shall we say," said one, "when we g
home and tell how one man fought with so gre
a number? Shame on us if we fall back befo
him! But the strokes of his sword are inde
strong!"

Once again they pressed on, crying, "At hi
he cannot last!" The King was in great danger
but his heart did not fail him. Right and le
he swung his great sword, and many men f
before him.

Then, because they could not get near him, h
foes drew off; and for that time, at least, Kin
Robert was safe.

One day, it is said, he sat in a cave thinkin
about his sad lot. And he almost made up h
mind to give in to the English.

Looking up, he saw a spider hanging by
thread to the roof of the cave. It was trying t
climb up to its web. But when it got halfwa
up it slipped down again.

Once more it began to climb, and once more fe
down. Still it did not give in; six times it tried
and at last got to the top.

The King made up his mind to try again an

again as the spider had done. And in time he won a great battle with the English and got back his crown.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

In the time of our third King Edward the English went to war with the French. They went in ships across the sea and met the French on their own ground.

One great fight was fought near a town called Crecy. The King was there, but he put his men in charge of his son. This Prince was also called Edward; but he was known to most people as the Black Prince.

The English were lying on the ground to rest; then a man came up to say that the French were coming. As soon as they saw them, they rose and got ready for the fight.

They put themselves in good order so that they could fight well. But the French did not care to do so. They were careless and did not keep their places.

Soon the French King gave the word to begin the fight. Just then the sky grew dark; heavy rain fell; and loud thunder was heard. Over the field came a great many black crows flying before the storm.

Then the air began to grow clear; the ra ceased, and the sun shone fair and bright. Th bright light of the sun shone in the faces of th French, but upon the backs of the English.

The foe began to move. When they drew ne to the English, they made a great leap and a lou cry. This, they thought, would fill their foe full of fear. But our men did not stir.

Then again they made a great leap and a lou cry, and moved forward a little; but the Englis did not move an inch. A third time they leap and cried; and now they sent a great shower o arrows into the English ranks.

The English archers made one pace forward an sent a shower of arrows among their foes; s thickly they fell that they looked like snow.

The French fell back, and the English came on As they moved they sent showers of arrows among the French. Many fell to the ground, both horse and men; and there was a great cry and noise of battle.

The English King was not in the fight. He sat on his horse on a little hill not far away. Here he could see all that was going on.

As the fight went on, he saw a horseman leave the crowd and ride across the field towards him. As soon as this man drew near to the King, he said: "Sir, the Prince, your son, is hard-pressed.



EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

He was much younger than this when he won the Battle of Crecy. It is said that he was called the Black Prince from the colour of his armour.

If it please you, come to his help. For his life is in danger, and we may lose the day."

Then the King said: "Is my son dead, or hurt or fallen to the ground?" "No," said the man, "but he has great need of your help."

"Then," said the King, "go back to the fight. Say that I will not come so long as my son is alive. He must win the battle, and then all the praise will be his own."

So the man went back and told the others of what the King had said; and his words made them fight all the better.

At last the French fell back before the English, and the day was won. The French King got on a horse and rode away from the field. So the Black Prince won the Battle of Crecy a very long time ago.

A BRAVE YOUNG KING.

Richard, the son of the Black Prince, was made King when he was only a boy. He was known as Richard the Second. The first Richard, as you know, was the Lion Heart.

The war in France had cost a lot of money. So the King said that everyone in the land would have to pay his share.

The people who worked on the farms were very angry at the King's orders. For they were very poor, and many of them were treated like slaves by their masters.

Some of the men in the towns, too, did not want to pay. In one place the man who came for the money was very rude; and he was killed by a workman.

Then a great many people made up their minds to march to London. One of the men who led them was called Walter, or Wat. He made his living by roofing houses with tiles. So he was known as Wat Tyler.

Some of the men in the crowd had heavy sticks; some had old and very blunt swords; others had bows and arrows. They meant to find out the King, and beg him to put things right; if he would not, they were going to do all the harm they could.

On the way they did a great deal of damage. They burnt many houses and killed a number of people. When they got to the banks of the river Thames, they saw the King and some of his friends in a fine boat.

Richard had no fear of this great crowd of rough men. He stood up in the boat to ask them what they wanted. "Come on land," they cried; "and we will show you what we want."

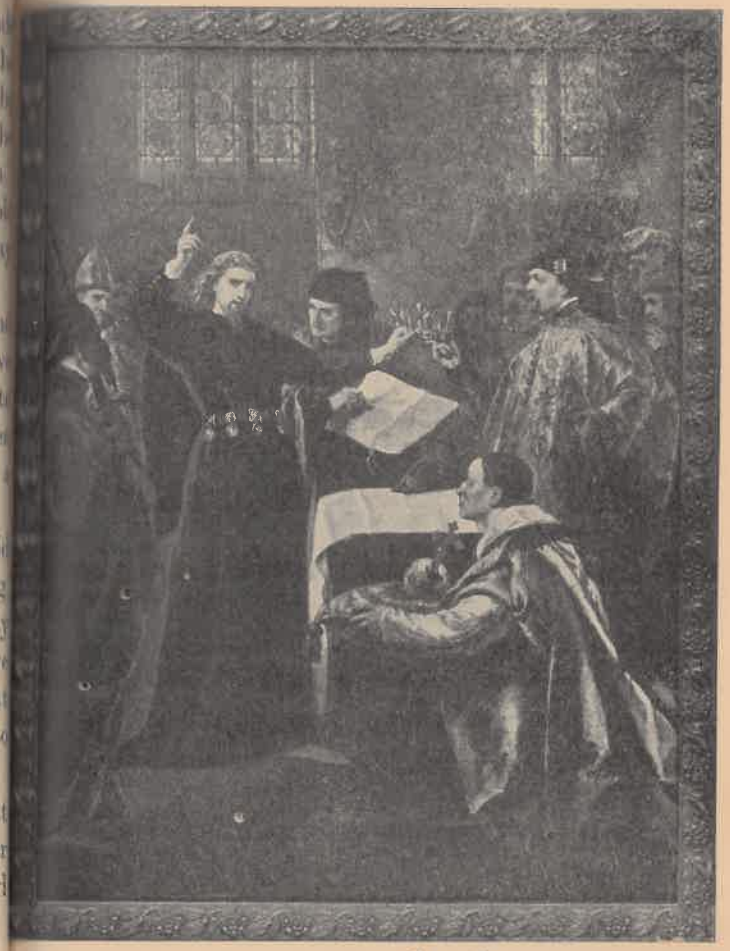
The King would have done so, but his friend would not let him. They had great fear that the rough men would do some harm to him. So the boat was rowed away. When the men on the bank saw this, they cried: "Let us go to London." And at once they set out for the city. The people tried to keep them out; but they forced their way over London Bridge.

Then they went into some of the houses and asked for food. The people, in great fear, gave them what they wanted. Then they set fire to some of the houses. Many of the King's men were killed. When night came on they made a camp in a field near the city.

Next day the King came to them, and said kindly: "My good people, I am your King. What do you want? What do you wish to say to me?" "Make us free!" said the men; "we are no better than slaves and very poor." "That I will," said the King, "if you will go in peace to your own homes."

Many of the men, when they heard this, at once went back home again. But a large number stayed near London with Wat Tyler. They did not trust the King or his friends.

Next day the King met them again by chance. Tyler came up to the King and spoke to him. As he did so, he laid his hand on his sword.



KING RICHARD THE SECOND GIVING UP HIS CROWN TO HIS COUSIN HENRY, WHO WAS MADE KING IN HIS PLACE.

The King had some of his friends with hi
Among them was the Lord Mayor of London, wh
was very angry with Wat Tyler. So he rode u
to him and struck him, so that he fell to th
ground. As he lay there one of the King's me
killed him.

When the crowd saw this, they cried: "Kil
kill! They have killed our captain!" And the
came on in great anger.

For a time it seemed that the King would b
killed; but he had no fear. He rode to me
them and said in a clear voice: "Friends, wha
would you have? You shall have no captain bu
me. I am your King; follow me!"

Then many of the men drew back. They fel
proud of their brave young King, who had so littl
fear. Some of them at once went away to thei
homes, and the King rode back to London.

He had shown that he was brave and fearless
but he did not do as he had told the men h
would do. When the danger was over he forgo
his promises.

Then when he grew up he did not rule wel
at all. And at last he was made to give up hi
crown to his cousin Henry, who was made Kin
in his place.

KING HARRY OF ENGLAND

We have had in England eight Kings of the name of Henry. Perhaps the bravest of all was Henry the Fifth. He was much loved by his people. They were very proud of their brave King.

In his time there was war with France. The King went over the sea with a great army. At first he did not do very well. Many of his men fell sick and died. Soon he was left with quite a small number.

He set out with them to march to the north coast. It was very hard to get food on the way, and soon his little army was very tired and hungry.

Just then they heard that a large French army was coming to meet them. There were six times as many French as English.

But King Henry had no fear. He knew his men would do their best. So he got ready for battle.

That night he went round the camp to see that all was in order. Near a fire he saw a few men sitting and talking. As he drew near them he heard one say: "I wish that a few thousands of our men at home could be with us to-morrow."

"No!" said the King as he came up to them; "if we have to die, the fewer of us the better; if