

“Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,  
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns  
By your delighted mother’s side,  
Who now your infant steps shall guide?  
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care  
To every virtue would have formed your youth,  
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth!  
O, loss beyond repair!  
O, wretched father, left alone  
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!  
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe,  
And drooping o’er thy Lucy’s grave,  
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,  
Now she, alas! is gone,  
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?”

One of the two female children died in infancy; the other lived to contract an advantageous and happy marriage with a very amiable nobleman, and to soothe the dying bed of her father. The boy gave early promise of fine parts and an energetic disposition. He learned almost in childhood to appreciate Milton, mastered his tasks with scarce an effort, spoke and wrote with fluent elegance, and was singularly happy in repartee. It was early seen, however, that his nature was based on a substratum of profound selfishness, and that an uneasy vanity rendered him intensely jealous of all in immediate contact with him, whose claims to admiration or respect he regarded as overtopping his own. All of whom he was jealous it was his disposition to dislike and oppose: his insane envy made war upon them in behalf of self; and, unfortunately, it was his excellent father,—a man possessed of one of the highest and most unsullied reputations of the day,—whom he regarded as most his rival. Had the first Lord Lytton been a worse man, the second Lord would possibly have been a better one; for in the moral and the religious,—in all