

ness 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 footrail and gently, as if in great 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 downstairs, find the butler, and don'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 don't seem to care about my time, and this is the last time I shall 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 10. 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 10 to work at his papers. His wife went up about 12 to ask him when he would be ready for bed. He said: 'I have only the Judge's judgment to get ready, then I have finished.' As he did not come, she went up again, about a quarter to 1, to his room and peeped

in, and thought she saw him writing, but she did not disturb him. At half-past 1, 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 arouse 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 2, 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 undecipherable 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 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 his servants. Not wishing to air my "spiritual experience" for the benefit of the press or the public, I keep the matter at the time to myself, only mentioning it to my Puisné Judge and to one or two friends; but when I got home 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.

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 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 any one could have got in. He said that he had done everything as usual, adding that no one could have got in, even if 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.