that forgiveness should be extended to all the followers of each, on the present occasion, and that, for the future, neither of the brothers should encourage or protect the enemies of the other.

The indolent man finds it troublesome to doubt or to take warning. Were this not so, Robert of Normandy might, long before the period at which we have arrived, have learned to distrust the fraudulent Henry, whose whole life was but a tissue of craft and treachery.—These properties had now become so essentially parts of his disposition, that he could not desist from their use. No sooner had Robert returned to Normandy, than Henry commenced a series of intrigue, in order to entrap those who had adhered to his brother, into breaches of the law; he soon succeeded so far, that one of the most influential of them was obliged to flee the country with intent to take refuge with the Duke. The latter, however, true to his engagement, ravaged the Norman estates of the fugitive as a criminal against the English law, hastily came over to England to show his brother, personally, how promptly he had acted, and—owned that he was himself virtually a prisoner, under the allegation that he had instigated the fugitive nobleman to disobedience. The catiff King now squeezed from the short-sighted prince the annuity of three thousand marks, as the price of his liberty, and doubtless exulted in the ease with which he performed the act of pillage.

Robert's sole glimpse of good fortune was when he married the amiable and prudent Sybilla, and under her guidance he might have acted somewhat more wisely. But she was soon lost to him, after bearing to him a son, who became the unhappy and constant object of his uncle's enmity. And now Robert returns again to all the vicious habits of his earlier days, and becomes the prey, both of the nobles around him, and of his own domestics. To such a degree does his indolence and credulity expose him, that he is found sometimes with scarcely a mark in his treasury, and utterly without the necessary clothes to wear.—Like the generality of persons of his habits and temperament, he attaches no blame to himself for the destitute condition in which he finds himself, but lashes himself to fury against the subtle Henry, against whom he launches forth his maledictions, and, by the advice of some, and the threats of others, he once more resolves to be avenged.

But Henry is before him. The King knowing the utter imbecility of the Duke's power, the embarrassment of his finances, and the increased inactivity of his mind, no longer condescends to dissimulate, but, declaring that peace between them is now for ever at an end, he enters Normandy with the purpose of conquering it, and adding it to the English crown. Obdurate man! Has not remorse yet touched his wily and treacherous soul? No, in forty years of crooked and dishonest policy, he has not yet felt a pang of regret for the manifold evils of his life. Habit has deadened his feelings, ambition has stirred his desires, the manners of the times have greatly countenanced his terpitude, and the religion he professes, points out an easy mode of atonement. Little did he then think what a change would come over his spirit in the course of the next twenty years.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! The animosities of these two brothers caused them to be the unconscious instruments of England's vengeance on Norman invasion.—In the determination of Henry to deprive his elder brother of his just possession, the King's forces were mainly English. The battle of Tenchebrai was fought and won by Henry, and by it Normandy became an English province: and, what was most remarkable, the victory was gained on the same day of the same month which, forty years before, had been so fatal to English liberty at Hastings.—Robert, and shortly afterwards, his son, fell into the King's hands; and now an opportunity is presented for using clemency and kindness, although justice was not to be expected. The first visitings of compunction did indeed touch the heart of Henry; but, as they were but imperfect so also they were but transitory. The unfortunate Robert became a prisoner for life in the strong castle of Cardiff, where, for the greater part of thirty years, he remained a helpless, sightless victim; his ruthless brother having taken the cruel precaution of causing his sight to be destroyed, in order to prevent any further attempts of the unhappy prince to obtain his liberty, and strike once more for his rights.

But the child of Robert, the infant William, was a basilisk in his sight. The King knew that whilst this child lived, neither Henry nor his children could hold a secure title to either Normandy or England. Now Henry also had a William; the child of his hopes, the proposed establisher of the house in his line, and—which he did not then anticipate—to be the scourge of his sins, and the destroyer of his peace for ever. In one of his *few* softer