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FACTS

Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

*" Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

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FACTS RELATED AT CAMP-MEETINGS, 1884.

PERSONAL MESSAGES.

By MISS BARNICOAT, of East Boston, Mass.

During the month of July, while I was at Onset Bay, I attended some of Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel's seances. At one of them I received the following messages: "My dear sister, I shall ever be near you.—Ed. S. Wheeler;" also one signed "Mary T." I could not think who it was, although the spirit was described to me by Dr. Rothermel. My own guide, Pale Lilly, then controlled me, and told who it was. I then received this message: "My dear friend, so you do not know me. How many I have sat for during my life, giving test after test; but I see when we are gone out of sight we are forgotten. Still, I shall ever help all who need my kind of work.—Mary Tabor." I could not think who she was at first, but after inquiring, and thinking myself, I found she was a lady whom I had known, and who lived not far from me, and was, during her earth-life, a medium.

SLATE-WRITING.

By A. M. STODDARD, of Berkeley, Cal.

I was once at a Spiritualist lecture, and on the platform stood a closed organ. Two or three times, when I suppose the spirits thought the lecturer ought to be applauded, they played upon the organ, and Mrs. Reynolds, through whom, I believe, this manifestation was given, sat about ten feet from the instrument.

At Lake Pleasant I met Mr. Nuthall, a new medium, and, wishing to test his powers, I invited him to sit in a cabinet which I had built in my house.

Before he entered it he was securely tied with ropes, the ends being passed through the chair, and tied with a string. He was then placed in the cabinet so that his knees and the toes of his boots were seen from the outside. Under these conditions several musical instruments were played upon at one time, and hands, larger than those of the medium, were shown around and above the cabinet. Still the medium did not move.

I then placed Mrs. Stoddard, who is a medium, in the cabinet, tied in the same manner, placing a slate between them with a small piece of pencil on it. I then asked if the spirit would go

with me, and also asked him if he would write his name. I have, as the result, the following message which was written upon the slate: "I will go with you to California; when you go, you will do well.—John King." I have shown this to Mrs. Huntoon, and Dr. Davenport, who knew Mr. John King's writing, and both pronounce it a fac-simile.

On our way to Onset Bay, Mrs. Stoddard and myself stopped in Boston, and had our pictures taken by Dr. Keeler, the spirit photographer. In two of these pictures we sat together. On one of them are the faces of two of her children, and on the other a spirit guide. I then sat alone, and my father's face is plainly visible with my own. This I consider an excellent test, as he had no picture of himself that could have been used east of the Mississippi river.

SPIRIT INFLUENCE.

By MR. P. C. TOMPSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Some years ago, I was one of those persons who were always sure to break up a circle if I went to one, and I thought it was my will, or power of the mind, that did it,—either you wish to call it. If I went to a circle, and they were having raps, or physical manifestations of any kind, they were sure to stop, and, I am free to say, I was treated at that time with more respect than I deserved, and, perhaps, more than I should be willing to give to anyone at the present time. But I had all this mind-business taken out of me in the following manner:—

I had been told that there was a spirit who, when I was in trouble, would come to my assistance, but I did not pay much attention to it. I had in my employ a number of men and two or three ladies at my place of business, which was the preparing of chocolate. I had the power to magnetize, and had proved it. On the particular occasion of which I speak, I was in the room with one of the ladies employed by me, when she suddenly fell to the floor. I tried to rouse her, but could not, and said to myself I have magnetized a great many people, but never before without knowing it. I worked over her for a long time trying to bring her to herself, but could not. Finally, I thought to send her home, but then came this: Oh, how can I send her home to her father and mother dead, for I feared she was. When this thought dawned upon me, you can imagine my agony of mind.

I did not know what to do. In thinking what might be best, I remembered I had been told that a spirit was near me who would help me in times of trouble, and I earnestly called for the spirit. As quick as lightning almost she sprang to her feet.

Before this, however, the men who were employed by me came from the work-room, all ready to go home. As they were passing through the room in which we were, she sprang to her feet, with clasped hands and eyes upraised, and said: "I have been to Heaven, and seen my husband and child;"—then sank upon her knees and prayed such a prayer I never heard before. Every man in that room listened intently, then silently took his way home.

This caused me to think, and I found that *my will* was not of so much importance after all. I began then to investigate. I had sittings with different mediums, one after the other, and the spirit came each time, telling me what had happened in my office, and now no power on earth can take the knowledge I have of spirit communication from me.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

By MR. E. W. BUFFINGTON, Summerset, Mass.

In July, 1884, I visited Onset Bay during the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, and had a sitting with Dr. J. V. Mansfield. I wrote three questions, which were all answered; one being to my aunt, in which I asked her, if she was present, to tell if it were best for me to make the purchase I was thinking of. After folding and sealing this question, I received the following answer:—

"If my judgment in that matter is worth seeking, it ought to be worth taking. I see from the surroundings that it will not only be a safe investment but a profitable one.

Your aunt, CONTENT W. BUFFINGTON."

A few days later I attended one of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain's seances, and, while the instruments were being played upon, a hand patted me upon the head.

I called several names, but was answered "No," by one pat, until I spoke the name of my aunt, when I received an affirmative answer. She then unbuttoned my coat, and, putting her hand into my pocket, took from it the three messages I had received

from Dr. Mansfield, and, from the three, took her own and put it in my hand.

The following day I visited Dewitt C. Hough, and wrote this: "Can my aunt, Content W. B—— come to me and tell me what I have already received through other mediums?" The answer was this:—

"My dear nephew, I can come to you, and am anxious to do so. I had such a nice chance to come to you yesterday, and I am very happy. I am ever your aunt,

CONTENT W. BUFFINGTON."

It will be seen by the above that I had not written her full name, but she in her answer did.

MATERIALIZATION.

By MR. GEO. A. FULLER, Dover, Mass.

Last summer, while at Lake Sunapee Camp-Meeting, I attended a seance given by Mrs. James A. Bliss, and, from her cabinet, walked our old friend Dr. J. P. Greenleaf. There were many friends who recognized him besides myself. He was as natural as when I last saw him at Onset Bay, having with him the shawl that he was in the habit of wearing. Mrs. Abbot, who was present at this seance, was so close to him that she could look into his eyes. We were all perfectly satisfied that we had seen Dr. Greenleaf. At the same seance, Mrs. Walker's husband materialized, and shook hands with nearly every person present; and, while I was holding his hand, the lower part of his body began to disappear. I held his hand until his face was within about six inches of the floor, when all melted away.

At this seance Mr. V. C. Brockway's daughter, Minnie, came, but her parents were not present. She was well known by the campers, and, while she was not visible with them at all times, they felt she was there most of the time in spirit. This seance was to me a very satisfactory one. Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, fully indorsed all that Mr. Fuller stated.

IDENTIFICATION OF A SPIRIT.

By MR. SIMON SNOW, Cambridge, Mass.

I attended, while at Onset Bay, one of Miss Berry's seances, and, after a number of forms had come to me, a gentleman called

for me, and gave his name as George Cade. I recognized the spirit before he gave his name. He was bald-headed, and had full, sandy whiskers. As I approached him, he grasped my hand, and gave me one of his old-time shakes, then passed my hand down his leg, and, behold, the foot was not there! To me this was a grand test, and many will recognize it, for he was well known, and was at one time superintendent of streets in Cambridge, Mass.

SPIRITS RECEIVING RINGS.

By MR. W. F. SHATTUCK, Attleboro, Mass.

Sunday, August 3d, I had a private seance with Mr. Joseph Caffray and wife. My wife and daughter came, and walked around the room, showing their features perfectly in good light. My wife requested me to bring a gold ring for each of them. On the ninth of August I put them on their fingers at Mr. Caffray's afternoon seance. I saw no more of them until evening, when I attended Miss Gertrude Berry's seance. The control said: "There are a woman and daughter here who have gold rings with them, at the same time giving their names correctly. They came out of the cabinet with the rings on, and I felt and saw them. They gave them back to me, requesting me to keep them until called for. Sunday, August 10th, they came again at Mr. Caffray's, and sat on my knee, and I perfectly recognized them, and both requested the rings put on again. This was granted, and again that evening I received the rings at Miss Berry's seance.

CLAIRVOYANT VISION.

By MRS. C. C. WILDES, Boston, Mass.

As I was standing in the grove, back of the auditorium, at Onset Bay, I looked up and said: "Oh, see that horse running away!" The rest who were with me saw nothing, and I knew then it was a clairvoyant vision. I began almost instantly to have a bad feeling in one of my ankles, and I said, turning to a gentleman standing beside me, whom I did not know: "Your daughter's leg is not broken, but something is the matter with her ankle. She would have been hurt worse, but a branch of a tree, covered with apple-blossoms, saved her." The gentleman, I learned, was Mr. Jonathan Arnold, of North Abington, Mass.; and he said: "I have just had a telegram, saying that my daughter

has been thrown from a carriage, and hurt her leg. My daughter, who is in spirit life, left an unfinished painting of a branch of apple-blossoms.

INDIVIDUALITY.

By MR. LYON, Fall River.

I attended a seance of Mr. Frost's while at Onset Bay, with which I was very much pleased. I had never seen him before, and did not know the conditions under which he sat. He holds flour in his hands, and the manifestations go on all the while,—bells ring, guitar and zither are played upon, and other instruments of like character. But what most impressed me was a personation after the physical part of the seance was over. The spirit controlling called me, and said: "I want to see Nick;" and, as I answer to that name, I responded, when my hand was grasped, and the spirit said: "God bless you, Nick; I am glad to see you. — ED. S. WHEELER."

I will say, in conclusion, that Ed. S. Wheeler was a great friend of mine. He always stopped at my house in Fall River, and called me Nick; and if it was not Ed. Wheeler who spoke to me, I would like to know who it was. At any rate, I do not think the medium knew anything about it, or that he always called me by that name.

MATERIALIZATION.

By MRS. J. W. BARRETT, Stoneham, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

I here send you a copy of an article which I wrote for the *Banner of Light*, 1882, and it was published Aug. 12th of the same year. It is headed "My Experiences with Mrs. J. R. Pickering."

Having been informed by a lady of Medford (who had attended two seances at Mrs. J. R. Pickering's in Boston) that she had seen my daughter materialized, who passed out Nov. 15, 1881, and that she expressed the wish to have me come there, I made preparations to attend a seance with a party of people from Stoneham and Medford. My youngest daughter accompanied me, but did not sit near me, as I was too near the cabinet to suit her courage. Many forms came, and were recognized, two of them being little children. During the seance a spirit came, and pointed to my daughter in the circle. The latter walked reluctantly up, and waited for the curtain to open. When it did, she rushed forward

and exclaimed: "Isa!" (which is my spirit daughter's name), and we all witnessed as real and earnest a greeting as ever occurred between two loving sisters who have been separated for a long time in this life. After my daughter's surprise was somewhat abated, she asked: "Do n't you want to see mother?" Isa whispered "Yes." While I was going up to the curtain it closed, but opened in a moment, and there stood my own dear girl as natural as in life, only much more beautiful. She threw her arms around my neck, and whispered distinctly: "God bless you!" She then stood holding the curtains apart until she changed very perceptibly to us both, then dropped the curtain, and was gone.

The husband of this daughter, F. H. Richardson, of Stoneham, nephew of Dr. Richardson, well known to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, passed away on June 16, 1881, and his wife, Isa, Nov. 15th of the same year. At this same seance he also materialized, and was unmistakably recognized by his sister (Mrs. Nelson Peak, of Medford) and myself. She clasped him around the waist while he threw his arms around her neck, she exclaiming: "Why, Frank, this is you!" We were as sure of his identity as that the sun is seen to rise in a cloudless day. After that, I attended many seances at Mrs. Pickering's, and saw over two hundred materialized forms come out of the cabinet, and unmistakably recognized spirit forms at every seance. At one of them, when we had a very harmonious party of eight, my daughter came, very beautiful and strong, three or four times. The last thing she did was to take the lace from her head. While she was doing so I noticed her hands trembled violently, when all at once she fell to the floor like a heap of lace, and was gone in a moment. When she went down, there was no more noise than if a feather had fallen on the carpet.

In my experience it has been proved to me that the more times spirits materialize, the stronger they are when the conditions are the same. At some seances my daughter has brought red and white roses, sometimes three in each hand; once a beautiful vase with a red rose in it, and, at another time, a white banner with a dark-blue shaded border. At another time she brought what she called links from the cabinet, and stood close to three of us, working and twisting them until a white and red rose appeared in her hand. She can bear a much brighter light now than when she

first materialized. While I have been attending these seances, eight persons of good sense and reliability have recognized my daughter Isa; among them my oldest daughter and husband, my youngest daughter, twenty-five years of age, who has good eyesight; my eldest daughter, thirty-one, with sight unimpaired, also, and myself. I still claim to be able to trust my own senses, and know whereof I write.

The following letter from Mrs. Barrett adds interest to the above, and we therefore publish both together.—ED.

STONEHAM, Nov. 29, 1884.

Editor of *Facts*:

When my daughter and her husband were sick, they went to board with Mr. John Morrison, at Bridgton Centre, Maine, when the husband (Frank H. Richardson) above named, passed to spirit life on June 16th, having been there four weeks. Five months after, his wife followed him from my home in Stoneham. John Morrison, of Bridgton Centre, attended a seance at the Berry Sisters' (No. 1 Arnold St.) Saturday afternoon, Nov. 15th. Frank Richardson and wife, Isa Barrett Richardson, both materialized at the same time, and called for him, he being the only person in the circle that they knew. He recognized them unmistakably. Among other things Isa said to him: "It is three years today since I left this life," and asked him if he would tell the audience of it, which he did, not knowing, himself, whether it was correct or not. When he arrived at his home, he related it to his wife, who thought it was correct. She wrote me about it, and I knew it to be so. Now, if that is not a test, what is?

Sunday, Nov. 23d, I attended a private seance in the afternoon, at the Berry Sisters', and the manifestations were wonderful and beautiful. When my daughter Isa and husband came, my daughter told me that Frank would help his cousin to come later, who had been gone from this life only a few weeks. She said his cousin needed the experience, and that his sister, Mrs. Nelson Peak, of Medford, who passed to spirit life in May, 1884, would come too. I was well acquainted with Mrs. Peak, but had never seen her cousin, so when she came, supporting the cousin on her arm, she said: "Mrs. Barrett, this is Dr. Richardson's daughter, and will you tell her father that she has come?" I said: "Cer-

tainly I will." Then she greeted a Medford friend very lovingly, and bade us both good-by. Right here let me say, when I was at Onset Bay, the first week of July, I, with my daughter Delia, attended a seance at the Berry sisters', and near the close of the seance the control said that there was a lady spirit in the cabinet who was very weak, and who had been gone from earth but a short time, and had never manifested. Her name was Sephronia (that was Mrs. Peak's name). She said she had friends there, and would like to have them step to the cabinet, which we did, and saw her; but as she could not come out, we did not pretend to recognize her countenance.

After we were seated, the control said, the spirit felt that she did not do as well as she wished, but was quite sure she could do better next time, and should try to come with Frank, and Isa was Frank's wife. During the camp-meeting she *did* come to me very much stronger, being able to talk plainly, proving to me that experience helps them to come better, when the conditions are harmonious. That was proved to me at Mrs. J. R. Pickering's, where I attended forty seances, and never failed to see my daughter Isa at every one; and I noticed how very much the different conditions affected her.

SEANCE WITH MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

By MRS. E. J. PIKE, Boston, Mass.

About five years ago I saw, for the first time, the celebrated medium Mrs. Maud E. Lord. I went to her house, a stranger to her and her company, with one exception,—a lady from Roxbury District, and she only knew my name. Fifteen minutes before eight o'clock, Mrs. Lord came into the room, and quietly arranged the circle, consisting of an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, who were likewise strangers, excepting two or three, who had been there once before,—twenty in all. The doors were locked to keep intruders out, and then the lights were extinguished to enable the spirits the better to form their electrical currents. In less than five minutes their presence became known by bringing the guitar across the room, passing it lightly over our heads, and placing it by my side,—all the while thumbing the strings. A

small music-box was passed from head to head, resting a moment on each, its presence known by constantly being played. Fans were handled with such nice precision that we were each refreshed by their breeze, without being hit by them.

Through the entire seance Mrs. Lord sat inside the circle, her feet confined by those of a stranger, while the continued clapping of her hands was audible to all. While she was describing the many spirits present, little children made known their own presence by patting our cheeks, climbing into our laps, and, in some instances, clasped their arms around the neck, and kissed the cheek of father, mother, or aunt, calling their names, telling their own names, when they died, and the cause, etc. Mrs. Lord designated me as "the lady from the Highlands," and said: "There is a sea-captain by your side." My father having relatives who followed a seafaring life, it was natural for me to think it might be one of them. No, it is Capt. W——. Immediately my hand was clasped by a large, strong hand, and cordially shaken.

We then had a little intermission. The lights were turned on, and general conversation followed. All had felt the hands of children and adults at the same moment. Most of them had heard the spirits speaking with their own lips, telling their names, the time they had been in the spirit world, giving advice, or comfort and encouragement. On reassembling, Mrs. Lord took a seat near me. In a moment, she spoke in an annoyed tone, and said: "Please, go away from me; you shot yourself, and I do n't like suicides." Those present who had lost friends in that manner asked if it was their friend. "No, he comes to this lady from the Highlands." At that moment, he whispered his own name in my ear. I spoke to Mrs. Lord, and requested her not to feel that way towards him, for the cause justified the act. Immediately my hand was clasped, and I felt tears falling upon it in gratitude for the kind word I had spoken for him. This gentleman passed away in the manner described; but I did not know what his first name was until it was told to me that evening by himself. There was no chance for collusion, and mind-reading was out of the question.

A SPIRIT RECOGNIZED.

By MR. LUCIAN CARPENTER.

Editor of *Facts* :

The following test was given through the mediumship of Mr. Joseph D. Stiles at Blackstone Hall, Sunday evening, March 1, 1885:—

There comes before me a beautiful young woman. She gives me a shivering sensation. She was associated in three different places,—Milford, Mass., Putnam, Conn., and Providence, R. I. She did not pass away in Providence, but Putnam, Conn., and her name is Frances Thurber, and her husband's name is Newton Thurber, and it appears that she was drowned, and by her own act. I recognized the test by saying that she was drowned in Putnam, Conn. These are the facts. The woman was born in Milford, Mass., where she lived with her parents for several years, from which place they removed to Putnam, Conn., and resided there until she married Newton Thurber, and then they came to Providence, and resided here several years. Mr. Thurber's father resided in Putnam, at which place Mr. Newton Thurber and wife, with their child, went on a visit; and one morning, some two years ago, Mrs. Thurber arose before daylight, and put on her wrapper and an old pair of rubber shoes, and went two miles to the Quinebaug River, and drowned herself, her husband following soon, but reached the river too late.

The medium, soon after this statement, said: "There comes right on the same line a young man who passed away before this young woman, and his name is Darius Flagg." Now, young Flagg's father was the first person that found Mrs. Thurber's body, and lived very near the place where she was drowned. I am confident that I was the only person in that large audience that knew the parties and the circumstances connected with this remarkable test, and I had never spoken with the medium in my life.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 22, 1885.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

By MRS. ABBIE CROSSETT, Duxbury, Vt.

In the town of Duxbury, Vt., there lives a very estimable lady, Mrs. Hannah Turner, whose medium powers and manifestations

are astonishing. She has never been a public medium, and is not generally known, yet there are many people in different parts of Vermont who would testify to the genuineness of the manifestations. I have been several times in her dark seances when communications would be written on the shirt-bosom of some gentleman present. At one of them her baby, six months old, was taken from her arms and carried around the room over the heads of the sitters, who could plainly hear the child breathe, then returned to its mother's arms, sleeping as quietly as when taken from her.

I have received many messages from loved ones in spirit life at her seances, and will give an account of one held in our parlor at Duxbury, Vt., Oct. 18, 1884. There were fifteen persons present besides the medium (Mrs. Turner). All were seated in a circle around the room, the medium in the center. Before I could close the door, after carrying out the light, the manifestations commenced. Eight spirits gave unmistakable proof of their presence. Mrs. Eurette Crossett came and made her presence known to everyone in the room by whispering sweet words of love and tenderness, by gentle kisses, taking our hands and placing them in hers, then moving them slowly over her bare arm to her shoulder, — the hand and arm of the spirit being very much larger than that of the medium. She then fully materialized, and sat in her son's lap, putting her arm around his neck, and kissing him; also, manifesting in the same way, and whispering words of tenderness to her husband, — and no one doubted her presence as she came to us that evening. Other friends came, among them one who gave the Masonic grip; the spirit of Maude Merrit came, and was fully recognized by her mother, giving her words of consolation and encouragement, kissing her friends, and telling us of her beautiful spirit home; and with her were her father and grandmother; Etta, the spirit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Phillips came with a loving message for her parents, and was fully recognized by them. The hands of little children were plainly felt, and some felt a little foot. The spirit of Dr. Curtis Turner gave a magnetic treatment to a lady present, manifesting superior power. The finest features of Mrs. Turner's seances are the loving messages received from the materialized spirits.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

By SIR EDMUND HORNBY.

We quote the following from Part Sixth of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research*, page 180. After having related similar experiences, the writer says: "We will add but one further case,—a case so strange that it will need the high authority on which it comes to satisfy the reader that he has not passed unaware into the region of romance. We received it from Sir Edmund Hornby, late Chief Judge of the Supreme Consular Court of China and Japan, who describes himself as 'a lawyer by education, family, and tradition, wanting in imagination, and no believer in miracles.' He first narrates how it was his habit at Shanghai to allow reporters to come to his house in the evening to get his written judgments for the next day's paper."

They generally availed themselves of the opportunity, especially one reporter, who was also the editor of an evening paper. He was a peculiar man, reticent about himself, and I imagined had a history. In appearance he was also peculiar. I only knew him as a reporter, and had no other relations with him. On the day when the event occurred, in 1875 or 1876, I went to my study an hour or two after dinner, and wrote out my judgment. It was then about half-past eleven. I rang for the butler, gave him an envelope, and told him to give it to the reporter who should call for it. I was in bed before twelve. I am a very light sleeper, and my wife a very heavy one. Indeed, it is difficult to rouse her out of her first sleep. The bed—a French one—faced the fireplace; on the mantelpiece was a clock, and the gas in the chandelier was turned down, but only so low as to admit of my seeing the time at any time of the night, for—waking often and frequently—I often smoked a cigarette before I went to sleep again, and always desired to know the hour.

I had gone to sleep, when I was awakened by hearing a tap at the study door, but thinking it might be the butler—looking to see if the fire was safe and the gas turned off—I turned over with a view of getting to sleep again. Before I did so, I heard a tap at my bedroom door. Still thinking it might be the butler, who might have something to say, I said: "Come in." The door opened, and, to my surprise, in walked Mr. ——. I sat up, and said: "You have mistaken the door; but the butler has the judg-

ment, so go and get it." Instead of leaving the room, he came to the foot edge of the bed. I said: "Mr. —, you forget yourself! Have the goodness to walk out directly. This is rather an abuse of my favor." He looked deadly pale, but was dressed in his usual dress, and was certainly quite sober, and said: "I know I am guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion, but finding that you were not in your study I have ventured to come here." I was losing my temper, but something in the man's manner disinclined me to jump out of bed to eject him by force. So I said simply: "This is too bad, really; pray leave the room at once." Instead of doing so, he put one hand on the foot-rail, and gently, as if in pain, sat down on the foot of the bed. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was about twenty minutes past one. I said: "The butler has had the judgment since half-past eleven; go and get it." He said: "Pray forgive me; if you knew all the circumstances you would. Time presses. Pray give me a *précis* of your judgment, and I will take a note in my book of it," drawing his reporter's book out of his breast pocket. I said: "I will do nothing of the kind. Go down stairs, find the butler, and do n't disturb me,— you will wake my wife; otherwise I shall have to put you out." He slightly moved his hand. I said: "Who let you in?" He answered: "No one." "Confound it," I said, "what the devil do you mean? Are you drunk?" He replied, quietly: "No, and never shall be again; but I pray your lordship give me your decision, for my time is short." I said: "You do n't seem to care about *my* time, and this is the last time I will ever allow a reporter in my house." He stopped me short, saying: "This is the *last* time I shall ever see you anywhere."

Well, fearful that this commotion might arouse and frighten my wife, I shortly gave him the gist of my judgment in as few words as I could. He seemed to be taking it down in shorthand; it might have taken two or three minutes. When I finished, he rose, thanked me for excusing his intrusion and for the consideration I had always shown him and his colleagues, opened the door, and went away. I looked at the clock; it was on the stroke of half-past one.

(Lady Hornby now awoke, thinking she had heard talking; and her husband told her what had happened, and repeated the account when dressing next morning.)

I went to the court a little before ten. The usher came into my room to robe me, when he said: "A sad thing happened last night, sir. Poor —— was found dead in his room." I said: "Bless my soul! dear me! What did he die of, and when?" "Well, sir, it appears he went up to his room as usual at ten to work at his papers. His wife went up about twelve to ask him when he would be ready for bed. He said: 'I have only the judge's judgment to get ready, and then I have finished.' As he did not come, she went up again, about a quarter to one, to his room, and peeped in, and thought she saw him writing, but she did not disturb him. At half-past one she again went to him, and spoke to him at the door. As he did not answer, she thought he had fallen asleep, so she went up to rouse him. To her horror, he was dead. On the floor was his note-book, which I have brought away. She sent for the doctor, who arrived a little after two, and said he had been dead, he concluded, about an hour." I looked at the note-book. There was the usual heading:—

"In the Supreme Court, before the Chief Judge,

"—— v. ——.

"The Chief Judge gave judgment this morning in this case to the following effect"—and then followed a few lines of indecipherable shorthand.

I sent for the magistrate who would act as coroner, and desired him to examine Mr. ——'s wife and servants as to whether Mr. —— had left his home, or could possibly have left it, without their knowledge, between eleven and one on the previous night. The result of the inquest showed he had died of some form of heart disease, and had not, and could not have, left the house without the knowledge of at least his wife, if not of his servants. Not wishing to air my "spiritual experience" for the benefit of the press or the public, I kept the matter at the time to myself, only mentioning it to my Puisne Judge, and to one or two friends; but when I got home to tiffin I asked my wife to tell me as nearly as she could remember what I had said to her during the night, and I made a brief note of her replies and of the facts.

(Lady Hornby has kindly confirmed the above facts to us, as far as she was cognizant of them.)

As I said then, so I say now,—I was not asleep, but wide

awake. After a lapse of nine years, my memory is quite clear on the subject. I have not the least doubt I saw the man,— have not the least doubt that the conversation took place between us.

I may add that I had examined the butler in the morning— who had given me back the MS. in the envelope when I went to the court after breakfast—as to whether he had locked the door as usual, and if anyone could have got in. He said that he had done everything as usual, adding that no one could have got in if even he had not *locked* the door, as there was no handle outside,— which there was not. I examined the coolies and other servants, who all said they opened the door as usual that morning,— turned the key and undid the chains, and I have no doubt they spoke the truth. The servants' apartments were separated from the house, but communicated with by a gallery at the back, some distance from the entrance hall.

The reporter's residence was about a mile and a quarter from where I lived, and his infirmities prevented him from walking any distance except slowly; in fact, he almost invariably drove.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

By MR. JAMES N. SHERMAN, Rumford, R. I.

On March 10, 1885, I visited Dr. Wm. Keeler, the spirit photographer, who was then in Providence, and sat twice for a picture, receiving on each three faces, beside my own. One has the face of my first wife, who passed to spirit life forty years ago, and who never had a picture of herself while in earth life; also, that of my sister's son, which is also readily recognized by me, and by his brother and sister,—the latter not being a believer in Spiritualism. The other picture has the face of my sister, who bears a strong resemblance to me and an aunt of my wife's; while I do not recognize it, as I never saw her, there are those who do. The other two are not so readily identified, and of them I will not speak, but I consider those of my wife, sister, and nephew to be beyond question.