

fortuitous happinesses in which so much of the poetry of common life consists, the prominence which it deserves. It briefly intimates that it was placed there, in its naked unadornedness, "at the particular desire of the Right Honorable George Lyttelton, who died August 22, 1773, aged sixty-four." The poet had willed, like another titled poet of less unclouded reputation, that his "epitaph should be his name alone." Beside the plain slab, — so near that they almost touch, — there is a marble of great elegance, — the monument of the Lady Lucy. It shows that she predeceased her husband, — dying at the early age of twenty-nine, — nearly thirty years. Her epitaph, like the monody, must be familiar to most of my readers ; but for the especial benefit of the class whose reading may have lain rather among the poets of the present than of the past century, I give it as transcribed from the marble : —

"Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
Though meek, magnanimous, — though witty, wise ;
Polite as she in courts had ever been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combined :
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong :
Her form each beauty of the mind expressed ;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dressed."

England, in the eighteenth century, saw few better men or better women than Lord Lyttelton and his lady ; and it does seem a curious enough fact, that their only son, a boy of many hopes and many advantages, and who possessed quick parts and a vigorous intellect, should have proved, notwithstanding, one of the most flagitious personages of his age. The first