

who had mixed up at his desire a dose of rhubarb, followed him a few minutes after, and he sat up in bed, in apparent health, to take the medicine; but, being in want of a teaspoon, he despatched the servant, with an expression of impatience, to bring him one. The man was scarce a minute absent. When he returned, however, his master was a corpse. He had fallen backwards on the pillow, and his outstretched hand still grasped his watch, which exactly indicated the fatal hour of twelve. It has been conjectured that his dissolution might have been an effect of the shock he received, on ascertaining that the dreaded hour had not yet gone by: at all events, explain the fact as we may, ere the fourth day had arrived, Lyttelton was dead. It has been further related, as a curious coincidence, that on the night of his decease, one of his intimate acquaintance at Dartford, in Kent, dreamed that his Lordship appeared to him, and, drawing back the bed-curtains, said, with an air of deep melancholy, "My dear friend, it is all over; you see me for the last time."*

* The reader may be curious to see the paragraph in which, sixty-seven years ago, the details of this singular incident were first communicated to the British public through the various periodicals of the day. I quote from the *Scots Magazine* for December 1779:—"On Thursday night, November 25th, Lord Lyttelton sat up late, after the vote on the Address in the House of Lords. He complained of a violent headache next morning, seemed much discomposed, and recited a very striking dream, which, he said, would have made a deep impression on his mind had he been possessed of even the least particle of superstition. He had started up from midnight sleep, on perceiving a bird fluttering near the bed-curtains, which vanished suddenly, when a female spectre, in white raiment, presented herself, and charged him to depend on his dissolution within three days. He lamented jocosely the shortness of the warning; and observed, it was a short time for preparation after so disorderly a life. On the Saturday morning, he found himself in spirits; and when at Epsom, told Mrs. F—— (wife of the Hon. Mr. F——) that he should jockey the ghost if he escaped a few hours, for it was the third and last day. He was