

are several seats and houses of the nobility, some of which are of public interest. A house close to the church, called Pit Place,\* was the scene of the apparition of a ghost to Lord Lyttelton. Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, the once idolised, but afterwards hated, heir of his great and good father, George, Lord Lyttelton, had been in early life one of the hangers-on of Mrs. Montagu, at her blue-stocking gatherings in Hill Street and at Montagu House. Grace and Philip Wharton describe him, in their

death was predicted to him when in the last stage of a decline—at five-and-thirty years of age—by an apparition in the form of a young lady whom he had seduced. The hour was foretold, and though his friends had set the clock on, he expired at the minute that she had predicted. This is the only ghost story in modern times which has been carefully investigated and minutely recorded; and the short account of it is described on a brass plate in the house at Epsom in which the titled sinner died.



FIT PLACE.

"Queens of Society," as "Vain, elegant, and profligate . . . the delight, the admiration, and the leader of society, always fearful and superstitious, yet not religious." They write:—"For a while his youthful and almost handsome face, with the hair turned back over a wide forehead, his bag-wig, his exquisite ruffles, and an expression half good-humoured, half sarcastic, might be seen in the great assemblies at Montagu House, where he was long tolerated for his father's sake; but he soon became too notorious for any society, and vanished from his own sphere into a lower orbit. . . . His

\* It was probably named "The Pit House," from standing in a chalk-pit; but it was natural during the last century for the owner of such a house to add to it the cheap lustre of a great name.

The three last years of his life were passed in penitence and in an attempt at reform; but, as one of his friends wrote, 'the period of his emancipation from the fetters of pleasure and indolence marked also his dissolution.' Such was the detestation of his character that his funeral took place at night, for fear that the people of Hagley would tear his remains from the coffin in fury. . . . He was a splendid speaker and a wit, a Macaroni or dandy of the first class, and a man of wonderful powers of fascination; perhaps in the days of Charles II. he might have been almost respectable; and with all his wickedness he must have been a brilliant person in society."

The following version of the story above referred