

put circumstances together, and draw the conclusions which naturally arise from the conjunction. And what is the conjunction here to be viewed? Of these brothers, the only one who possessed a spark of kindly feeling and affection, is a heedless, indolent, but brave man, who has mortgaged his whole possessions for a trifle, to enable him to pursue a wild adventure in a distant country, where he will add his blood and treasure to the heap which has already been wasted, in the chimerical hope to rescue the Holy Sepulchre of the Redeemer out of the hands of the Infidels. He is now far away, and the field is open to his ambitious, crafty, avaricious, and remorseless youngest brother, who is not likely to let an opportunity escape of gratifying his predominant passions. The King had but recently been grinding with taxes and exactions his English subjects, and a large portion of the treasure thus acquired is now lying at Winchester.—The fatal arrow has sped, King Rufus falls, and his brother hastens—where? To assist him, to cheer him, to try to revive him? No, he flies at the speed of his courser, direct to the royal treasury, and makes himself master of that key to the human heart, that all-stirring mover of human action. True; but the worldly wisdom and self-command which Henry emphatically possessed, urged him promptly to catch the “golden opportunity,” after which he doubtless sets on foot a rigid inquiry into the awful catastrophe? Never! One unfortunate knight witnesses the event, and fearful perhaps of consequences in those arbitrary times, he hastens to France and from thence to Palestine, where he loses his life; and thus Sir Walter Tyrrel becomes the scape-goat to a fratricide.

The goal of his desires was now at hand.—Well did he recollect his pledge to Robert at the conclusion of the last quarrel between the elder brothers; equally well was he aware of the commonly received law of succession; but what was faith, what were pledges to one whose life and very essence was one great falsehood? Robert was in distant lands, he had never been much in the minds of the English or even of English residents; besides he was indolent and would probably never gather resolution enough to resent his wrongs, although his bravery was indisputable. At all events Henry would be King, and this was the crisis of his fortune. His craft supplied him with arguments which at that period were not without their weight. He proclaimed himself an *Englishman*, which in fact he was by

birth; he distributed liberally and with discretion the funds which he had seized, and thus obtained many an influential voice when he declared that his desire was to be, not the inheritor of his deceased brother's kingdom, but the King of the people's choice; still farther he won the hearts of the English by solemnly promising to restore the Saxon laws which had been collected by King Edward the Confessor; and he put the finishing stroke to his popularity by marrying the daughter of the King of Scotland, the last scion of the Saxon royal house.

Henry Beau Clerc is now at the summit of his ambition. By what means he became so is partly known, but partly the mind fears to guess. Unscrupulous and resolute, he never hesitated to remove every obstacle which lay in his path; yet serpentine and smooth he did most things insidiously. At this period of his life remorse had never touched his breast; but could that obdurate man have looked forward, and, with prescient eye have scanned the series of ills and crimes consequent on his newly acquired state, he must indeed have been of iron heart had he not started aside from his course, and tried another and a better way.—Many a torture of his dying hours might have been spared him, much of the agonized writhing which occurred on that bed would have had no cause, many a subterfuge and sophism which when dying he cagerly brought to excuse himself, would have been unnecessary.—This future period of his life we have yet to scan with him.

(To be concluded in our next.)



THE WIDOW'S SON.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

It was as beautiful a summer's morning as ever shone upon the earth, that smiled upon the wild and pastoral glens that intersect the bleak hill moorlands of the Rutland hills—the calm bright sunshine poured down in a soft flood over the cultivated fields and scanty gardens that marked the glens of every mountain streamlet—the crops of grain were waving to the gentle air, still in their early verdure—the meadows richly laden with deep, luxuriant grass, and decked with hundreds of bright wild-flowers were scattering abundant perfumes on every breath that fanned them; the larks were floating at “heaven's gate” in legions, filling the world with melody; the bees were out in thousands, swelling in the thymy pastures of the steep hill-side, and