

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."*

CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.—Our Opinions on the Subject of Investigation.

Advice to Mediums and Investigators.

Personation and Materialization, Which?

Facts Gleaned from Early History (*continued*). Dr. O. H. Wellington. . . 33

Incarnation.—Esther. Judge John S. Ladd. 38

Spirit Photography. Mr. Wm. A. Dunklee and Judge John S. Ladd. . . 40

Platform Tests at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, with Autobiographical Sketch
of the Medium, Joseph D. Styles. 43

Experiences and Impressions. Mrs. Mary F. Lovering. 50

Advice to a Methodist. Dr. J. D. Moore. 50

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NERVE-AURA THERAPEUTICS.

DR. H. G. PETERSEN,

33 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass., formerly 721 Tremont St.

Medicine, in cases where disease is not understood, is merely *experimental* and too often injurious, and this is especially so with regard to the *conditions and nature of the nervous system, which medical science acknowledges its inability to fully comprehend*. General experience has established the law, *similia similibus curantur*, as the leading principle in therapeutics. *Personal experience proves that a healthy nervous organization is able to relieve or to cure a diseased one, WHETHER NEAR OR FAR, and that even DESPERATE cases yield to the beneficent influences of nerve-aura therapeutics (vital magnetism)*. Nervous debility, weak and imperfect circulation of the blood, and the various complications which arise from a diseased condition of the vital functions, are curable by this *generous and high-sourced power*.

"Having been greatly benefited by magnetic treatments through the hands of Dr. H. G. PETERSEN, I unhesitatingly recommend him to the public."
(Signed)

DR. HENRY SLADE.
202 West 36th Street, New York.

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Taunton, Mass.

(Continued from February FACTS.)

Day by day tests came that made the communion as real as the ordinary experiences of external life. No room was left for doubt. One day Charles said that the sisters at home had found the key to her drawer, and had taken his locket, which they thought made the fits more frequent. Charles counselled her to let it go, as he wished her to "*give up everything, as it would benefit her spirit.*" He found a ring he gave, and which was taken from her hand the day of the funeral while she was entranced. Again and again he told of changes at her home, which we invariably found had been made. In fine, Charles *lived* with us really, joyously, and we had no more doubt of it than of our infant child whose prattle we could hear with the external ear. The details of that life would make an interesting story, for all circumstances were favorable for the most real and interesting intercourse. Her clairvoyant perceptions were very accurate and were tested by physicians, and confirmed by *post-mortem* examinations when she disputed professional diagnosis.

One bright autumn day the four sisters were braiding palm-leaf hats in the front chamber before an open window, when a small piece of paper was seen to float in the window and drop upon Samantha's hand, and immediately she was entranced. On this paper was the following communication. I preserve the form and some peculiarities:—

"Reclaim yonder sinner for it is in *your* power
Speak kind words to him
Give him the earthly affection of thy heart
Care not for the world's censure
And one star shall be added to thy heavenly
Crown.
You have often wished from the heart that
Some guardian spirit should direct you
I condescend,
But delay not for your time is short."

For some time before this Samantha had been prescribing for a young man who had been quite intemperate, and at first she thought he must be the "*sinner*" referred to. But all the time her mind reverted to a young man engaged to her cousin by the name of Edwin, of whom no one knew any wrong. For two days she was anxious, feeling she must do something, and yet not

knowing what to do. On the third day, while sitting in the same chamber with her sisters, she complained of feeling badly, and called attention to her arm. The sisters went to her, and pushing up her sleeve to rub her arm, there was the word "Edwin" in distinct red letters. They called their father, but he could have no effect upon her. When all had seen it the name vanished, and she came out of the trance. The reason for this reference to Edwin I cannot give.

The next morning her father came to Boston to consult me, bringing the paper that came three days before. As it was of fine, delicate texture I copied it that I might show the communication, and not wear out the fine paper, and I then folded the original carefully in a sheet of clean paper. On opening it shortly after to refer again to the original, every vestige of a letter had disappeared, and nothing would restore it. I have the paper now without a letter on it.

I put Samantha in a trance that her father might see her in that higher state, and we had an explanation given us, and then Samantha saw that she must not do more for the sick man; and as he had every confidence in what she saw, he assented, but rapidly declined and died in a few days.

She was walking from the house when the bell struck announcing the young man's death and age, as was the custom in that town. With the first sound she fell entranced, but knew nothing of his death until the afternoon when she was preparing to go with her mother and carry some delicacy to the sick man. Her friends did not dare tell her the truth lest she swoon again. For some reason she went to the room where the other things occurred, and saw on the wall this sentence, "*He is dead,*" in characters like the name on her arm. She immediately returned to her mother, and said, with great calmness: "*He is dead. Why did n't you tell me?*"

Some months afterward she was employed to make clairvoyant examinations in Worcester. One day she complained of feeling ill, and Mr. ——— went to her to make some passes for her relief, and on her head lay a small paper of the same texture as the other, with the sentence written thereon: "Return to thy Father's."

It was not attended by any wish on her part to go home, but

on the contrary she desired to stay, but she dared not, as she was so affected if she did not follow directions. This was the last of the peculiar phenomena, so far as I know. The writing still remains on this paper.

When I went to New York it was to raise a "*Free Church*," as I thought it wrong to place the rich in "*good places*," solely because they could pay more than many others.

Mr. Charles Partridge (who afterward brought the Fox family to New York) welcomed my plan, and joined heartily with me. He had "*lost*" (as he thought) a son and brother not long before, and was in just the state of mind to welcome the conclusions to which the foregoing facts had led me, and which I could not help making prominent in every discourse, and every Tuesday evening our conferences strengthened our desire to know more.

When A. J. Davis came I asked the privilege of putting Miss Crawford's paper in his hand for his explanation when in the clairvoyant state; but Dr. Lyon and Fishbough ridiculed the idea that a *spirit* could handle even that small paper. But when Mr. Partridge heard of the "*raps*" at Rochester, he went full of faith and hope that he would get something about his brother and son, and he was not disappointed. He had many communications, but what made the most impression was a singular noise that Partridge at once recognized as like the creaking of the planks of a steamer wrecked on Long Island Sound, when he was saved while many were lost. Upon asking who was manifesting in this peculiar manner, he was answered by raps, and a name given which satisfied him that a spirit of one who was with him on that solemn occasion had come to make the evidence more convincing, for he had not thought of that spirit, much less of asking for him.

Those who know Mr. Partridge would realize that with positive proof of spirit communion, and abundant means, he would not be long in securing conditions for careful investigation. Soon Mrs. Fox and daughters were his guests, and many times I have known positive tests come at the tea table. I can only take space for one.

Mr. Partridge asked his little boy if he would rap when he pointed to the name of the place where he died. He had written the names of six towns, and taking his pencil pointed to the first, when three distinct raps implied that the boy died there, which

was not correct. After explanation he began again, and every time he put his pencil down there came three raps. Believing that some spirit was trying to mislead and deceive, in very significant terms, Partridge bid the spirit depart. We suggested there might be some mistake, but Partridge said no one but a deceiver would pretend to die in five or six places, and again he denounced the spirit in *spirited* but not very spiritual terms. Immediately, a tiny, gentle rap called for the alphabet, and this was spelled: "*Papa, remember I hear all you say.*"

There was no mistaking that communication, and the father felt rebuked and humbled. After a pause louder raps called for the alphabet, and his brother spelled this sentence:—

"*Charles,—With us, thought is the same as speech with you. All the time you thought of the right place, and he rapped to your thought, which came to him rather than the town pointed out, which he could not see.*"

Most of the so-called "*fraud*" and "*humbug*" would disappear if we knew more of the laws of the upper realms.

One winter, Mr. Partridge, Dr. Gray, Mr. Waddell, and Dr. Wellington agreed to meet every Thursday, and Mr. Greeley met with us when he could. We always had interesting communications, but often not promptly. One day the raps explained the difficulty. It spelled out this:—

"You have so many different questions on your minds we can't answer any. Why do n't you all agree, and so be thinking of only one question at a time? Then we could answer easily, and you would have few mistakes. But so long as one person has one question on his mind, and another a different one, we hear them all, and sometimes can't answer any."

After that we met Tuesday and agreed on our questions, and then on Thursday one put all the questions, and responses came as fast as we could call the alphabet.

But Mr. Waddell was continually asking the spirits to do some particularly odd thing that he would dictate, and he could not understand why they could not do that one thing as well as another, and when they tried to explain he asked earnestly: "How can we prove this? How do *you* know these things?" Immediately this was spelled:—

"All truth is from God, and goes forth to those who can com-

prehend it, and they teach others, and so on till it comes to some one who can teach us, and we——”

At this moment Mr. Waddell interrupted, exclaiming with great satisfaction: “Oh, now I understand it, and am perfectly satisfied.”

Immediately there was a perfect jubilee of raps on the floor, on the table, on the fender,—everywhere,—and some very loud. I don’t believe forty persons could make as many sounds,—certainly twenty could not. I could only think of it as “joy in Heaven over one” who was instructed and convinced.

On one occasion Mr. Greeley was communicating with his little son, who said he went to their home the Monday before. Mr. Greeley was surprised as Mrs. Greeley spoke of it at the time, and wished the medium was there. So Mr. Greeley said: “*Pickie, can you go there alone?*”

Mr. Greeley meant to ask if he could come without a medium, but immediately the raps spelled: “*Papa, Mamma, and Pickie.*”

How any one could doubt that this was a *real* interview between father and son I can’t conceive. I think that in this and other interviews Mr. Greeley fully believed the responses came from his son, and yet some years afterwards he published in his paper that he had seen many things he could not account for, but was not *fully* convinced it was spirits, or something to that effect. With all my respect for him, I cannot but think he would have doubted less if it had been equally popular.

I have thus given a few of the incidents that came under my observation, before anyone was called a spiritualist. I cannot be grateful enough that all doubt was removed before a rap was made at Rochester, and when I knew I was not deceived, for thus I was prepared to be benefited by all that came from this wonderful Providence. I am especially grateful that these early experiences prepared me to be profited by the more wonderful, and to welcome all, revelations, and see all, not with the curiosity of a wonder-seeker, but with the *Hope* and *Faith* of one who sees our heavenly Father revealing new laws that we may thereby be led to *try* to “*Do His will on Earth as it is done in Heaven.*”

O. H. WELLINGTON, M.D.

INCARNATION.—ESTHER.

By JUDGE JOHN S. LADD.

It was at the house of Mrs. Andrew Bigelow, in Boston, on the fourteenth day of February, 1880, the phenomena which I am about to relate occurred. It has been my custom to immediately record such incidents with accuracy, and this narrative is a substantive transcript of the cotemporaneous record. The sitting on this evening was in the presence of Mrs. Mary A. Hull, an intimate friend of Mrs. Bigelow, who had been induced to hold a sitting especially for the benefit of Mr. H. H. Lee, a highly respected gentleman of San Francisco. Mrs. Bigelow and her son, Mrs. Clapham, a visitor from New York, Mr. Lee, Mr. Hull, and myself, composed the circle. During the manifestations, Mrs. Hull was seated on a sofa behind the curtain, which filled the door space between the parlors, in a profound trance, and was always distinctly visible on the appearance of the spirit visitors, who, on this evening, were numerous and exceedingly brilliant, both in the fullness of their forms and the beauty and richness of their garments. In addition to the presence of personal friends, who came with fully developed forms, and exhibited all the warmth of regard and affection shown by the meeting of kindred in the mortal life, there were also a number of personages whom I have been accustomed to call representative intelligences, who bring not merely the proofs of a persistent personality, so far as such can be presented of those who lived on earth in the early historic periods of our race, however stupendous such a truth may be, but who demonstrate also that, from the spheres whither they have gone to dwell, they can bring the conserved power gathered through ages of experience in other realms of life, and intelligently impart to us somewhat of their great possessions. One of the most inspiring inferences from my intercourse with the dead is the finding that the same principle of conservation observed in modes of matter pertains also to the experiences of the intellect and the experiences of the soul, as well in the flight of the spirit through the spheres as in its life in the body on the earth. On this evening the curtain opens and the form of a lady appears, tall and graceful in person, and takes an impressive attitude. Her countenance is dark, the head large, forehead broad. She has large

masses of raven hair reaching to her shoulders. Upon her head is a wreath of pearls, attached to which is a veil of exquisite lace, which flows around and envelopes her person. Upon the front of her white tunic or bodice are four large pearl-like disks. Around her person is wrapped a shawl of wonderful richness, apparently of fine blue silk, embroidered with flowers and fantastic figures.

She stands before us motionless, in a posture of grace and dignity, her right arm bare to the shoulder, and slightly extended. "This spirit," says Mr. Hull, addressing me, "has never come before. Have you any impression who it is?" "Oriental?" "Ancient?" "Persian?" are suggested, to which is given an affirmative motion, and when "Esther" is spoken by one of the company, she steps towards us and points to the coronet upon her head, and stoops to enable us to examine the pearls, or what represented them, which we are allowed to handle. The ladies express their admiration of their smoothness and brilliancy. They are interlaced in complex figures, forming a band of nearly an inch in width. While I am examining the pearls upon her breast, she places her hand over them, and instantly they glow with an opalescent light. She places in our hands a fold of the shawl which I have described. We speak of the fineness of the texture, and the remarkable figures that adorn it. We are lost in admiration of this noble presence and the splendor of her costume.

Soon after Mrs. Eugenia Beste came to Boston, in 1883, I was present at one of her seances, when a form came in partially illumined robes directly in front of me, and, pointing to a slightly luminous appearance upon the forehead, whispering "Esther, Esther."

On the second day of February, 1884, I was invited to a sitting in that lady's parlors. The large company present appeared to be exceptionably intelligent and candid, and to the elevated tone and spirit which prevailed is undoubtedly to be ascribed the remarkable scenes of the sitting, and the incarnated presence of many ancient spirits. But I do not purpose in this connection to refer to the manifestations except so far as relates to the first apparition.

When the company had been seated, and Mrs. Beste had retired and closed the curtain behind her, and the light from the chan-

delier above our heads had been partially turned down, the curtain suddenly opened, and a tall feminine form advanced, and, raising the veil of gauze which enveloped her head and hung about her person, we saw a noble countenance of a pale olive cast, with features so distinct that probably no one present will ever forget them. "Esther, Queen," then she whispered, and then by emphatic directions made known her desire that the light should be increased, and this was done to the full capacity of the burner, and then all present saw this majestic person in the full incarnation of physical life, and an immortal had put on a temporary mortality.

March 5, 1884.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Several years ago, at the time when the subject of Spirit Photography was so prominently before the public, and the claims of which were so fully vindicated by the result of the trial of Mr. W. H. Mumler in New York, and through the tests of Mr. J. H. Hartman of Cincinnati, a distinguished photographer suggested that a picture of alleged spirit formation taken with more than one lens would furnish the means of determining its character, which was not practical when the impression was taken with a single lens. Having understood that satisfactory photographs of deceased persons had been taken by Mr. B. P. Brown, whose studio was at 863 Washington Street, in Boston, it was considered a favorable opportunity to experiment in the taking, if possible, stereoscopic pictures of spirit forms, by arranging within the field of the camera, a group of persons favorable for the formation of the negative pole of the battery, supposed to be requisite in spirit materialization. No successful results from such attempts up to this time had to our knowledge been obtained. It is obviously a work of extreme difficulty, requiring the most delicate adjustments, no less than the interposition of forms aggregated and molded from the most subtle elements, and focalized under a strong light, within the few seconds in which the objective images can be transferred to the plates.

An appointment for a sitting was accordingly made, and on the morning of January 8, 1876, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hayes, Miss L. F.

195 Communication obtained through Dr Henry Glade

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to your desire to have a copy of the report of the Committee on the subject of the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State, and in answer to inform you that the same has been forwarded to you by the post of the 12th inst.

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at Lake Pleasant 7883 Dr J. S. Petersen 121 Vermont St
Montague Mass Southern



Glover, and the undersigned met at Mr. Brown's rooms. He was a young man of excellent repute, courteous and unassuming, and already indicating a tendency to consumption, of which he died not long after. He readily followed our suggestions in regard to the sitting. The whole proceeding was under our inspection. Each one at pleasure took his position in the group, thus bringing the result within the scope of the third rule prescribed by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace for testing spirit photographs, viz: "If figures appear on a negative having a definite relation to the figure of the sitter, who chooses his own position, attitude, and accompaniments, it is a proof that invisible figures were really there." At the first trial, no figures except those of the sitters appeared on the plate. On the second, an irregular nebula appeared on the left near Mrs. Hayes. But on the third, the forms of the children as shown in the illustration, were impressed on the plate, which were immediately recognized. "That is Clara," exclaimed Miss Glover. That is the way she used to fix herself up as little Red-riding-hood. I used to call her by that name. She died in my arms when she was about five years old." "That is my daughter Emma," said Mrs. Hayes, "she died in infancy. She had light brown hair," and she dwells on the striking correspondence of features. The picture published in illustration of this article gives but an imperfect representation of the distinctness and delicacy of these forms, and of the extraordinary mode in which they are posited. When examined by the eye alone, the child Clara appears standing by the side of Miss Glover, partially clasped by her left arm, her hand passing apparently in front of the child, whose person appears wrapped in a fleecy mantle, which the child is pressing closely in front, her hand apparently against her chin. The other form appears sitting upon Mrs. Hayes' dress, asleep, reclining its head upon its own arm, which rests upon the mother's knee, while her left hand rests upon the child's shoulder. But when seen through the stereoscope it is found that these images have no contact whatever with the figures of the ladies with which, by a wonderful adjustment, they appear connected, but are the pictures of actual objective forms suspended nearly midway between the camera and the group of sitters, but so attenuated and transparent that the folds of the ladies' garments are visible through the substance comprising the bodies of the chil-

dren, as well as through the drapery about them. A close inspection discloses that there are visible on the floor exceedingly fine films or trails extending from the point of the objective locality of the forms back towards the camera and its operator, indicating the probable source whence the formative elements were drawn, and that the process was going on the moment the impression was taken. It is hardly necessary to remark that those images could not have been formed by any previous impression upon the negative, or superimposed by any subsequent process. This stereoscopic picture was shown to a distinguished photographer, who said that he knew of no way in which such images could be produced unless the objects represented were in the field of the binocular the moment the impression was taken of the sitting group. Such confirmation of large practical experience is, however, merely supplemental to the demonstration of science, inasmuch as these spirit forms, as presented in the stereoscope, are the resultant of different perspective views of the same objects which unite and coalesce, so that the forms seen through the instrument are a perfect counterpart of the objects themselves. There can be no stereoscopic or rotund image without the blending of the virtual images,—no virtual images can be formed without a solid or material body. The matter composing the forms must have been exceedingly attenuated, invisible, although displayed in full light directly before our eyes, and yet of sufficient capacity to obstruct and reflect light. The substance composing the features and robes of the children seems to be of the same constitution. The garments present no regular organic texture or structural arrangement. Under a high magnifying power, they resemble a thin matting of very fine wool, and no where present clear-cut or well-defined edges, but flossy, fibrous terminations, and probably presenting an instance of an early stage of that formative process which the intelligences use in presenting certain classes of visible phenomena, which are probably effected by chemical methods. It cannot, however, be doubted that the dwellers in the spheres have dynamical and mechanical resources which they employ in the transference of material objects, and the production, apparently at will, of the gorgeous and beautiful fabrics in which they visit us, and which appear as regular textures, artistically wrought. The facility with which they cause persons,

even as well as things, to instantly appear and to vanish points to a science, the transcendent scope and resources of which are scarcely imagined, but which will be found entirely in accordance with what we call natural laws.

WILLIAM A. DUNKLEE,
JOHN S. LADD.

Boston, March 5, 1884.

PLATFORM TESTS AT ONSET BAY CAMP-MEETING, WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE MEDIUM,

JOSEPH D. STILES, of Weymouth, Mass.

[Last summer the audiences at Onset Bay were very much interested in the Indian spirit "Swift Arrow," who controls Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, and gives tests upon the platform. So rapid and vivacious is he that the audience are kept in breathless silence, or roars of laughter and applause, as he makes some witty remark or describes the spirits before him, telling their names, places of residence, occupation, and incidents which happened when in earth life, calling the names of friends present in the audience, thus proving their identity. No person who has once become acquainted with Swift Arrow can for one moment doubt that his characteristic individuality is distinct from that of his medium, Mr. Stiles, so different are they in every respect.

The following from Mr. Stiles' own pen, describing how he became a medium will be found very interesting. We print a few of these descriptions below; the rapidity with which they were given may be judged when we say that we took down the names of about one hundred and twenty spirits who were recognized by persons present, in two sessions of about one half hour each the same day.—ED.]

HOW I BECAME A MEDIUM.

In 1850, two years subsequent to the startling manifestations at Rochester, my sister, Harriet, who was visiting friends and relations in Weymouth, discovered herself to be what was then known as a table-tipping medium. My father and his family then

dren, as well as through the drapery about them. A close inspection discloses that there are visible on the floor exceedingly fine films or trails extending from the point of the objective locality of the forms back towards the camera and its operator, indicating the probable source whence the formative elements were drawn, and that the process was going on the moment the impression was taken. It is hardly necessary to remark that those images could not have been formed by any previous impression upon the negative, or superimposed by any subsequent process. This stereoscopic picture was shown to a distinguished photographer, who said that he knew of no way in which such images could be produced unless the objects represented were in the field of the binocular the moment the impression was taken of the sitting group. Such confirmation of large practical experience is, however, merely supplemental to the demonstration of science, inasmuch as these spirit forms, as presented in the stereoscope, are the resultant of different perspective views of the same objects which unite and coalesce, so that the forms seen through the instrument are a perfect counterpart of the objects themselves. There can be no stereoscopic or rotund image without the blending of the virtual images,—no virtual images can be formed without a solid or material body. The matter composing the forms must have been exceedingly attenuated, invisible, although displayed in full light directly before our eyes, and yet of sufficient capacity to obstruct and reflect light. The substance composing the features and robes of the children seems to be of the same constitution. The garments present no regular organic texture or structural arrangement. Under a high magnifying power, they resemble a thin matting of very fine wool, and no where present clear-cut or well-defined edges, but flossy, fibrous terminations, and probably presenting an instance of an early stage of that formative process which the intelligences use in presenting certain classes of visible phenomena, which are probably effected by chemical methods. It cannot, however, be doubted that the dwellers in the spheres have dynamical and mechanical resources which they employ in the transference of material objects, and the production, apparently at will, of the gorgeous and beautiful fabrics in which they visit us, and which appear as regular textures, artistically wrought. The facility with which they cause persons,

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In 1850, two years subsequent to the startling manifestations at Rochester, my sister, Harriet, who was visiting friends and relations in Weymouth, discovered herself to be what was then known as a table-tipping medium. My father and his family then

resided in North Brighton, Mass. Messages and tests of an interesting and convincing character were "tipped out," awakening in each member of the family a great interest, and proving to us that the "gates were ajar." Friends and neighbors flocked to the house to find out for themselves whether these things were so, many of whom, from the evidences then given, were convinced of their reality, and lived and died in the soul-comforting belief. Other members of the family in turn became mediums, and many and striking were the demonstrations given through their medial powers. It was not until 1853 that I discovered the same elements and powers existing within myself. I was then in the printing office of Basin & Chandler, on the corner of Cornhill and Brattle Streets. At the case one day I found myself unable to compose the type into the stick, and, after repeated trials, came to the conclusion that my mission as a printer had come to an end. Still I persevered only to be discomfited. I left the office the next day, never again to enter it in the capacity of a printer. I attended several circles in Boston to develop and strengthen the power which had so mysteriously, and so much against my will and desire at that time, taken possession of me. Tipping tables, physical, mental, and other phenomena followed in rapid succession, until it was announced to me that I must go before, and present to, the public the remarkable manifestations which were gaining such a firm foothold in my organization. Anterior, however, to this, while visiting friends in Quincy, the announcement was made through the mediumship of Miss Sarah A. Southworth, the talented writer for the *Banner of Light*, that an Indian chief, by the name of Swift Arrow, would take me under his guardianship, and control me to present indubitable evidences of the reality of modern spiritualism to public and private audiences. The announcement was treated lightly by me as one of the prophecies "born to die in the bud,"—as one destined to remain unfulfilled during the term of my physical life. But the medium was right and I was wrong. Could I have foreseen what was to come I should have shrunk from the colossal task imposed upon me. In various towns in Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire, before large public audiences that filled the halls provided for me to their utmost capacity, faithfully has he fulfilled his prophecy; and in camp, seance, and convention is he still con-

tinuing his work, delighting thousands, leading sceptic and believer to feel that the two worlds are indeed united in such strong bonds that nothing can divorce or break them. Fifteen years or more were required to bring me in subjection to those conditions necessary to a successful manifestation of my test medial powers in public. At a private seance in the town of Danville, Vt., my Indian guide proposed to exercise them in the Union Baptist Church in that place. I at first strenuously remonstrated against such a public exhibition, and he (my Indian control) as strenuously persisted. I acceded to his wishes, with the advice of friends on this side of life, and my first public seance was a success, twenty excellent tests being given, and all recognized. After that I surrendered myself to his control, and notwithstanding the hundreds of seances given in hall, church, convention, and camp, not one has proved a failure. This is a marvel to me. Among the thousands of names and incidents given, I do not believe there have been ten out of the whole number but that have been verified, either at the time they were given or subsequently. This is certainly remarkable. My memory for names is very poor, and it is a wonder to me that Swift Arrow should prove such a success in that direction. These tests are not confined to places where I have lectured, but, in multitudes of instances, from places I have never visited, and never expected to. And yet some one is always present to verify these wonderful evidences. From Europe, South America, and the Western States, their ascended inhabitants have visited my seances, manifesting to some friends present whom they knew, establishing beyond all cavil the identity of their immortal presences. Hoping life may be spared a few years more to benefit the world with my medial gifts, I am,

Yours for spiritualism,

JOSEPH D. STILES.

SHORT-HAND REPORT AT ONSET BAY, FOR "FACTS," OF TESTS
GIVEN BY MR. J. D. STILES, JULY 22, 1883.

"The first man that comes to me has papers in his hand, and they are legal papers as though that was his business. He gives his name as Charles Sayer, son of Benjamin Sayer, and says that he was a recorder of deeds in New Bedford. Now comes another

from Warren, who gives his name as Azaria Cushman; and here comes another, who was acquainted with the others, from the same place, and will be known here. He gives his name as John B. Nichols. Here come two more; one of them went away a long time ago, the other afterward, and both give the name of Elija Nickerson. Bro. Wheeler, here comes one whom I think you will know, and he comes from Philadelphia. His name is very curious. His first name is Charles, and the last Sharpless,—Charles Sharpless. Now here comes to the Emerson lady a lady, and she gives me a choking sensation. She gives her name as Esther Ticknor, and as you do not readily recognize it, I will give another name with it,—Will Ticknor. Now here comes a man seventy-five or eighty years old, who has Esq. to his name; he comes to some one here, gives his name as Horace Gleason, from Malden. Here comes another who, when on the earth, used to preach the gospel, but he says he is advancing in the other world; he says he is beginning to shed his feathers, and is quite well; gives his name as Dea. Sargent. I see another, who went away a long time ago; his name is Nathan Newhall, and Aunt Nancy is with him. Another comes, who says he belonged in Melrose, and was in some way connected with a railroad; he gives his name as George E. Carr, and that accounts for it, for cars are connected with railroads, arn't they? Here comes a man who was very generous; his name is Jeremiah Martin. A lady comes to some one in this audience, and an old gentleman with her, who went away years ago, and a young man comes, too; the young woman wants to reach her husband, Dr. Josiah — (the last name lost); she says her name was Lucy Norcross before she was married, and her father's name is Daniel Norcross; well, that is all of that. Now, you know, I want to help the deacons all I can, for I think it is a good idea to have them come back, so I will say that this one comes from Falmouth, and was called Dea. Solomon Lawrence, and old Aunt Polly comes with him; she was his wife, and along with them comes his old-maid sister, and her name was Lucy Lawrence. And now here is another, and I see written out in the air Captain. Now I see Methia Fuller,—yes, and old Joe Fuller. And now I come down into the audience to some friend that seems to me to be here; he is an old brave, and his name is Charles Forest Clifton, from Foxboro, and with him is Lucy and

Georgie. And here comes another deacon, and he is a lively one; he comes to shake you up a bit, and he says he has come to let you know that spirits can come back; and he says that they are livelier corpses than some of you here are; he gives his name as Deacon Martin Torrey. Now, I am going a long way from here to Philadelphia; a man comes and brings a small chest, and that means a medicine man, and he gives his name as Dr. William Eddy. And now comes another man, and he comes from New Bedford, and gives his name as Samuel Taylor; he says he went away from home and froze to death. You know "birds of a feather flock together," and I guess that is so, for all these doctors come together, and here is another, Dr. John West. And now there is a brave who comes here, who says he used to be a wool merchant, and gives his name as Charles T. P. Ryder. And here is another, and he says he knows his name might indicate that he was a bad man, but he was honest; his name was Robert Cheatham; he comes here with Dr. West. And now here comes a man who says he lived in Lowell, and did not know anything of spiritualism, Abbot Bubrick; another man comes with him, Dr. Houghton, and also Dr. Walter Burnham. Now here is another man, and he went to Claremont, N. H., and gives his first name as Samuel, and Mc; that seems like Scotch, and the whole name is Samuel McPeters. Here is a lady, who went away some time ago; she was from Taunton; her name is Alice Swift; her husband's name is Albert Swift; she says her adopted father's name was Horace Lewis, but her own father's name was Thomas Morton, and he lived in Macon, Georgia. Charley, now if you will give me a little song [addressing Mr. Sullivan, the leader of the choir], I think I can go on; sing 'Sweet Bye-and-Bye.' Now here is a brave, and I think, from his looks, that he was used to civil life; he has the letters Hon. before his name, and that stands for Honorable James Freeman, and he comes from Sandwich; his father's name was Watson Freeman; a lady comes with him and gives her name as Eveline, and was Watson Freeman's wife, and she died at Washington. I am now going to Roxbury, and I get the name of Naphthalia Rich, and he says he lived near Timothy Hoxsie. I now seem to be in a large building in Cambridge, and I get the name of Thomas Smith; he says he kept the Sherman House. And now here comes a man who says he wanted to return and see his

friends, and he comes from Newburyport, and he gives his name as Phylander Paddock. Is there such a place as Hatville? Well, here is a man and says his name is Zenas Turner, and with him is Dorcas Turner. And now comes Harvey Weeks. And now here comes Captain Zeno Crowell and his wife, and he says when he was married, he had the desire of his heart, for his wife's name was Desire. Another comes, and I see written out in the air the name of Capt. Zenas Crowell. And another comes and says his name is Peter Crowell; he says he went to New York and froze to death; now is he recognized? 'Yes.' Well, that is good; I like to hear you speak out like that. Another comes; his name is Eliphilet Crowell. Another comes, and he comes to a particular friend. And here comes a friend, and his name is Azel Samson, from Kingston; he says that Lucy Ann married a man named Everson. Now here comes David P. Hatch, and he is glad he is recognized; and I am glad, too, for I want all to be known that can. And now here comes a man to some one in the audience, and he has papers in his hands, and he says he was a lawyer, and his name he gives as Henry Allen, from Providence. And just behind him comes a man who gives his name as Jeremiah Almey; he was a blacksmith. And here comes Dr. Capron, Dr. Usher Parsons, both of Providence. I tell you what, these doctors like to come back, don't they? well, I am glad they do, for they give strength to others. Now I am going away, and I see the name of Carver, that is the place, not a man's name, and I see Charles Jones, from Carver. Now I hear some one say that she wants to come, and she says she was the wife of Jeremiah Martin, and her name was Lucy. Now I feel as though I was at Middleboro; and now I see South America, as though he went there, and a man says that is all right; now he gives his name as Dr. Charles Putman, and his father comes with him, and he is a Dr., too, but it is J. W. Putman; some one says he was not a doctor, but a minister; well, now, I call that a Dr. for they doctor souls; now, aint that good, that just makes me happy, Mr. President. Now I pass him by, and a lady comes, and she was eighteen years old when she went out, and her name is Anna Hirman, from Middleboro. Here comes a man that wants his Grandfather Davis to know that he is happy, and must not feel bad; his name is Hugh Montgomery, and comes from Newton. Now, here is a

Dr. Lord; his father's name is Clinton Hill Lord. And here comes Chauncy Foster, and with him a man that went away a long time ago, and his name is Dr. Theodore Lewis Mason. Another comes here, Thomas Rice; he went out because he lost so much in Wall St. And another comes here, from Plymouth, and his name is Gustavus Jackson. And now come Joseph Bates and his wife, Sally Bates. And now come a man and his wife; his name is N. B. Robbins; the lady used to live in N.Y., and her name was Hannah Brayley before she married Robbins; they lived near Ben and George A. Hathaway. Here comes some one who desires to have some of his friends know of him; he comes from Natick; his name is Herbert Whitney. And now comes a man of seventy-five years, and his name is Feany. And now some one comes and gives me a dying feeling, and I think he passed out suddenly; he gives his name as Jedediah Fisher. One more comes, his name is Elijah Allen, and Gardiner Wilson comes, too. Here is a man, and he said he hardly knew where he was when he came over; he wants his friends to know of him; he was not old, just past middle age; comes from Easton, and his name is Elisha Tyler Andrews. Here comes another, E. Furness, and he wants to congratulate the people upon the march of spiritualism, and says, "Go along and gain the victory." There are two coming now, Gardiner Adams, Aaron Augustus Possiquos, from Franklin, Mass. Now, Charley, sing again, and I will finish. Now, here come the deacons again. I tell you the deacons all like to come, and this one gives his name as Dea. Oliver Ellis; he passed away suddenly. Now comes Abby Wheelock, and a Major William Pierson, from Carver; now he is recognized, and I like to hear folks speak out like that. Now, there are two more, one is an old man seventy-five years old; his name is Willard Higgins, from Orleans, and Elisha Atwood and Charles Davis, from Falmouth. And now here comes some one that I shall bring to your notice as Captain Ansel Fishe, and Abigail comes with him, and also Christopher Fishe. And now two more come, and they are Ansel Bourne and Captain Joe Harris, and I guess I have given you enough for one afternoon; and, besides, the telephonic connection is being dissolved, and my medly cannot give the names so correctly, and I will say good-bye."

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS.

By MRS. MARY F. LOVERING, East Boston, Mass.

The following are some experiences and impressions showing how I have been led by them. During the winter of 1882-83, and while I was in New York, I received a letter from Mrs. Dr. Dillingham, of Lynn, saying that her husband was very ill. I immediately wrote to her that he would live until I could see him. I did not return to my home in East Boston until July, and went to see the doctor, and talked for some time with him before the spirit left the body. Eight days after his burial I received a message from him, in which he said he was coming to help me. Not long after this, a gentleman came for me to speak at a spiritualist meeting in Salem. One of my guides told me that Dr. Dillingham impressed the gentleman to come for me; and I, being anxious to know if such was the case, asked him why he came for me. "Well," said he, "the speaker we had engaged disappointed us, and late last night I was impressed by some one to come here, and I could procure your services."

I accepted the offer, and, after fulfilling the engagement, a lady came to me and said: "I saw Dr. Dillingham around you while you were speaking." To me all these things are pleasant, for it gives me strength and courage to go on with my work for the spirit world; and also gives me proof outside of myself that my impressions are correct. Now, I will go back a number of years in my life and give to your readers a prophesy that has since proved true, and which was written by my own hand. The message was this: "You will see your name on sheet music before a great while." I laughed at the idea, for I thought it could not be possible; but two years later it proved true, and since that time I have written over a hundred pieces that have been published.

DR. J. D. MOORE, BOSTON.—I went, not long since, to one of Mr. Keeler's seances, and took with me a lady who belongs to the Methodist church. I said to the controlling spirit, George Christie, will you write something for this lady? and this is what she received: "It is not what creed or what denomination we follow that takes us to a bright condition after the mortal, but it is the good we do, whether it be Baptist, Methodist, or any other road."