

himself, was the father of the fearless, politic, unscrupulous Edward the First; and he, of the imbecile Edward the Second; and he, in turn, of the brave, sagacious Edward the Third; and then comes one of those cases which the phrenologist picks out from the general mass, and threads together, as with a string: the heroic Edward the Third was the father of the heroic Black Prince. And thus the record runs on, bearing from beginning to end the same character; save that as *common* men are vastly less rare, as the words imply, than *uncommon* ones, it is inevitable that instances of the ordinary producing the ordinary should greatly predominate over instances of an opposite cast. We see, however, a brutal Henry the Eighth succeeded by his son, a just and gentle Edward the Sixth; and he by his bigoted, weak-minded sister, the bloody Mary; and she by his other sister, the shrewd, politic Elizabeth. But in no history is this independence of man's mental and moral nature of the animal laws of transmission better shown than in the most ancient and authentic of all. The two first brothers the world ever saw,—children of the same father and mother,—were persons of diametrically opposite characters; a similar diversity obtained in the families of Noah and of Jacob: the devout Eli was the father of profligate children; and Solomon, the wise son of a great monarch, a great warrior, and a great author,—he who, according to Cowley, “from best of poets best of kings did grow,”—had much unscrupulous coxcombry and mediocre commonplace among his brethren, and an ill-advised simpleton for his son.

The story of the younger Lyttelton,—better known half a century ago than it is now,—has not a few curious points about it. He was one of three children, two of them girls, apostrophized by the bereaved poet in the *Monody*:—