

his *début* in a brilliant speech, which greatly excited the hopes of the veteran senator and his friends, and was complimented in the House by the opposition, as fraught with the "hereditary ability of the Lytteltons. He subsequently lost his seat, however, in consequence of some irregularities connected with his election, and returned full swing to the gratification of the grosser propensities of his nature. At length, when shunned by high and low, even in the neighborhood of Hagley, he was sent to hide his disgrace in an obscure retreat on the continent.

Meanwhile, the elder Lyttelton was fast breaking up. There was nothing in the nature of his illness, says his physician, in an interesting account of his last moments, to alarm the fears of his friends; but there is a malady of the affections darkly hinted at in the narrative, which had broken his rest and prostrated his strength, and which medicine could not reach. It is sad enough to reflect that he himself had been one of the best of sons. The letter is still extant which his aged father addressed to him, on the publication of his treatise on the "Conversion of St. Paul." After some judicious commendation of the cogency of the arguments and the excellence of the style, the old man goes on to say, "May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labors, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I doubt not He will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time, I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son." And here was the son, in whose behalf this affecting prayer had been breathed, dying broken-hearted, a victim to paternal solicitude and sorrow. But did the history of the species furnish us with no such instances, we would possess one argument fewer than in the existing state of things, for a