

range; and however pressing the hunger of a man, the killing of a buck was at the cost of sight or perhaps of life to himself.

Has memory yet run over all her maddening relations? Alas, no! Her list is inexhaustible. A direful minister of his tyranny and extortion is now conjured up. Hugo, his Earl of Chester,—too appropriately surnamed the Wolf—together with his inhuman satellites, proclaim more cruelty and oppression in the west; mercenary troops from abroad brought to coerce the unhappy natives, at whose cost they are fed and maintained; the tax, odious above all other, of the Danegelt, revived and insisted upon, from wretches who cannot procure the necessaries of life; the native priesthood cast forth, deprived of their sacred functions, and suffered to starve or to gather a precarious subsistence from the piety of their bereaved and heart-broken countrymen; the shrines of the national saints disinterred and exposed; their very language condemned to obloquy and disuse, and the utterers made the butts of insolent mirth, or the subjects of Norman scorn. All these and the victims of thousands, ay, of *numberless* other oppressions, as with one voice and with myriads of uplifted hands, confound his senses, and make him writhe with tortures inexpressible.

Whilst thus he feels the first pangs of retributive justice, and rolls his eyes about distractingly, his glances fall upon his sons who hover round his bed. Does this sight bring consolation to his heart? No, not even this! He sees on one side Rufus, more rapacious, more blasphemous, more false than himself; rebellious in nature, treacherous, and remorseless in evil, yet to whom—obdurate and inexorable father that he is—he bequeaths the crown of England, in preference to the claim of his eldest but equally rebellious son, Robert. On the other side he sees Henry, his youngest son, cold, calculating, wise, and sagacious, but utterly without one spark of affection for his dying parent. Nature can no more, and amidst the mighty conflict of his feelings, and sufferings, he faints.

And these are the trophies of William, the Conqueror! "To this complexion he must come at last!" No solace from without, no hope from within! A mightier conqueror than he, is close upon him, and he finds, indeed, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—Recovering for a space, he hastily endeavours to make atonement, by trifling resutations, which cost him little or nothing, and which yield him no relief. He orders money to be

sent to be employed in rebuilding the church of Mantes, the devastation of which had placed him in this fearful condition; he sends alms to the convents and to the suffering poor in England, in the vain hope that the works of moment may atone for the sins of years, releases many of his Saxon prisoners of distinction, but all this brings no real balm to soul; and he—*dies*!

And now, perhaps, that the spirit has passed to the judgment, the frail tenement in which it had lodged, will be honoured with worldly pomp, and gorgeous display, in its way to the last abode of mortality. No, the strong lesson to human vanity and fancied greatness is yet to be read! Rufus has hastened across the sea to receive his succession; Henry with equal haste, has gone to seize his bequest of money; the attendants have poured in, and have ransacked every hole and corner to possess themselves of the clothes, arms, jewels, and moveables, which so lately were the property of the conqueror; and the body of the King, stripped literally naked, lies neglected for two whole days upon some deal boards. The people of the neighbourhood for a time are in amazement, dread, and confusion; at length awake to some sense of their disorder. A poor peasant of Normandy, taking upon himself the expense of the funeral obsequies of his monarch, and William, unattended by one of his household or family, with only one to grieve for him, is taken to Caen for interment.

His body has arrived at its resting place, and the indignities to which it had been subjected are at end. Not yet! Even here, is one more lesson to mortal greatness. At the place of sepulture, a man stands forth, and forbids the ceremony until the price of the ground be paid to him, the lawful owner, who had been unjustly despoiled of it by the deceased. A post-mortem retribution is made and—"Farewell King!"

This story of facts, carries its own moral. "He who runs may read" it, and vain would be the utterance of a train of reflections heaped to those who cannot suggest them for themselves. But although this be one example of the last days of *Princes*, it has many a modified applicability to human existence in general.



He who lies under the dominion of any vice, must expect the common effect of it, to be lazy, to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die betimes.—*Athen.*