

Lord Camelford continued in agonies of pain during the first day, towards the evening he grew rather better, and by the help of laudanum he got some sleep during the night, and in the morning found himself much relieved. His hopes revived considerably during the second day, and he conversed with some cheerfulness. The surgeons, however, would never give his friends the slightest hopes.

From that time till Saturday the 10th, his Lordship suffered great pain, and frequently exclaimed to his servant, "this is suffering indeed." He wrote several letters to Sir Sydney Smith, requesting him to come to town to fulfil a few commissions, one of which was to send his body to Berne in Switzerland, to be interred in a particular spot between three trees in the Canton of Berne, the place where he was educated.

It affords much consolation that he was attended in his latter moments by his cousin the Reverend William Cockburne, to whom he expressed his hope in the goodness and mercy of God, and that the agonies he then suffered might expiate the sins he had committed.

During Saturday, his Lordship shewed no symptoms that could be considered favourable: at eight o'clock in the evening a mortification commenced, which induced the medical gentlemen who attended him to pronounce his recovery impossible, and an express was sent to that effect to the Marquis of Buckingham. His Lordship, nevertheless, had strong hopes of recovery, and repeatedly asked the medical gentlemen who attended him, why they did not begin the proposed operation, adding, I am ready to undergo it whenever you please.

A little after eight o'clock, the servant, and those who attended him, believed him dead, his Lordship, however, breathed till within a quarter of nine, when he expired, apparently without sense of pain. The time of his decease agreed within a short time with that stated by the surgeons. The ball was extracted after his death, and about four o'clock