

her father left her, but which she never attained to wear; and then shift the scene to her son—the fourth generation—who did indeed become monarch of England, but whose days were embittered by a termagant wife and a most rebellious offspring! Need we trace this instance of God's awful denunciation any farther? Not now; the picture is sufficiently striking already, and to fill the canvass any more closely, would confuse rather than make clear the important subject represented. Let us then isolate a principal figure, and contemplate the closing hours of

NUMBER III.—HENRY LEAU CLERC.

"The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea all the
creatures

Against your peace. Then, of thy son —
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You and your ways."—*Shakspeare.*

There was a solemn stillness within the halls of Lions-la-foret, slightly broken, occasionally, by the hasty and fitting steps of anxious-looking menials, as they trod the rushes which were every where strewn over the passages, or by the whisperings of the mailed warriors who were assembled in groups in the apartments devoted to their attendance or accommodation. The archbishop of Rouen, together with other prelates and ecclesiastics, had just departed from an inner chamber, in the vicinity of which the most guarded silence was enjoined; the leeches passed in and out from thence with solemn and mysterious air, and all things betokened an important crisis to be at hand. What is it which thus checks the mirth of the all-licensed soldier, and causes the rough menials to abate their tumultuous officiousness? Why is this solemn procession of the priests under the direction of the highest and most powerful churchmen? King Henry lies extended within the inner chamber, suffering under disease brought on by indulgence in a gluttonous propensity, and from which his leeches have told him he shall never arise in health. Late, very late, his immortal state has been impressed upon him, and the ministers of religion have been summoned. These have offered the soothing consolations of the church to the heavy-hearted monarch, and have gone through the ceremony of the *riticum* so deceitful to the judgment because so allaying to the feelings. The ecclesiastics have done their allotted duty, but has the King done his at this eventful crisis? Alas! no; the cares of this world have mingled with his considera-

tions respecting that which is to come, and have so far preponderated, that the solemn religious offices have been to him an empty ceremony, and the offered consolations have proved but a blank to his soul. The passion which has absorbed every other sentiment within him, clings to him in the mortal hour, and only leaves him with the last expiration of his breath. The love of power, to the attainment of which he sacrificed, during life, every virtue, every social tie, and every bond which is held sacred among mankind, has possessed him, even in moments when it is evidently slipping from his hands; and, not satisfied with the wide extent of it which he has actually enjoyed, he is employing the few miserable hours of mortal existence which are still left to him, to secure its continuance to a daughter who has been the plague of his latter years, who is hated by his subjects, but for whom he nevertheless hopes, *against hope*, to establish it.

Scarcely had the king remained a few hours in comparative repose, after partaking in the spiritual rites intended to smooth the bed of death and take from it some portion of its terror, when the world and all its concerns returned upon him with redoubled force. In feverish haste he called for the barons in attendance. "Where," cried he, in feverish tones, "where is Etienne de Blois? Where is William of Gloucester. They have, of late been officious enough in protestation and profession: where are they now?" The barons sprang forward with eager steps, each anxious to be first. "Here, at your feet, my royal liege and uncle, exclaimed the Earl of Blois.—"Here, at your command, my royal father," cried the Earl of Gloucester. Ah! little did the royal invalid guess the full import of those two exclamations, and little did his own immediate importunity accord with either.—"Haste, haste, my lords," replied Henry—"call here my nobles, call here the Archbishop and do you lay near to me the sacred book.—Where is my daughter? Bid her come to me: she is my heir; to her and her's belong my crown and power, and all must swear they will sustain her claims." The two nobles hastened to obey the King's command, and Henry, exhausted, turned his head on his pillow, muttering with a deep and heart-drawn sigh, "Ungrateful that she is, why, why do I thus persevere for a child who has ceased to care for me?" His visage assumed a still more mournful expression, as the review of his life and reign presented the numerous in-