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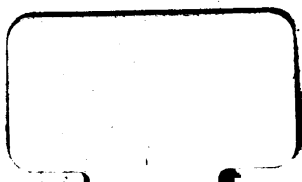
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THE TWO SISTERS & THEIR FRIENDS OF HYDRAVILLE, NEW YORK

Hydesville in History

M. E. CADWALLADER

*There is no Death,
There are no Dead,
We live, and love you still.*

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M. E. Cadwallader

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Foreword.

The interest and affection of men have ever centered in the birthplace of leaders, humanitarian movements, and religions which have won recognition.

Modern Spiritualism is a melting pot in which have been swept materials from the fields of religion, philosophy and science. From it has emerged a glorified religion—religion, philosophy and science in one—a universal scientific religion, more competent to reveal the destiny of man and to train individual souls for citizenship in a heaven both on earth and in the spiritual realms than any other revelation ever vouchsafed to man.

As the place of emergence from unseen to seen of this religion of worldwide significance, Hydesville has a claim upon the thought of all Spiritualists. Hence this history. Nevertheless, we should set aside an over-emphasis upon times and places, and bear in mind that communion between the two worlds can be established at any spot where a yearning, aspiring soul recognizes his need of comfort and instruction. Of old, a few places have seemed to be holy. Now all places are potentially holy, and it is for us to make them so in fact.

Realizing the necessity for preserving in a compact form some of the interesting history concerning the Hydesville Cottage—the home of the Fox sisters—we have gathered from various sources facts well attested by those who have been and who still are connected with the movement of Modern Spiritualism. Every statement has been gathered with care, and in giving it to the world we realize it meets a long-felt want for a brief history of events connected with the Fox sisters and Hydesville Cottage.

M. E. CADWALLADER.

*Just
Mrs. H. H. Hygie
1/7/54*

Hydesville in History.

Testimony of Eye-Witnesses.

Interesting Details of the Manifestations Through the
Fox Sisters Which Gave the World a
New Religion.

The birth-places of the greatest of the world's social, political, and religious reformations have generally been of insignificant and lowly aspect, and apparently under the most inauspicious circumstances for producing any great effect upon mankind.

The scene of the Hydesville manifestations was a small wooden homestead, one of a cluster of houses like itself, in the little village of Hydesville, near to the town of Newark, Wayne County, New York (being so called after Dr. Hyde, an old settler, whose son was the proprietor of the house in question). The house was a humble frame dwelling fronting south, consisting of two fair-sized parlors opening into each other; east of these a bedroom and a buttery or pantry, opening into one of the sitting rooms; and a stairway between the buttery and the bedroom leading from the sitting room up to the half story above and from the buttery down to the cellar.

This humble dwelling had been selected as a temporary residence during the erection of another house in the country, by John D. Fox, who, with his family, soon afterward became so prominently identified with the phenomena which have since become world famous. Their little dwelling, though so small and simply furnished as to leave no shadow of opportunity for con-

cealment or trick, was the residence of honest piety and rural simplicity. All who ever knew them bore witness to the unimpeachable character of the good mother, while the integrity of the simple-minded farmers who were father and brother to the sisters who have since become so celebrated as the "Rochester Knockers" stands proved beyond all question.

The ancestors of Mr. Fox were Germans, the name being originally "Voss;" but both he and Mrs. Fox were native born. In Mrs. Fox's family, French by origin and Rutan by name, several individuals had evinced the power of second sight—her maternal grandmother (Margaret Ackerman) who resided at Long Island, had frequent perceptions of coming events; and so vivid were these presentiments that she frequently followed phantom funerals to the grave as if they were real.

Mrs. Fox's sister, Elizabeth Higgins, also had similar power. On one occasion, in the year 1823, the two sisters, then residing in New York, proposed to go to Sodus by canal. But one morning Elizabeth said, "We shall not make this trip by water."

"Why so?" her sister asked.

"Because I dreamed last night that we traveled by land, and there was a strange person with us. In my dream, too, I thought we came to Mott's tavern in the Beech Woods, and that they could not admit us because Mrs. Mott lay dying in the house. I know it will come true."

"Very likely indeed!" her sister replied, "for last year, when we passed there, Mr. Mott's wife lay dead in the house."

"You will see. He must have married again, and he will lose his second wife."

Every particular came to pass as Mrs. Higgins had predicted. Mrs. Johnson, a stranger, whom at the time of the dream they had not seen, did go with them, they made the journey by land, and were refused admittance into Mott's tavern for the very cause assigned in the dream.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Fox consisted of six

children, but at the time of the manifestations the house was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fox and their two youngest children only, Margaretta, aged twelve, and Kate, aged nine years.

In a publication of the early investigations connected with this house, entitled, "A Report of the Mysterious Noises Heard in the House of Mr. John D. Fox, in Hydeville, Arcadia, Wayne County, authenticated by the certificates and confirmed by the statements of the citizens of that place and vicinity," we find that some disturbances had affected the house before the Fox family came to live there. In the year 1843-4, the farm was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Bell, who, during the last three months of their stay, were joined by a young girl—Lucretia Pulver, who sometimes worked for them, and at other times boarded with them and went to school, she being about fifteen years old.

According to the statement of Lucretia, called forth by subsequent investigations, a peddler called at the house one afternoon whom Mrs. Bell seemed to recognize as an acquaintance. He was a man about thirty years of age, dressed in a black frock coat, light trousers and vest, and carried with him a pack of goods containing dress material and other draperies.

Shortly after the arrival of the peddler, Mrs. Bell called the girl to say that she could not afford to keep her any longer, and that as she was going to the next village the same afternoon, she might pack her clothes and they would go together. Before going, Lucretia chose from the peddler's pack a piece of delaine, asking him to leave it at her father's house. This he promised to do the next day. Mrs. Bell and Lucretia then left the house, the peddler and Mr. Bell remained behind, the former apparently having decided to stay there for the day. The peddler did not call at Lucretia's father's house next day in fulfillment of his promise to do so, nor, in fact, was he ever seen again, a circumstance which should be borne in mind when the sequel to this story is under consideration.

About three days afterward, much to the girl's sur-

prise, Mrs. Bell sent for Lucretia to return to her again. She did so, and from that time she began to hear noises and knockings in her bedroom, the same room which afterward was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fox. On one occasion, when Mr. and Mrs. Bell were away from home at Lock Berlin, and Lucretia had to remain in the house, she sent for her young brother and a girl friend named Aurelia Loney to stay in the house with her. During the night they all heard noises which they declared sounded like the footsteps of a man passing from the bedroom to the buttry, then down the cellar stairs, traversing the cellar for a short time and then suddenly stopping. They were all very much frightened and got up to fasten the doors and windows, but were scarcely able to sleep the remainder of the night.

About a week after the visit of the peddler to the house, Lucretia, having occasion to go down into the cellar, stumbled and fell into a hole filled with soft soil, which somewhat frightened her and caused her to scream for assistance. Mrs. Bell coming to her rescue, Lucretia asked what Mr. Bell had been doing in the cellar, that it was all "dug up." Mrs. Bell replied that "the holes were only rat holes" and a few nights afterward Lucretia observed that Mr. Bell was busy for some time filling up the "rat holes" with earth which he carried there himself.

During the remainder of the period in which the house was occupied by the Bell family, the sounds continued to be heard, not only by Lucretia, but by Mrs. Bell. Lucretia's mother, Mrs. Pulver, was a frequent visitor at the house, and on one occasion in particular, after the foregoing events, when she called upon Mrs. Bell, she found the latter quite ill from want of rest, and on inquiring the cause, Mrs. Bell declared she was "sick of her life," and that she frequently "heard the footsteps of a man traversing the house all night."

A few months after these events happened, the Bells left the neighborhood, and the house became tenanted by a Mr. and Mrs. Weekman, who lived there about eighteen months, and left in the year 1847. Mr. Week-

man's statement respecting the noises he heard was to the effect that one evening, when he was about to retire for the night, he heard a rapping on the outside door, and, what was rather unusual for him, instead of familiarly bidding them "come in," stepped to the door and opened it. He had no doubt of finding some one who wished to come in, but to his surprise found no one there. He stepped out and looked around, supposing that some person was imposing on him, but he could discover no one, and went back into the house. After a short time he heard the rapping again, and stepped up and held on to the latch, so that he might ascertain if any one had taken that means to annoy him. The rapping was repeated, the door opened instantly, but no one was in sight. Mr. Weekman states that he could feel the jar of the door very plainly when the rapping was heard. As he opened the door he sprang out and went around the house, but no one was in sight, nor could he find trace of any intruder.

Afterward they frequently were disturbed by strange and unaccountable noises. One night Mrs. Weekman heard what she deemed to be the footsteps of some one walking in the cellar. Another night Mr. Weekman and his wife were disturbed by hearing a scream from their child, a girl of about eight years of age. This happened at midnight. They went to her, and she told them that something like a hand passed over her face and head. It seemed cold, and so badly had she been frightened that it was some time before she could be induced to tell her parents the cause of her alarm, nor would she consent to sleep in the same room for several nights afterward.

From the time the Fox family entered the house at Hydesville, about December, 1847, they were incessantly disturbed by similar noises to those heard by Lucretia Pulver and the Weekmans. During the next month, however (January, 1848), the noises began to assume the character of slight knockings heard at night in the bedroom; sometimes appearing to sound from the cellar beneath. At first Mrs. Fox sought to persuade herself this might be the hammering of a shoemaker in a

house hard by, sitting up late at work. But further observation showed that the sounds originated in the house. For not only did the knockings become more distinct, and not only were they heard first in one part of the house, then in another, but the family remarked that these raps, even when not very loud, often caused a motion, tremulous rather than a sudden jar, of the bedsteads and chairs—sometimes of the floor; a motion which was quite perceptible to the touch when a hand was laid on the chairs, which was sometimes sensibly felt at night in the slightly oscillating motion of the bed, and which was occasionally perceived as a sort of vibration even when standing on the floor. After a time also, the noises varied in their character, sounding occasionally like distinct footfalls in the different rooms.

In the month of February, the noises became so distinct and continuous that their rest was broken night after night, and they were all becoming worn out in their efforts to discover the cause of the annoyances. These disturbances were not confined to sounds merely. Once something heavy, as if a dog, seemed to lie on the feet of the children; but it was gone before the mother could come to their aid. Another time (this was late in March) Kate felt as if a cold hand was on her face. Occasionally, too, the bedclothes were pulled during the night. Finally chairs were moved from their places. The disturbances, which had been limited to occasional knockings throughout February and March, gradually increased toward the close of the latter month, both in loudness and frequency. Mr. Fox and his wife got up night after night, lit a candle, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner of the house; but without any result. They discovered nothing. When the raps came on a door, Mr. Fox would stand, ready to open the door the instant the raps were repeated. Though he opened the door immediately there was no one to be seen. Nor did he or Mrs. Fox obtain any clew as to the cause of the trouble, notwithstanding all the efforts they made and the precautions they exercised.

This brings us up to Friday, March 31, 1848, a date which was destined to be indelibly imprinted on the

minds of the coming generations as the daybreak of a new era in the spiritual development of humanity, a date which has since been regularly observed as marking the advent of the greatest spiritual revelation of modern times, and recognized as the anniversary of the Spiritualist movement in all parts of the world.

The day had been cold and stormy, with snow on the ground. In the course of the afternoon, David, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, came to visit his parents from his farm about three miles distant. Mrs. Fox then first recounted to him the particulars of the annoyances they had endured; for until now they had been little disposed to communicate these to any one. He listened to her with a smiling face.

"Well, mother," he said, "I advise you not to say a word about it to the neighbors. When you find it out, it will be one of the simplest things in the world." And in that belief he returned to his own home.

Wearied out by a succession of sleepless nights and of fruitless attempts to penetrate the mystery, the Fox family retired on that Friday evening very early to rest, hoping for a respite from the disturbances that harassed them. But they were doomed to disappointment. The parents had had the children's beds removed into their own bedroom, and strictly enjoined them not to talk of the noises even if they heard them. But scarcely had the mother seen them safely in bed, and was retiring to rest herself, when the children cried out, "Here they are again." The mother chid them and lay down, but as though in rebuke of her apparent indifference, they were on this occasion louder and more pertinacious than ever. Rest was impossible. The children kept up a continuous chatter, sitting up in bed to listen to the sounds. Mr. Fox tried the windows and doors, to discover, if possible, the source of the annoyance. The night being windy it suggested itself to him that it might be the sashes rattling, but all in vain; the raps continued and were evidently answering the noise occasioned by the father shaking the windows, as if in mockery.

At length the youngest child, Kate—who in her guile-

less innocence had become familiar with the invisible knocker, until she was more amused than alarmed at its presence—merrily exclaimed, "Here, Mr. Split-foot, do as I do."

The effect was instantaneous; the invisible rapper responded by imitating the number of her movements. She then made a given number of motions with her finger and thumb in the air, but without noise, and her astonishment was re-doubled to find that these movements were seen by the invisible rapper, for a corresponding number of knocks were immediately given to her noiseless motions, while from her lips, as though but in childish jest and transport at her new discovery, there sprang to life the words which revealed the sublime Spiritual Truth of modern times, "Only look, mother! It can see as well as hear." Words which have since become a text which doctors, professors, skeptics and scoffers have tried to crush out of existence—and ignominiously failed, but which on the other hand have brought comfort, solace, and permanent joy to the hearts of hundreds of thousands—nay, millions surely—of earth's weary pilgrims; words which declared a truth since tested by every possible subtlety and sophistry which the ingenuity of man could suggest or devise, but which has stood firmly through every ordeal; words which declare a truth that has already become the firm foundation of faith for an ever progressive Spiritual Church, made up of almost every nation of the earth, and embracing adherents from every rank of philosophic, scientific, religious and social life, which, moreover, reveals its own attributes to the child and philosopher alike, and provides the missing link between a finite material world and a world of infinite spiritual possibilities by proving the continuity of life.

Happily for the momentous work which the spiritual telegraphers had undertaken to initiate in this humble dwelling, the first manifestations did not appeal to the high and learned of the earth, but to the plain common-sense of an honest farmer's wife, and suggested that whatever could see, hear, and intelligently respond to relevant queries, must have in it something in common

with humanity; and thus Mrs. Fox continued her investigations. Addressing the viewless rapper, she said, "Count ten;" the raps obeyed.

"How old is my daughter Margaret?" then "Kate?" Both questions were distinctly and correctly rapped out.

Mrs. Fox then asked, "How many children have I?" "Seven," was the reply; this, however, proved to be wrong, for she had only six living. She repeated her question, and again was answered by seven raps; suddenly she cried, "How many have I living?" Six raps responded. "How many dead?" A single knock; and both these answers proved correct. To the next questions, "Are you a man that knocks?" there was no response; but "Are you a spirit?" elicited firm and distinctive responsive knocks.

Emboldened by her success, Mrs. Fox continued her inquiries, and ascertained by raps that the messages were coming from what purported to be the spirit of a man who had been murdered for his money. To the question how old he was, there came thirty-one distinct raps. He also gave them to understand that he was a married man, and had left a wife and five children; that the wife was dead, and had been dead two years. After ascertaining so much, she asked the question, "Will the noise continue if I call in some neighbors?" The answer was by rapping in the affirmative.

At first they called in their nearest neighbors, who came thinking they would have a hearty laugh at the family for being frightened; but when the first neighbor came in and found that the noise, whatever it might be, could tell the age of herself as well as others, and give correct answers to questions on matters of which the family of Mr. Fox was quite ignorant, she concluded that there was something besides a subject of ridicule and laughter in these unseen but audible communications. These neighbors insisted on calling others, who came, and after investigation were as confounded as at first.

The reader must endeavor to picture to himself the scene which followed the introduction of the neighbors to this weird and most novel court of inquiry. Imagine the place to be a humble cottage in a remote

and obscure hamlet; the judge and jurors, simple unsophisticated rustics; and the witness an invisible, unknown being, a denizen of a world of whose very existence mankind has been ignorant; acting by laws mysterious and inconceivable, in modes utterly beyond all human control or comprehension, and breaking through what has been deemed the dark and eternal seal of death, to reveal the long-hidden mysteries of the grave, and drag to the light secrets which not even the fabled silence of the grave could longer hide away. Those who have been accustomed to dream of death as the end of all whom its shadowy portals enclose, alone are prepared to appreciate the awful and startling reality of this strange scene, breaking apart, as it did, like a rope of sand, all the preconceived opinions of countless ages on the existence and destiny of the living dead.

Those who have become familiar with the revelations of the spirit circle will only smile at the consternation evoked in this rustic party by the now familiar presence and manifestations of "the spirits," but to those who still stand in the night of superstition, deeming all earth's countless millions as "dead," "lost," "gone," no one knows whither; never to return; to give no sign, no echo, no dim vibration from that vast gulf profound of unfathomed mystery—what a picture is that which suddenly brings them face to face with the mighty hosts of the vanished dead, all clothed in life, and girded round with a panoply of power, and light, and strength; with vivid memory of the secret wrongs deemed buried in their graves. Our cities are thronged with an unseen people who flit about us, their piercing eyes invisible to us, are scanning all our ways. The universe is teeming with them—"There Are No Dead"—the air, the earth, and the sky above, are filled with a viewless host of spirit-witnesses whose messages ever declare "There is no death."

The news of the mysterious rappings continued to spread abroad, and the house was filled with anxious seekers for the unknown and invisible visitor. Up to this time the noises had only been heard at night, but on Sunday morning, April 2, the sounds were first heard

in the daytime, and by any who could get into the house. It has been estimated that at one time there were about five hundred people gathered around the house, so great was the excitement at the commencement of these strange occurrences.

On the Monday following, Mr. Fox and others commenced digging in the cellar, but as the house was built on low ground and in the vicinity of a stream then much swollen by rains, it was not surprising that they were baffled by the influx of water at the distance of three feet down. In the summer of 1848, when the ground was dry and the water lowered, the digging again commenced, when they found a plank, a vacant place or hole, some bits of crockery, which seemed to have been a washbowl, traces of charcoal, quicklime, some human hair, bones (declared on examination by a surgeon to be human), including a portion of a skull, but no connected skull was found. The complete skeleton was found in 1904.

Such were the results of the examination of the cellar; such the only corroborative evidence obtained of the truth of the spirit's tale of untimely death. The presence of human remains in the cellar proves that some one was buried there, and the quicklime and charcoal testify to the fact that attempts were made to dispose of the body of the victim secretly.

The Fox family did not immediately quit the scene of this mysterious haunting, but remained to witness still more astounding phenomena. The furniture was frequently moved about; the girls were often touched by hard cold hands; doors were opened and shut with violence; their beds were so violently shaken that they were obliged to "camp out," as they termed it, on the ground; their bed-clothes were dragged from them, and the very floor and house made to rock as in an earthquake. Night after night they would be appalled by hearing a sound like a death struggle, the gurgling of the throat, a sudden thud as of something falling, the dragging as of a helpless body across the room and down the cellar stairs, the digging of a grave, nailing

of boards, and the filling up as of a new-made grave.

It was perceived that "the spirits" seemed to select or require the presence of the two younger girls of the family for the production of the sounds; and though these had been made without them, especially on the night of March 31, when all the members of the family save Mr. Fox were absent from the house, still as curiosity prompted them to close observation and conversation with the invisible power, it was clear that the manifestations became more powerful in the presence of Kate, the youngest daughter, than with any one else.

As the house was continually thronged with curious inquirers, and the time, comfort and peace of the family were consumed with these harassing disturbances, besides the most absurd though injurious suspicions being cast upon them, they endeavored to baffle the haunters by sending Kate to reside with her eldest sister, Mrs. Fish, at Rochester; but no sooner had she gone than the manifestations re-commenced with more force than ever, in the presence of Margaretta. In course of time, Mrs. Fox, with both her daughters, went to live in Rochester, but neither change of place nor house, nor yet the separation of the family, afforded them any relief from the disturbances that evidently attached themselves to persons rather than places as formerly.

Although the Fox family had for months striven to banish the power that tormented them, praying with all the fervor of true Methodism to be released from it, and enduring fear, loss and anxiety in its continuance, the report of its persistence began to spread abroad, causing a rain of persecutions to fall upon them from all quarters. Old friends looked coldly on them, and strangers circulated the most atrocious slanders at their expense.

Mrs. Fish, the eldest sister, who was a teacher of music in Rochester, began to lose her pupils, and while the blanching of the poor mother's hair in a single week bore testimony to the mental tortures which supra-mundane terrors and mundane cruelties had heaped upon them, the world was taunting them with imposture

and with originating the very manifestations which were destroying their health, peace of mind, and good name. They had solicited the advice of their much-respected friend, Isaac Post, a highly esteemed Quaker citizen of Rochester, and at his suggestion succeeded in communicating by raps with the invisible power, through the alphabet (an attempt had been previously made, but without success). Telegraphic numbers were given to signify "Yes" or "No," "Doubtful," and so forth, and sentences were spelled out by which they learned the astounding facts that not only "Charles Rosna," the murdered peddler, but hosts of spirits, good and bad, high and low, could under certain conditions not understood, and impossible for mortals yet to comprehend, communicate with earth; that such communication was produced through the forces of spiritual magnetism, in chemical affinity; that the varieties of magnetism in different individuals afforded "medium power" to some and denied it to others; that the magnetic relations necessary to produce phenomena were very subtle, liable to disturbance and singularly susceptible to the influence of the mental emotions. In addition to communications purporting thus to explain the object and something of the *modus operandi* of the communion, numerous spirit friends of the family, and also of those who joined in their investigations, gladdened the hearts of their astonished relatives by direct and unlooked-for tests of their presence. They came spelling out their names, ages, and various tokens of identity correctly, and proclaiming the joyful tidings that they all "still lived," "still loved," and with the tenderness of human affection and the wisdom of a higher sphere of existence, watched over and guided the beloved ones who had mourned them as dead, with all the gracious ministry of guardian angels.

But redolent of joy and consolation as is the intercourse with beloved friends, at this time when orderly communion has succeeded doubtful experiment, it must not be supposed that any such harmonious results characterized the initiatory proceedings of the spiritual movement which now made its advent in Rochester.

Within and without the dwellings of the medium,

all was fear, consternation, doubt, and anxiety. Fanatical religionists of different sects had forced themselves into the family gatherings, and the wildest scenes of rant, cant, and absurdity often ensued. Opinions of the most astounding nature were hazarded concerning the object of this movement; some determining that it was a "millennium," and looking for the speedy reign of a personal Messiah and the equally speedy destruction of the wicked.

It must not be supposed that the clergy were idle spectators of the tumultuous wave that was sweeping over the city. On the contrary, several of them called on Mrs. Fox with offers to "exorcise the spirits," and when they found their attempts futile, and that though the spirits would rap in chorus to the "amens" with which they concluded their incantations, they were otherwise unmoved by these reverend performances, they generally ended by proclaiming abroad that the family were "in league with the evil one," or the "authors of a vile imposture."

Honorable exceptions, however, were found to this cowardly and unchristian course, and among these was Rev. A. H. Jervis, a Methodist minister of Rochester, in whose family remarkable manifestations occurred of the same character as in that of the Foxes, and whose appreciation of the beauty and worth of the communications he received, several of his published letters bear witness of. Lyman Granger, Rev. Charles Hammond, Deacon Hale, and several other families of wealth and influence, both in Rochester and the surrounding towns, also began to experience similar phenomena in their own households, while the news came from all quarters, extending as far as Cincinnati and St. Louis, west, and Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York, east, that the mysterious rappings and other phases of what is now called "medium power" were rapidly spreading from town to town and state to state, in fulfillment of an assurance made in the very first of the communications to the Fox family, namely, "that these manifestations were not to be confined to them, but would go all over the world."

The remarkable manner in which this prophecy has

been fulfilled, the most casual observer will readily admit; for Spiritualism—even as a religious power—has far outstripped any other form of religion in the world in the rapidity of its growth, having reached every civilized nation and permeated every other form of belief in less than half a century.

The Fox sisters were still called the "Rochester Knockers," the "Fox girls," the "Rappers," and other epithets, equally foolish and obnoxious to their interests and feelings. Catherine Fox, the youngest girl, had been removed to the house of W. E. Capron, of Auburn. Mrs. Fish, though generally present when phenomena were transpiring, was not in its earliest phases conscious of being a medium. Margaretta, the other sister, was then in reality the only one through whom the manifestations appeared to proceed, when in November, 1848, the spirits, who had long been urging them to permit public investigations to be made through her mediumship, informed them by raps that "they could not always strive with them," and since they were constantly disobedient to the spirits' requests, and obviously opposed to their presence, they should leave them, and in all probability withdraw for another generation, or seek through other sources for the fulfillment of the high and holy purposes for which this spiritual outpouring had been designed. To these appeals the family were inflexible. They constantly prayed that the cup of this great bitterness "might pass from them." They did not wish to be "mediums," and abhorred the notoriety, scandal, and persecution which their fatal gift had brought them, and when warned that the spirits would leave them, they protested their delight at the announcement, and expressed their earnest desire that it might be fulfilled.

There were present at a circle, when communications of this character were made, several influential persons of the city, who had become greatly interested in the manifestations and were warm friends of the family. They could not, however, realize that the threat here implied would actually be fulfilled until the spirits, by rappings, spelled out several messages of a particularly

affectionate and valedictory character. The scene became, says an eye-witness, solemn and impressive. The spirits announced that in twenty minutes they would depart, and exactly as that time expired they spelled out, "We will now bid you all farewell;" when the raps entirely ceased.

The family expressed themselves "glad to get rid of them;" the friends present vainly tried to obtain, by solicitations, made, as it would seem, to empty air, some demonstration that this beneficent and wonderful visitation had not indeed wholly ceased. All was useless. A mournful silence filled the apartment which had but a few minutes before been tenanted with angels, sounding out their messages of undying affection, tender counsel, wise instruction, and prescient warning. The spirits indeed were gone; and as one by one the depressed party separated and passed out into the silent moonlit streets of Rochester, all and each of them felt as if some great light had suddenly gone out, and life was changed to them. There was a mighty blank in space and a shadow everywhere, but spirit light came no more to illuminate the thick darkness.

A fortnight passed away, during which the former investigators called constantly on the Fox family to inquire if their spirit friends had returned. For the first few days a stoical negative was their only reply; after this, they began more and more fully to recognize the loss they had sustained. The wise counsellors were gone; the sources of strange strength and superhuman consolation were cut off. The tender, loving, wonderful presence no more flitted around their steps, cheered their meals, encouraged them in their human weakness, or guided them in their blindness. And these most wonderful and providential beings their own waywardness had driven from them. At last, then, they met their inquiring friends with showers of tears, choking sobs, and expressions of the bitterest self-reproach and regret.

On the twelfth day of this great heart-dearth, E. W. Capron, being in Rochester on business, called at the house of Mrs. Fish, with George Willets, a member of

the Society of Friends, and one of their earliest spiritual investigators. On receiving the usual sorrowful reply that "the spirits had left them," Mr. Capron said, "Perhaps they will rap for us if not for you." They then entered the hall and put the usual question if the spirits would rap for them, in answer to which, and to the unspeakable delight of all present, they were greeted with a perfect shower of the much-lamented sounds.

Once more the spirits urged them to make the manifestations public. Again they reiterated the charge with solemn earnestness, and despite the mediums' continued aversion to the task imposed upon them, the fear of a fresh and final bereavement of the inestimable boon of spirit communion prevented their continued resistance to the course proposed.

When the persons who were called upon to aid the mediums and take somewhat prominent parts in the work urged the awkwardness of the positions assigned them, the spirits only replied, "Your triumph will be so much the greater." There is no doubt that the severe warning they had just received, and the fear of its repetition, acted upon the whole party with more force than any argument that could have been used to induce their submission.

At the injunctions of the spirits a public investigation into the possibility of communion between the world of spirits and the earth they once inhabited was carried out. Magistrates, editors, and professional men were the judges, and enlightened American citizens the jury. The aim of wide-spread publicity was attained. Thousands heard and wondered at, and finally believed in spiritual communion, who would never have dreamed of the subject but for the persecution and slander that was publicly directed against the "Rochester Knockers."

The records of these persecutions and slanders abound with disgraceful and painful incidents which, while being discreditable to the persons responsible for their propagation, redound with full credit to the honor and integrity of the mediums selected by the spirit world to be the forerunners of a new dispensation.

And thus the fiery cross, carried by the hands of un-

seen messengers, sped from point to point; the beacon fires lighted by invisible hands gleamed on every mountain top, and the low muffled sound of the spirit-raps that first broke the slumbers of the peaceful inhabitants of the humble tenement at Hydesville, became the clarion peal that sounded out to the millions of the Western Hemisphere, the anthem of the soul's immortality, chorused by hosts of God's bright ministering angels.

Among the doings at Hydesville during the early days of the rappings, the account would not be complete without the testimony of a neighbor and a former occupant of the cottage, whose testimony was very explicit and direct, and whose methods of getting in touch with the spirit were crowned with success finally, as corroborative of the results already obtained by the Fox girls themselves. This person was William Deusler, of Arcadia, a neighbor of the Fox family at this time, and from his testimony is gathered a great many interesting facts as to the evidence offered by the spirit in order that its identity could be clearly established.

Mr. Deusler had formerly lived with his father in this house, and the message that the spirit had received an injury, prompted him to ask if either he or his father had been the cause of such an injury. On receiving an assurance that they were in no way responsible, the investigation was continued, the results being here given in Mr. Deusler's own words:

"I then asked if Mr. _____ [naming a person who had formerly lived in the house] had injured it, and if so, to manifest it by rapping, and it made three knocks louder than common, and at the same time the bedstead jarred more than it had done before. I then inquired if it was murdered for money, and the knocking was heard. I then requested it to rap when I mentioned the sum of money for which it was murdered. I then asked if it was one hundred, two, three or four, and when I came to five hundred the rapping was heard. All in the room said they heard it distinctly. I then asked the question if it was five hundred dollars, and the rapping was heard.

"After this, I went over and got Artemus W. Hyde,

the son of the proprietor of the house at Hydesville, to come over. He came. I then asked over nearly the same questions as before, and got the same answers. Mr. Redfield sent after David Jewel and wife, and Mrs. Hyde also came. After they came in, I asked the same questions over and got the same answers. . . . I then asked it to rap my age—the number of years of my age. It rapped thirty times. This is my age, and I do not think any one about here knew my age, except myself and family. I then told it to rap my wife's age, and it rapped thirty times, which is her exact age; several of us counted it at the same time. I then asked it to rap A. W. Hyde's age; then Mrs. A. W. Hyde's age. I then continued to ask it to rap the ages of different persons—naming them—in the room, and it did so correctly, as they all said. I then asked the number of children in the different families in the neighborhood, and it told them correctly in the usual way by rapping; also the number of deaths that had taken place in the different families, and it told correctly. . . .

"I then asked in regard to the time of the murder, and in the usual way, by asking the different days of the week and the different hours of the day, learned that it occurred on Tuesday night, about twelve o'clock. The rapping was heard only when this particular time was mentioned. When it was asked if it was murdered on a Wednesday, or Thursday, or Friday night, there was no rapping. I then asked if it carried any trunk, and it rapped that it did. Then how many, and it rapped once. In the same way we ascertained that it had goods in the trunk, and that — took them when he murdered him; and that he had a pack of goods besides. I asked if its wife was living, and it did not rap. If she was dead, and it rapped. . . . This was tried over several times, and the result was always the same.

"I then tried to ascertain the first letters of its name by calling over the different letters of the alphabet. I commenced with A, and asked if it was the initial of its name; and when I asked if it was B the rapping commenced. We then tried all the other letters, but

could get no answer by the usual rapping. I then asked if we could find out the whole name by reading over all the letters of the alphabet, and there was no rapping. I then reversed the question, and the rapping was heard. . . . There were a good many more questions asked on that night by myself and others which I do not now remember. They were all readily answered in the same way. I staid in the house until about twelve o'clock, and then came home. Mr. Redfield and Mr. Fox staid in the house that night.

"Saturday night I went over again about seven o'clock. The house was full of people when I got there. They said it had been rapping some time. I went into the room. It was rapping in answer to questions when I went in. . . .

"There were as many as three hundred people in and around the house at this time, I should think. Hiram Soverhill, Esq., and Volney Brown asked it questions while I was there, and it rapped in answer to them.

"I went over again on Sunday between one and two o'clock p. m. I went into the cellar with several others, and had them all leave the house over our heads; and then I asked, if there had been a man buried in the cellar, to manifest it by rapping or any other noise or sign. The moment I asked the question there was a sound like the falling of a stick about a foot long and half an inch through, on the floor in the bedroom over our heads. It did not seem to rebound at all; there was but one sound. I then asked Stephen Smith to go right up and examine the room, and see if he could discover the cause of the noise. He came back and said he could discover nothing; that there was no one in the room, or in that part of the house. I then asked two more questions, and it rapped in the usual way. We all went up-stairs and made a thorough search, but could find nothing.

"I then got a knife and fork, and tried to see if I could make the same noise by dropping them, but I could not. This was all I heard on Sunday. There is only one floor, or partition, or thickness between the bedroom and the cellar; no place where anything could be se-

creted to make the noise. When this noise was heard in the bedroom I could feel a slight tremulous motion or jar. . . .

"On Monday night I heard this noise again, and asked the same questions I did before and got the same answers. This is the last time I have heard any rapping. I can in no way account for this singular noise which I and others have heard. It is a mystery to me which I am unable to solve. . . .

"I lived in the same house about seven years ago, and at that time never heard any noises of the kind in and about the premises. I have understood from Johnston and others who have lived there before ——— moved there, that there were no such sounds heard there while they occupied the house. I never believed in haunted houses, or heard or saw anything but what I could account for before.

"(Signed)

WILLIAM DEUSLER.

"April 12, 1848."

To the same effect is the testimony of the following persons, whose certificates were published in a pamphlet by E. E. Lewis, Esq., of Canandaigua, New York, namely: John D. Fox, Walter Scotten, Elizabeth Jewel, Lorren Tenney, James Bridges, Chauncey P. Losey, Benjamin F. Clark, Elizabeth Fox, Vernellia Culver, William D. Storer, Marvin P. Losey, David S. Fox, and Mary Redfield.

[From the Boston Journal, November 23, 1904.]

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1904.—The skeleton of the man supposed to have caused the rappings first heard by the Fox sisters in 1848 has been found in the walls of the house occupied by the sisters, and clears them from the only shadow of doubt held concerning their sincerity in the discovery of spirit communication.

The Fox sisters declared they learned to communicate with the spirit of a man, and that he told them he had been murdered and buried in the cellar. Repeated excavations failed to locate the body, and thus give proof positive of their story.

The discovery was made by school-children playing in

the cellar of the building in Hydesville known as the "spook house," where the Fox sisters heard the wonderful rappings. William H. Hyde, a reputable citizen of Clyde, who owns the house, made an investigation, and found an almost entire human skeleton between the earth and crumbling cellar walls, undoubtedly that of the wandering peddler who it was claimed was murdered in the east room of the house, and whose body was hidden in the cellar.

Mr. Hyde has notified relatives of the Fox sisters, and the notice of the discovery will be sent to the National Order of Spiritualists, many of whom remember having made pilgrimages to the "spook house," as it is commonly called. The finding of the bones practically corroborates the sworn statement made by Margaret Fox, April 11, 1848. The Fox sisters claimed to have been disturbed by rappings, and finally by a system of signals got into communication with the spirit.

According to Margaret Fox's statement, the spirit was that of a peddler, who described how he had been murdered in the house, his body being buried in the cellar. There were numerous witnesses to the rappings, but, although the cellar had been dug up many times, no traces of the body were found until the crumbling cellar walls revealed the skeleton.

The name of the murdered man, according to his revelation to the Fox sisters, was Charles Rosna, and the murderer a man named Bell. In 1847 the house was occupied by Michael Weekman, a poor laborer. He and his family became troubled by these mysterious rappings, which followed in succession at different intervals, especially during the night. The family became so broken by fear and loss of sleep that they vacated the house. On December 11, the Fox family moved in and two months later the rappings were resumed and the family became frightened. Finally Margaret and Cathie grew bold and asked questions which were answered, revealing the murder.

Note by Editor.—Attention is drawn to the fact that a portion of the skull (which the foregoing report declares to be missing) was discovered during the digging operations at the time of the "Knockings"—1848.

The Chosen Ones.

"A little child shall lead them."—Isa. xi. 6.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—Mat. xviii. 10.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Mat. xix. 13.

Not to men of worldly wisdom
Did the light from Heaven come,
But to playful little children
In their humble Hydesville home;
Not by men of highest learning,
Men of deepest thought profound,
But by guileless little children
Was the light from heaven found.

Not to men of "holy orders"—
Men of rev'rend name and fame—
Not to men of world-famed science
The angelic teachers came;
Not to men of lordly title
Was the priceless treasure given—
"Little children"—they were chosen,
By the messengers from heaven.

While the "wise ones" scoffed, derided,
And declared it could not be,
Little children, in their own way,
Solved the wondrous mystery;
Asking, child-like, simple queries,
Half in play, unmixed with fear,
The unseen one answered questions,
Proving "it" could surely hear.

"Do as I do," and the answer
Was a new and great surprise,
And we see her gazing, child-like,
With wide-open wonder-eyes,
As the import of the answer
Brought the spirit lesson clear,
And she cried, "Oh, mother! mother!
It can SEE as well as HEAR!"

Started thus a world-vibration,
With no pow'r to intervene;
Sped the tidings through each nation
And the spirit world unseen—
Led by wisdom of the angels—
Wondrous story to relate—
Thus the playful little children
Opened wide the heavenly gate.

Love and honor to the children
Who let light upon the world;
Be their names remembered ever
Where our banner is unfurled;
Let their frailties, which were human,
Be forgotten in our love,
And our gladness for the tidings
They delivered from above.

'Neath the kindly supervision
Of the dwellers of the skies
Little children builded wiser
Than the "wisdom of the wise,"
And the Earth is brighter, richer,
Fairer is the world today,
And the Angel World is nearer,
Since the children found the way.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

The Origin of Modern Spiritualism.

**Statements of Witnesses Regarding the Mysterious Noises
Heard in the Home of John D. Fox
in Hydesville, N. Y.**

The following statements were made by the different persons whose names are signed to them, and taken down in writing as they made them; after which they were carefully read, and signed by them. They comprise but a small number of those who heard these noises, or have been knowing to these transactions; but they are deemed sufficient to satisfy the public mind in regard to their truthfulness.

**Certificate of Mrs. Margaret Fox, Wife of John D. Fox,
the Occupant of the House.**

"We moved into this house on December 11, 1847, and have resided here since that date. We formerly lived in the city of Rochester, N. Y. We were first disturbed by these noises about a fortnight ago. It sounded like some one knocking in the east bedroom, on the floor; we could hardly tell where to locate the sounds, as sometimes it sounded as if the furniture was moved, but on examination we found everything in order. The children had become so alarmed that I thought best to have them sleep in the room with us. There were four of us in the family, and sometimes five.

"On the night of the first disturbance we all got up, lighted a candle and searched the entire house, the noises continuing during the time, and being heard near the same place. Although not very loud, it produced a jar of the bedsteads and chairs that could be felt when we were in bed. It was a tremulous motion, more than

a sudden jar. We could feel the jar when standing on the floor. It continued on this night until we slept. I did not sleep until about twelve o'clock. On March 30th we were disturbed all night. The noises were heard in all parts of the house. My husband stationed himself outside of the door while I stood inside, and the knocks came on the door between us. We heard footsteps in the pantry, and walking downstairs; we could not rest, and I then concluded that the house must be haunted by some unhappy, restless spirit. I had often heard of such things, but had never witnessed anything of the kind that I could not account for before.

"On Friday night, March 31, 1848, we concluded to go to bed early and not permit ourselves to be disturbed by the noises, but try and get a night's rest. My husband was here on all these occasions, heard the noises, and helped search. It was very early when we went to bed on this night—hardly dark. I had been so broken of my rest I was almost sick. My husband had not gone to bed when we first heard the noise on this evening. I had just lain down. It commenced as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever before heard. The children, who slept in the other bed in the room, heard the rapping, and tried to make similar sounds by snapping their fingers.

"My youngest child (Cathie) said: 'Mr. Splitfoot, do as I do,' clapping her hands. The sound instantly followed her with the same number of raps. When she stopped the sound ceased for a short time. Then Margaretta said, in sport: 'Now do just as I do; count one, two, three, four,' striking one hand against the other at the same time, and the raps came as before. She was afraid to repeat them.] Then Cathie said, in her childish simplicity: 'O, mother, I know what it is: tomorrow is April-fool day, and it's somebody trying to fool us.' I then thought I would put a test that no one in the place could answer. I asked the noise to rap my different children's ages, successively. Instantly each one of my children's ages was given correctly, pausing between them sufficiently long to individualize them until the seventh, at which a longer pause was made, and then

three more emphatic raps were given, corresponding to the age of the little one that died, which was my youngest child. I then asked: 'Is this a human being that answers my questions so correctly?' There was no rap. I asked: 'Is it a spirit? If it is, make two raps?' Two sounds were given as soon as the request was made. I then said: 'If it was an injured spirit, make two raps,' which were instantly made, causing the house to tremble. I asked, 'Were you injured in this house?' The answer was given as before. 'Is the person living that injured you?' Answered by raps in the same manner. I ascertained by the same method that it was a man, aged thirty-one years; that he had been murdered in this house, and his remains were buried in the cellar; that his family consisted of a wife and five children, two sons and three daughters, all living at the time of his death, but that his wife had since died. I asked: 'Will you continue to rap if I call my neighbors that they may hear it, too?' The raps were loud in the affirmative. My husband went and called in Mrs. Redfield (our nearest neighbor). She is a very candid woman. The girls were sitting up in bed clinging to each other and trembling with terror. I think I was as calm as I am now. Mrs. Redfield came immediately (this was about half-past seven), thinking she would have a laugh at the children; but when she saw them pale with fright, and nearly speechless, she was amazed, and believed there was something more serious than she had supposed. I asked a few questions for her, and was answered as before. He told her age exactly. She then called her husband, and the same questions were asked and answered. Then Mr. Redfield called in Mr. Duesler and wife, and several others. Mr. Duesler then called in Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, also Mr. and Mrs. Jewell. Mr. Duesler asked many questions, and received answers. I then named all the neighbors I could think of, and asked if any of them had injured him, and received no answer. Mr. Duesler then asked questions and received answers. He asked, 'Were you murdered?' Raps affirmative. 'Can your murderer be brought to justice?' No sound. 'Can he be punished by the law?' No answer. He then said: 'If your mur-

derer cannot be punished by the law, manifest it by raps,' and the raps were made clearly and distinctly. In the same way Mr. Duesler ascertained that he was murdered in the east bedroom about five years ago, and that the murder was committed by a Mr. —, on a Tuesday night, at 12 o'clock; that he was murdered by having his throat cut with a butcher knife; that the body was taken down cellar; that it was not buried until the next night; that it was taken through the buttery, down the stairway, and that it was buried ten feet below the surface of the ground. It was also ascertained that he was murdered for his money, by raps affirmative. 'How much was it, one hundred?' No rap. 'Was it two hundred?' etc.; and when he mentioned five hundred the raps replied in the affirmative. Many called in who were fishing in the creek, and all heard the same questions and answers. Many remained in the house all night. I and my children left the house. My husband remained in the house with Mr. Redfield all night. On the next Saturday the house was filled to overflowing. There were no sounds heard during the day, but they commenced again in the evening. It was said there were over three hundred persons present at the time. On Sunday morning the noises were heard throughout the day by all who came to the house. On Saturday night, April 1st, they commenced digging in the cellar; they dug until they came to water, and then gave it up. The noise was not heard on Sunday evening nor during the night. Stephen B. Smith and wife (my daughter Maria) and my son, David S. Fox, and wife, slept in the room this night. I have heard nothing since that time until yesterday. In the forenoon of yesterday there were several questions answered in the usual way, by rapping. I have heard the noise several times today.

"I am not a believer in haunted houses or supernatural appearances. I am very sorry that there has been so much excitement about it. It has been a great deal of trouble to us. It was our misfortune to live here at this time; but I am willing and anxious that the truth should be known, and that a true statement should be made. I cannot account for these noises; all that I know is,

that they have been heard repeatedly, as I stated. I have heard this rapping again this (Tuesday) morning, April 4. My children also heard it. I certify that the foregoing statement has been read to me, and that the same is true; and that I should be willing to take my oath that it is so, if necessary.

(Signed)

"MARGARET FOX.

"April 11, 1848."

Statement of John D. Fox.

"I have heard the above statement of my wife, Margaret Fox, read, and hereby certify that the same is true in all its particulars. I heard the same rappings which she has spoken of, in answer to the questions, as stated by her. There have been a great many questions besides those asked, and answered in the same way. Some have been asked a great many times, and they have always received the same answers. There has never been any contradiction whatever.

"I do not know of any way to account for these noises, as being caused by any natural means. We have searched every nook and corner in and about the house, at different times, to ascertain if possible whether anything or anybody was secreted there that could make the noise, and have not been able to find anything which would or could explain the mystery. It has caused a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

"Hundreds have visited the house, so that it is impossible for us to attend to our daily occupations; and I hope that, whether caused by natural or supernatural means, it will be ascertained soon. The digging in the cellar will be resumed as soon as the water settles, and then it can be ascertained whether there are any indications of a body ever having been buried there; and if there are, I shall have no doubt but that it is of supernatural origin.

(Signed)

"JOHN D. FOX.

"April 11, 1848."

Statement of William Duesler.

"I live in this place. I moved from Cayuga County here last October. I live within a few rods of the house in which these sounds have been heard. The first I

heard anything about them was a week ago last Friday evening (March 31). Mrs. Redfield came over to my house to get my wife to go over to Mr. Fox's. Mrs. R. appeared to be very much agitated. My wife wanted me to go over with them, and I accordingly went. When she told us what she wanted us to go over there for, I laughed at her and ridiculed the idea of there being anything mysterious about it. I told her it was all nonsense, and that we would find out the cause of the noise, and that it could easily be accounted for. This was about nine o'clock in the evening. There were some twelve or fourteen persons present when I left them. Some were so frightened that they did not want to go into the room. I went into the room and sat down on the bed. Mr. Fox asked a question and I heard the rapping, which they had spoken of, distinctly. I felt the bedstead jar when the sounds were produced. Mr. Fox then asked if it would answer my questions if I asked any; and it rapped three times. I then asked if it was an injured spirit, and it rapped. I asked if it had come to hurt anyone who was then present. It did not rap. I then reversed the question, and it rapped. I asked if my father or I had injured it (as we had formerly lived in that house), and there was no noise. 'If we have not injured you, manifest it by rapping,' and we all heard three distinct raps. I then asked if such or such a one had injured it (meaning the several families who had formerly lived in the house), and there was no noise. Upon asking the negatives of these questions the rapping was heard. I then asked if Mr. — (naming a person who had lived in the house at a former period) had injured it; and if so, to manifest it by rapping, and it made three raps louder than usual; and at the same time the bedstead jarred more than it had before. I then inquired if it was murdered for money, and the sounds were heard. Questions and answers as to different sums of money were then given as stated by Mr. Fox. All in the room said they heard the sounds distinctly.

"After that, I went over and got Artemus W. Hyde to come over. I then asked over nearly all the same

questions, and got the same answers. Mr. Redfield went after David Jewell and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Hyde also came in. After they came, I asked the same questions over again, and got the same answers. I asked if it was murdered by being struck on the head, and there were no sounds; I then reversed the question, and the rapping was heard. I then asked if it was stabbed in the side, and there was no answer. Upon asking the negative of this the rapping was heard. It usually rapped three times in giving affirmative answer to my questions. I then asked if it had its throat cut, and it rapped as usual. Then, if it was with a butcher knife, and the rapping was heard. In the same way it was ascertained that it was asleep at the time, but was awakened when the knife entered its throat; that it struggled and made some noise and resistance. Then I asked if there was anyone in the house at the time but him, and it did not rap. I then asked if they two were alone, and the rapping was heard. I then asked if Lucretia Pulver was there at the time, and there was no rapping. If she had gone away that night, and if Mrs. — was gone away also, and the rapping was heard each time. There was no rapping heard only when we asked questions. I then asked if anyone in Hydesville knew of the murder at the time except —, and it rapped. Then I asked about a number of persons, if they knew it, and there was no rapping until I came to Mrs. —, and when I came to her name the rapping was heard. Then if anyone but — and his wife knew of it, and I got no rap. Then if they were all that knew of the murder, and it rapped. I asked if the body was put into the cellar, and it rapped. I then asked if it was buried in different points of the cellar, and to all my questions there was no rapping until I asked if it was near the center, and the rapping was heard. Charles Redfield then took a candle and went down cellar. I told him to place himself in different parts of the cellar, and as he did so I asked the question if a person was over the place where it was buried, and I got no answer until he stood over a certain place in the cellar, when it rapped. He then stepped one side, and when I asked the question there were no

noises. This we repeated several times, and we found that whenever he stood over the place the rapping was heard, and when he moved away from that one place, there was no rapping in answer."

Statement of Miss Lucretia Pulver.

"I lived in this house all one winter, in the family of Mr. ——. I worked for them a part of the time, and a part of the time I boarded and went to school. I lived there about three months. During the latter part of the time I was there I heard these knockings frequently; in the bedroom, under the foot of the bed. I heard it a number of nights, as I slept in the bedroom nearly all the time that I stayed there. One night I thought I heard a man walking in the buttry. The buttry is near the bedroom, with a stairway between the two. Miss Amelia Losey stayed with me that night. She also heard the noise, and we were both much frightened, and got up and fastened down the windows, and fastened the door. It sounded as if a person walked through the buttry, down cellar, and part way across the cellar bottom, and then the noise ceased. There was no one else in the house at the time except my little brother, who was asleep in the same room with us. This was about twelve o'clock I should think. We did not go to bed until after eleven, but had not been asleep when we heard it striking. Mr. and Mrs. — had gone to Loch Berlin, to be gone till the next day. One morning about a week after this Mrs. — sent me down cellar to shut the outside door which fastens on the inside). In going across the cellar I sank knee deep in the center of the cellar. It appeared to be uneven and very loose. After I got upstairs Mrs. — asked me what I screamed for. When I told her, she laughed at me for being frightened, and said it was only where rats had been at work in the ground.

"A day or two after this, Mr. — carried a lot of dirt into the cellar, just at night, and was at work there some time. Mrs. — told me that he was filling up the ratholes.

"A few days before I first heard the noises, or any-

thing of the kind had ever occurred, a foot-peddler called there about two o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. — then told me that Mr. — thought they would not want me any longer, and that I might go home; but if they wanted me again they would send for me. Mrs. — was going to Loch Berlin to stay that night. This was the first I had heard of it. I wanted to buy some things of the peddler, but had no money with me, and he said he would call at our house the next morning and sell them to me. I never saw him after that. Three days after this they sent for me to come and board with them, and go to school. I accordingly came, and went to school about one week, when she wanted I should stay out of school and do housework, as she had a couple of coats to make over for her husband. She said they were too large for her husband, and out of fashion, and she must alter them. They were ripped to pieces when I first saw them. I should think the peddler was about thirty years old. I heard him conversing with Mrs. — about his family. He told her how many children he had, in answer to her inquiry. I do not recollect how many he said he had. Mrs. — told me that he (the peddler) was an old acquaintance of theirs. A short time after this Mrs. — gave me a thimble, which she said she had bought of the peddler and paid him 50 cents for. Some time after I had left her I visited her again, and she said the peddler had been there again, and showed me another thimble which she said she had bought of the same peddler. She said he had cheated her; that he had sold it to her for pure silver, but it was only German silver. She also showed me some other things which she said she had bought of him.

"I did not (and do not now) know what to think of the noises I have heard. The dog would sit under the bedroom window and howl all night long. Mr. and Mrs. — appeared to be very good folks, only they were rather quick-tempered.

"This peddler carried a trunk and a basket, I think, with vials of essence in it. He wore a black coat and light-colored pants.

"I am willing to swear to the above statement if necessary.

LUCRETIA PULVER.

"April 11, 1848."

Mrs. Anna Pulver.

"I was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. ——. I called on them frequently. My warping bars were in their chamber, and I used to go there to do my work. One morning when I went there Mrs. — told me that she felt very badly; that she had not slept much the night before. When I asked her what the matter was, she said she didn't know but it was the fidgets; but she thought she heard something walking about from one room to another, and that she and Mr. — got up and fastened the windows down. She felt safe after that. I heard her speak about hearing sounds after that which she could not account for.

"ANNA PULVER.

"April 11, 1848."

It will be sufficient to sum up the important bearings of this subject by quoting a few more extracts from the numerous certificates contained in the little pamphlet published by T. E. Lewis, Esq., of Canandaigua, N. Y.:

"Mr. and Mrs. Weekman lived in this house for a year and a half, and were frequently startled by the rappings, walking, etc. On several occasions they sought diligently to discover the cause. He stood with his hand on the latch, and when the knockings were repeated, suddenly opened the door and ran into the yard and entirely around the house; but nothing was ascertained by him."

Mrs. Weekman says: "We heard great noises during the night; sometimes a sound as if a person was walking in the cellar. (There was nothing but a single board floor between the cellar and the upper room, so that the sound made in one was easily heard in the other.) One night one of our little girls who slept in the room where the noises were heard, awoke us all by her screaming very loudly. My husband and myself, and our hired girl, all went to the room to see what was the matter with her. The child sat up in bed, crying and screaming, and it was some time before we could quiet her

enough to get answers to our questions. She said something had been moving around her and over her head, and face; that it was cold, and that she felt it all over her.' This was between twelve and one o'clock. We took her into bed with us, and it was a long time before we could get her to sleep in that bed again. At one time Mr. Weekman heard his name called. (I was away that night sitting up with a sick person.) He was awakened, and supposed some one wanted him. He sat up in bed for some time, but heard no more. We never found out what or who called him. So many have heard these noises that it seems there must be something unusual."

Mrs. James C. Lape "lived in the family of Mrs. Weekman at the time she states. There was but one door in the bedroom. When I was doing my work, I saw a man in the bedroom joining the kitchen. I saw the man distinctly. I was frightened. I had been in the kitchen a long time, and knew that nobody could have gone into that room.] The man stood facing me when I saw him. He did not speak, nor did I hear any noise at any time. He had on light pants, black frock coat, and cloth cap. He was of medium size. I knew of no person in that vicinity who would answer that description. Mrs. Weekman was in another part of the house at that time. I left the room, and when I returned with Mrs. Weekman there was no person there. She thought it was some person who wanted to frighten me; but we were never able to ascertain who or what it was. I have always thought and still do think that it was supernatural. I had never been a believer in such things until I saw this."

The Hydesville Cottage.

The Fox Cottage (formerly of Hydesville, N. Y.), as it now stands, was purchased by B. F. Bartlett of Cambridge, Mass., and moved to Lily Dale, N. Y., during the month of April, 1916, as a matter of preservation, and as a memorial to Spiritualism and the Fox sisters.

The cottage is furnished with old furnishings ranging in age from seventy-five to three hundred years, and includes the tin trunk which the peddler carried at the time of his murder, while in this cottage is also an iron bar made by John Fox in 1846, two years before the Fox sisters received the intelligent rappings relating to this tragedy.

Since the cottage has occupied the present site greater demonstrations have been manifested than was the case prior to its removal, the reproduction by the peddler of the same sounds as were emitted by him at the time he was murdered, and even the sounds of the digging in the cellar where the body was buried.

These demonstrations were received through the mediumship of Mr. N. Lutgen, a resident of Lily Dale, N. Y., in the presence of Mrs. N. Lutgen, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bartlett, a party of four, who are ready and willing to make affidavit as to the truth of the above statement of demonstration.

Miss Floy Cottrell is the medium who received the same demonstrations as did the Fox sisters at the time when Modern Spiritualism was first made manifest in this cottage, and she, while in charge of this cottage, in 1916, received demonstrations as to independent voices and other manifestations too many in fact to enumerate.



LE 131

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

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THE PEOPLE AND IS OBTAINED BY THE GOVERNMENT IS
PROVIDED THE INVESTIGATING OFFICIALS. THE GOVERNMENT
THE INFORMATION WHICH IS OBTAINED BY THE GOVERNMENT
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When the subject was interviewed on 10-17-68, he stated that he had no information as to the whereabouts of the subject at the time of the shooting. He stated that he had no information as to the whereabouts of the subject at the time of the shooting.

Three Visits to Hydesville House.

Modern Spiritualism, with Its Philosophy and Phenomena,
Directs the Attention of the World
to Its Honored Birthplace.

BY MRS. M. E. CADWALLADER.

When the tiny rap at Hydesville electrified the world over half a century ago, it aroused the thinking faculties of mankind more than did two thousand years of Christianity. The message it brought was so stupendous that it could not be ignored. Life took on a new aspect because of the knowledge it brought of a continued life. The grave had lost its victory. Death's sting had been taken away.

Over the land flashed the message that was to emancipate the world from the fear of death. The veil between the two worlds had been rent asunder. The wonderful message rapped forth from that little home was this: "There are no dead, we live and love you, though invisible we still are with you."

All the theology which had been preached to a suffering people and had become a part of their lives did not prevent the investigation of this marvelous phenomena. The ignorant sneered and scoffed. The church protested, but in vain. The wise man investigated and quietly accepted.

When the history of the progress made in the evolution of the race during the nineteenth century shall be written, the faithful historian will inscribe upon its pages "Another era has come to mankind. The discovery that it was possible to hold communication with those who

had passed to a higher plane of life was the crowning glory of the century."

The growth of modern Spiritualism in the early days was phenomenal. As an indication of its progress, a petition was presented in 1854 to Congress, headed by Governor Tallmadge of Wis., and signed by fifteen thousand people, asking for a special committee to investigate the claims of Spiritualism. This, however, was not granted. Judging from the enthusiasm manifested in the movement in the early days, one would expect that two-thirds of a century would show great progress. Has this expectation been realized?

To a large degree it has. Modern Spiritualism, with its philosophy and phenomena, has commanded the attention of the civilized world. It has permeated the churches, the press and the stage. It is no longer ignored by the scientists, many of whom have accepted its phenomena, after careful investigation, and admit that it is produced by the spirits of those who have passed to the life beyond.

Every religion has some place sacred to its adherents—Christians journey in thought to Bethlehem, and each year consecrate themselves anew to the service of their religion.

Spiritualists have their sacred shrine. The House of Hydesville, where, through the mediumship of the little Fox girls there came the glad tidings of great joy that proved to a waiting world fast passing into materialism that death did not end all—that the tomb was only a covered bridge, and that our loved ones, radiant with the light of a life immortal, not only were waiting our coming, but indeed that they could communicate with those left behind, assuring them of a continued personal existence beyond the grave. What a stupendous revelation. Faith turned into knowledge. Life for all who heard and understood the message took on new meaning, and all the teachings of dogmatic Christianity were swept away. No longer a burning hell loomed up before those who could not accept the doctrine of atonement—instead a God of love was immanent.

At the present time hundreds of thousands have heard

and accepted the message of Modern Spiritualism, all over the civilized world the tidings have spread until at this time there is great rejoicing over the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and in town and hamlet the advent of the raps at Hydesville, March 31, 1848, are being celebrated in a feast of reason and flow of the soul.

As we look back over the line, our thoughts go to the pilgrimage we made to the Hydesville cottage on the fiftieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism—March 31, 1898.

There had been a great jubilee celebration in Rochester, N. Y., for eight days; hundreds had gathered and we had journeyed from Philadelphia to take part in the meetings. Together with about twenty others we left Rochester, and though the March weather prevented many from taking the trip, yet those who did take the journey felt amply repaid for braving the inclement weather.

Arriving in Hydesville, through the courtesy of the owner, we were permitted to hold a service in the little room where fifty years before the awe-stricken Fox family had gathered to hear the rappings made by the murdered peddler—Charles Rosna.

The humble cottage that marks the advent of Modern Spiritualism is fast crumbling to decay. Many attempts have been made to purchase it and preserve it, yet all have failed, but Hydesville is revered because of its association with the first mediums of the Modern Dispensation.

We have journeyed there three times. On the first occasion placing a wreath, accompanied by a tablet bearing the names of those who accompanied us, among them George W. Kates, Mr. and Mrs. Post, Dr. Augusta Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hill, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Clara Watson. We held a service and consecrated ourselves anew to the service of truth demonstrated.

In June, 1898, another great jubilee was celebrated in Rochester under the auspices of the N. S. A. Hundreds journeyed from all parts of the country to be present, and the occasion was marked by the presence of many of the noted workers in the spiritual vineyard, J. J. Morse,

the present editor of the *Two Worlds*, Manchester, England, being present.

Special services were again held in the Hydesville cottage. It was indeed an occasion to be remembered. The weather was beautiful, and the services were held in the open air, consisting of addresses by many visitors. Several wreaths were again placed in the cottage as a remembrance and again the sentiment was voiced that the Spiritualists should purchase the cottage and preserve it as the birthplace of Modern Spiritualism.

Among those who gathered with the writer at that time were, Cora L. V. Richmond, W. J. Colville, J. J. Morse, and about forty others who felt quickened by the spirit to take the journey.

Our third visit to this historic home was when the N. S. A. met in convention in Rochester in 1909. Then many of the delegates from all over the country embraced the opportunity, and never was a more representative body of people gathered at one time than then, in the House at Hydesville.

Traveling by a special train from Rochester, headed by President George B. Warne and the executive board of the N. S. A., the occasion was an auspicious one, but many who gathered there have gone to the Great Beyond.

Services were held in the rooms which were filled with enthusiastic delegates. Here again the thought of the Spiritualists securing the property took on a tangible shape when a resolution was offered to that effect, and a number of those present pledged subscriptions for that purpose.

However, it was decided later not to purchase the property, yet we realize that the time will come when the future Spiritualists will wonder why the plan was not carried out.

Years will roll on, and with each recurrence of anniversary day the story will be told how on one winter's night the little Fox sisters heard the raps, and were enabled to understand that there was an intelligence behind them. "It can see," they shouted. "It can hear us," cried little Kate and Margaret, and though the world

has had many marvelous scenes enacted which have crowned the attention of the world, yet no scene equaled in significance the one when to the few gathered in that humble home came the astonishing conviction that over the borderline of mortal life the spirits of the so-called dead could pass and communicate with those still in the realm of earth life.

On this anniversary day the events that occurred in quick succession will be told in song and story over the civilized world from that humble beginning. The movement has grown until an International Bureau of Spiritualism exists which has as its adherents sixteen National Associations at the present time, holding an International Congress every three years.

Go where you will, the message, "There is no death. There are no dead," has permeated the thought of the people and dominated the teachings of the churches, while the secular press contains many accounts of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

There are nearly two hundred distinct papers and magazines devoted to the interests of Modern Spiritualism, printed in many languages, many of them being in English, French and Spanish, one in Russian, several in the Danish and German languages. Churches have been built, temples erected, societies organized, Children's Progressive Lyceums instituted, while thousands of books have been printed upon Spiritualistic and occult subjects.

In our country we have a National Association, which has twenty-two auxiliary State Associations, with about six hundred affiliated local societies, while there are many societies which are as yet unaffiliated with State or National body. Each year Spiritualism more and more attracts the attention of the thinking people.

What of the future? So far as organized work is concerned it rests with the Spiritualists themselves. If each would do his or her part well in the community in which he lived, and support the local societies, there would soon be a marked change. Strong local societies mean strong State Associations, and a strong National Association. It is for this we must labor. Spiritualism can take

care of itself, but there remains much to do by those who accept its teachings.

The progress of Spiritualism has been marked. The pioneers of the movement suffered many hardships. The Fox sisters were accused of deception, and at one time were rescued from an angry mob by Isaac and Amy Post, but the passing years have fully vindicated them.

Few are with us today who are cognizant of the early happenings. We still have with us the venerable Titus Merritt of New York City, than whom no other one has done more to preserve the records of the Fox sisters, and who was devoted to them during the latter part of their mortal existence. What of the future? Are we living up to our responsibility? Are we carrying on the propaganda in a way that will clear the way for those who will come after?

We realize the heavy toll that is being levied upon our valiant workers. The roll of honor is rapidly increasing. Andrew Jackson Davis was the John the Baptist of Spiritualism. His Nature's Divine Revelation is a legacy which the world is growing more and more to appreciate as time goes on. His conception of the Children's Progressive Lyceum with its methods of developing the soul was a divine inspiration. A Sunday school with no creeds no dogmas, and with its object to develop the harmonial man should be furthered by those who have the cause of the children at heart, and every Spiritualist should consider it a duty to encourage the formation of Lyceums.

Only a few remain of the Old Guard, the valiant soldiers, who bore the brunt of the battle in the days when it cost to be a Spiritualist.

It is easy now to gather at these annual celebrations, amid the flowers and the music, to listen to the inspirational addresses from enthusiastic speakers, and hear the spirit messages, yet when we look back to the humble house at Hydesville, we realize that upon the phenomena of Spiritualism rests the hope of the world, and without the phenomena its philosophy would be no more than the teachings of all religions that have gone before.

It is the phenomena of Spiritualism which is the living spirit of the movement, and it should never be forgotten that the message that came on that March night, and which carried conviction was not given in an eloquent philosophical discourse, but through phenomena of the raps given through the instrumentality of the little Fox girls—Kate and Margaret.

Upon a subject of such magnitude and importance as Modern Spiritualism but little can be said in the allotted space. What might be written of personal experience in this direction would fill a volume. Spiritualism comes not requiring faith, but it gives us knowledge that frees us from the bondage of false teachings.

In view of what has been accomplished in the past years, what may we not expect in the golden future? We are but in the morning of the new dispensation. When the full orb'd day appears, why may we not look for all mankind to be redeemed from superstition and ignorance?

So while we celebrate in song and story the advent of Modern Spiritualism, let us not forget our debt of gratitude to the mediums of the past and present.

Let us remember that though Spiritualism is as old as man, though it can be traced in every religion that has existed in all lands and climes, though the world's Bibles are full of the records—spiritual manifestations—though the Bible which the Christian churches hold as a sacred fetic is replete with every phase of phenomena, yet taken all in all we must admit that the message of spirit return took on new meaning, and became a living force because of the occurrences on that March night in the Little House at Hydesville.

Now, however, the House at Hydesville, the home of the Fox girls, is to be removed to Lily Dale, N. Y., where yearly meet thousands of Spiritualists and investigators at Lily Dale Assembly. Mr. B. F. Bartlett, one of the trustees of the Assembly having purchased it for the purpose of erecting it in Forest Temple Park. There, amid beautiful surroundings, those who wish to visit this historic home can have the opportunity. It will always be a sacred shrine to Spiritualists because in that

humble home first became intelligently manifested the fact that the so-called dead do return and can communicate with us. It can never again be called the house at Hydesville, but will be reverently cared for as the home of the little girl mediums who never could have dreamed that Modern Spiritualism would spread over the entire world, or that their humble efforts would yield such a harvest.

We linger in loving memory upon our three visits to the little cottage at Hydesville—knowing that when we again visit it—it will never seem quite the same—yet we owe to our friend, Mr. Bartlett, a debt of gratitude for securing to the Spiritualists for all time the Sacred Shrine of Modern Spiritualism.

This is the song that Spiritualism sings,
This is the message that Spiritualism brings,
This is the message that though it came late,
Came to the world in eighteen forty-eight.

Listen! You can hear them sing:

There is no Death,
There are no Dead,
We live and love you still.

Chronology of the Fox Family.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF THE HISTORY OF THE CELEBRATED FOX FAMILY.

The following sketch of the history of the Fox family is from the pen of one who was personally acquainted with the entire family—and was in close association with the Fox sisters, not only during the early days, when the astonishing phenomena were produced through their organism but kept in touch with them during their mortal career. We are indeed fortunate to be able to give this account, which is as accurate as memoranda and memory can produce, and should be preserved for future reference.—M. E. Cadwallader.

John D. and Margaret Fox were born in New York City, native Americans, he of German ancestors, she of French, English and Holland mingled. Soon after their marriage they settled in Rockland County, New York.

Ann Leah Fox, born 1814. Very soon after the birth of this daughter the father left his home, why, may appear later and as follows.

Ann Leah, of Dutch extraction, reached publicity when she went to Rochester, N. Y., at the age of 13 years, taught music, was married at the age of 14 years and 5 months to Mr. Fish, much older than herself. The following is her own statement:

Mr. Fish discovered, when too late, that he had married a child, and soon became indifferent to his home and family.

He left Rochester under a pretence of going on business to the West. The next she heard of him was that he had married a rich widow in the state of Illinois. As he had left little means for the support of myself and

child Elizabeth (a beautiful girl), she turned her attention to teaching music. She had many friends who assisted her in getting pupils, and she was delighted to find herself entirely independent. One day early in May, 1848, she was at the house of Mr. Little (a printer) enjoying herself with the young ladies, practicing their music lessons, when Mrs. Little came with a proof sheet of a pamphlet issued by E. Lewis, Esq., of Canandaigua, N. Y. He called at Hydesville, N. Y., April 11, 1848. Interviewed the mother, father, brother David, and about twenty of the neighbors at Hydesville, and had them sign these statements, and gave it to Mr. Little to print.

Mrs. Underhill continues her statement, or Mrs. Fish, it was at that time. Mrs. Little knew my maiden name was Fox, that my parents at that time were in Arcadia, Wayne County, N. Y. She then introduced the printer and he began questioning her about her family relations. He said: "Is your mother's name Margaret? Have you a brother David?" She began to be startled by his questions, and said: "For mercy's sake, what has happened?" He answered by placing the proof sheets in her hands, which gave her the first idea she ever had of the manifestations which had taken place at the late dwelling at Hydesville. She read it, cried over it; she knew not what to think, but said to them all: "If my father, mother and brother David have all certified to such a statement, it is true." All who heard her thus declare, believed it. She at once informed her especial friends, Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Groves; then Mrs. Fish and daughter Lizzie took the night packet to Erie Canal for Newark, Wayne County, N. Y. When they arrived at Hydesville they found the old home deserted, there had been such a raffle constantly in and about the house. Their son David persuaded parents and sisters to vacate the house they occupied from the first, December 11, 1849, and live with him, some two miles distant. Mrs. Fish and party went to her brother David's. Up to this time they failed to comprehend what the rapping meant, and sometimes felt as though it was a curse upon them. After remaining about two weeks they, Mrs. Fish and party, decided

to return to Rochester and take her mother and Katie, thinking by separating the girls and leaving Margaret with her brother David it would stop the disturbance. They had been on the canal but a short time when the rapping had accompanied them with only one of the girls with them. Perfect consternation came upon them; they kept by themselves as much as possible, but when they went to the dinner table with other passengers the spirits became quite bold and rapped loudly, and occasionally one end of the table would jump up and nearly spill water out of our glasses; but there was so much noise on the boat going through the locks, and other disturbances, that only we, who recognized the special sounds, knew of them. They arrived in Rochester and were introduced to my Hicksite friends, Isaac and Amy Post, as directed by the spirits.

What occurred from their arrival in Rochester until the exhibition at Corinthian hall, November, 1848, has already been given, so it is unnecessary to repeat it here.

Birth, Demise and Interment of the Justly Celebrated Fox Family, as Reported by Titus Merritt.

John D. and Margaret Fox, born in New York City about 1787, married about 1802.

John D. Fox died at the residence of Daniel and Ann Leah Fox Underhill, 232 West 37th street, New York City, January 10, 1865. Interment, Arcadia, Wayne County, N. Y.; Margaret Fox died Aug. 3, 1865. Interment, Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, Underhill plot, section 172, lots 135, 94-95 Cypress avenue and Lawn Path, Zephyr Park.

Ann Leah Underhill, born 1814, died Nov. 1, 1890; Daniel Underhill, died August 15, 1891; interment same as Margaret Fox.

Catherine Fox Jencken, died July 2, 1892; Margaret Fox Kane, widow of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the celebrated Arctic explorer, died March 8, 1893; placed in receiving vault, Greenwood cemetery, for one year. Then Joseph La Fumee voluntarily offered to have remains placed in his plot, Cypress Hill cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., section 3, lot 355, Contemplation Park. Horace Greeley was the first man to meet the Fox sisters upon their first

visit to New York City in 1850, at Barnum's Hotel, and Joseph La Fumee, engaged his whole life with the Brooklyn Eagle, was the second man to meet them at said Barnum Hotel.

Henry D. Jencken died in London, England, September, 1881. He and his wife, Catherine Fox Jencken, had two sons, Ferdinand Fox Jencken, born in London, September 19, 1873; died April 19, 1908. Interment, Kensico cemetery, Westchester County, N. Y., Harlem Division, New York Central Railroad. Their son, Henry D. Jencken, was born in London in 1876, died in New York City, September, 1892. Interment, Calvary cemetery (Catholic).

New York, June, 1908.

In the old wilderness of superstition now blooms the immortal flower of Reason. The whole world of humanity is rapidly approaching a transition stage—is passing from death unto spiritual life. What rapid progress has been made since the dawn of the Spiritual era, March 31, 1848.

It was not the superior wisdom of the celebrated Fox sisters that produced the astounding results, but the wisdom of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, George Fox, Thomas Paine, Elias Hicks and a host of worthy spirits that might be named, when they found the young children, Margaret and Catherine Fox, near Bath, Canada, their ability to realize from aura surrounding these children about the year 1843, that they could make them available to demonstrate the highly important fact of immortality, or continued life beyond the grave.

It appears to me, the fact that little Katie Fox, 11 years of age, was influenced to ask a question of the noise keeping them from sleep, is worthy of frequent mention. "Who ever you are, rap as many times as I do," and the sister and mother suggested various numbers, and all were correctly answered, giving the characteristics of a human being, although invisible.

What occurred at Hydesville, Rochester, Corinthian Hall, has been published many times, but for constant new investigators may be repeated. When my friends Isaac and Amy Post, Hicksite Friends and Quakers, be-

came satisfied of the wonderful truth, they wrote Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune. He notified her friend, Charles Partridge, both members of Dr. Chapin's Universalist church. Mr. Partridge went to Rochester, found the report correct, and arranged for the Fox sisters to visit New York City. They arrived June 4, 1850, and engaged rooms at Barnum Hotel, Broadway and Maiden Lane. Horace Greeley was their first caller. He advised them to charge five dollars admission fee. Mrs. Ann Leah Fish (then 36 years old) took the whole management, told Mr. Greeley that would be too much. He feared greatly for their safety, and thought the exorbitant sum would keep the rabble away.

Ann Leah told him she thought it would be decidedly better to follow the direction of the spirits and trust in Providence for protection and success, and charge but one dollar, and if some volunteered to give more it would be acceptable. Mr. Greeley announced their arrival in The Tribune, and published their rules of order. The editors of The Tribune and many other papers were in their rooms daily. Mr. Ripley used to say, "Ladies, you are the lions of New York."

Mary Taylor, in a Broadway theater, sweetly sang "The Rochester Knockings at Barnum's Hotel" as a popular topic of the day. Many things in stores, on sidewalks and newspaper advertisements were paraded and labeled with the words, "Rochester Knockings."

They had a large table capable of seating thirty. Their hours were 10 to 12 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m., 8 to 10 p. m., during their first visit of three months. Another investigation was held at the residence of Rev. Rufus Griswold, by a number of the most eminent literary gentlemen of New York City, such as J. Fenimore Cooper, George Bancroft, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Dr. John W. Francis, William Cullen Bryant, Nathaniel P. Willis, Dr. Marcy. They had a long session, Cooper and Bryant, the novelist and poet, received satisfactory evidence of its truth. The others could not detect any fraud, still were timid about accepting it, as it upset the theological Christianity but firmly established the Christ teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, the rational embodiment of the prin-

ciples of love and wisdom evolved from the great fountain of Causation.

About one year after the investigation committee referred to above, Mrs. Ann Leah Fish received a letter from Mr. Cooper's nephew with a note from the great novelist, one of the last things written by his prolific pen, and a message from him on his death-bed, substantially as follows:

"Tell the Fox family I bless them. I have been made happy through them. They have prepared me for this hour."

Yours for human progress,
TITUS MERRITT.

The Hydesville Cottage at Lily Dale.

Now Stands in Assembly Grounds as It Stood in 1848
at Hydesville, N. Y., and Is an Object of Intense
Interest to Thousands Who Visit the Camp.

By W. J. COLVILLE.

The original Fox cottage was removed from Hydesville to Lily Dale during April, 1916, by Benjamin Franklin Bartlett, of Cambridge Springs, Pa. Nearly all the original building stands as it stood in 1848, though where it was absolutely necessary to put in fresh wood it has been introduced, while the old material is preserved in the cellar, available for souvenirs.

It seems an interesting coincidence that while Benjamin Franklin was the principal spiritual initiator of the Rochester knocking, Mr. Bartlett, who was forcibly inspired to remove the historic property, rejoices in possession of this illustrious cognomen.

A visitor entering the old structure in its new environment, charmingly situated, close to fine woods and nearby to Forest Temple, is immediately impressed with the air of solid comfort which pervades the old-style residence. The ceilings are not unpleasantly low; the windows are sufficiently large to admit an abundance of light, and look decidedly picturesque with their small panes of glass. The rooms are commodious on both floors, and prove conclusively that country farmers in days gone by, though unaccustomed to modern business, lived in solid comfort.

A number of the old relics are now on exhibition, including the crowbar made by John Fox in 1848, and the tin trunk which was carried by the peddler who was murdered in the cottage. The house is attractively and

appropriately furnished with all the original articles that could be secured, and a number of substantial articles donated by friends. Two bedsteads 200 years old, a settee, and other equally antique articles, are as fit for use today as in their earliest youth. A soldier's hat dating from 1776 , and a canteen which went through the war of 1812, are among the valued relics. The walls are adorned with many fine old pictures, all associated with important facts in American history, and many directly connected with the early days of Modern Spiritualism. A fine old looking-glass, brought from Chenango County in an oxcart, in 1823, is among the objects of interest to lovers of the antique.

Through the mediumship of Miss Floy Cottrell, the same sounds are frequently produced which aroused such world-wide interest in the first days of the famous rappings. Various mediums obtain the same demonstrations, which points to the fact that the cottage has become highly magnetized, that spirit friends who desire to manifest their presence find the conditions unusually favorable.

It is one of the glories of the mighty Empire State that it is the birthplace of Modern Spiritualism, and one of the glories of Lily Dale that the old historic cottage, restored from the wasting ravages of well on toward seventy years, stands in a sheltered nook, surrounded by forest trees, in one of the loveliest districts of the land, and that thither today may eager feet repair, seeking, and not in vain, ever continuing proofs of that undying verity which so humbly and unexpectedly was revealed to a widely incredulous but intensely hungry multitude, in the pioneer days of that great modern spiritual revelation, which light is rapidly dispersing the last lingering shades of stubborn incredulity and bringing the truth of human immortality ever more and more convincingly to light.

Remember the Hydesville Peddler.

**A Plea for Preservation of All the Facts Concerning the
Early Manifestations of the Most Comprehensive Philosophy of Life.**

By BEN F. HAYDEN.

It seems to me to be a fitting time for us to question ourselves as to whether we are, or have been, doing all we can to preserve all the facts concerning the early manifestations of the most comprehensive philosophy of life that has ever been known among men. This year we celebrated the sixty-second anniversary. Certainly, we, as believers of its truths, observed its yearly return with appropriate ceremonies, congratulating ourselves and rejoicing with our arisen ones because the veil has been rended and we can and do know of the whence and the whither of our so-called dead.

Every Spiritualist knows who the Fox sisters were. Their names and fame have gone throughout the civilized world as the first interpreters of the Hydesville rappings, converting the hitherto unintelligible sounds at an ordinary haunted house into the most stupendous discovery of any age since time began, which fully answers the ever-recurring question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Wherever Spiritualism is known, their merited praises have been sung and their names revered. This is as it should be, and I would be the last to pluck a single laurel from the immortal wreath of their world wide fame. Not only would I pronounce the most extravagant laudations in honor of the angel-blessed sisters, but I would fain extend the meed of praise to every other medium throughout the world who courageously and conscientiously stands as an open gateway between the two

realms of existence, giving to us a true knowledge of the conditions met with in that higher life.

While we are all perfectly familiar with the names of Margaret and Katy Fox, how many of us are familiar with the name of Charles B. Rosna, the poor murdered peddler, whose physical life was snuffed out, and his body buried in the cellar of that Hydesville Cottage? Charles B. Rosna, the defleshed immortal spirit, stood on the invisible side of life and gave to these little girls the knowledge that he, though destroyed in the physical, still survived in the spirit; that knowledge is so full of blessings for all the human race which is destined to banish all skepticism and infidelity from the minds of men; comforting the mourner with angelic consolations; lifting up the unfortunate, the outcast, the inebriate, and taking away the sting of death which has kept mankind under bondage through fear, so that now death to its millions of believers is but the kind and gentle servant "who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower encircled door, to show us those we loved."

What a wondrous debt of gratitude do we owe to this poor itinerant salesman, Charles B. Rosna. I would wrest his name from that obscurity into which it has been permitted to lapse and place it among those of the greatest benefactors of the human race; and, like the name of Abou Ben Adhem of old, I would have it "lead all the rest." Truly, Charles B. Rosna brought "life and immortality to light" in an age when it was most supremely needed. His name should be nailed to the mast-head of every paper published in the interest of the cause which he represents. I would that his name and accomplished mission were inscribed in golden letters upon the title page of every book and pamphlet issued from the Spiritual press. It should adorn the walls of every Spiritual church, and be framed as a motto and hung in every Spiritualist home throughout the world. In short, among Spiritualists at least, I would have the name of Rosna as familiar as that of Jesus among Christians. I would have the name of Charles B. Rosna so closely blended with that of the Fox sisters that the

one would not be spoken without thinking of the other, and while the Christian minister is performing the last rites and ceremonies over the bier of the departed, telling the mourners he has gone to that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns, I would have all remember that Charles B. Rosna proclaimed to the world that the dead do return and stand ready waiting for an invitation and opportunity to declare that we still live and for a purpose; and as we live so shall ye live also. Therefore, Margaret and Katy Fox and Charles B. Rosna, now, henceforth and forever.—The Progressive Thinker.

How Margaret Fox Met Dr. Kane.

**Interesting Anecdote of Meeting and Subsequent Marriage
of Margaret Fox and Dr. Kane, as Related
in "The Brooklyn Eagle" Years Ago.**

One autumn morning there called at the hotel where the mother and daughter were staying, a gentleman whose name afterward became indissolubly linked with that of Margaret Fox. The visit was a short one; the young girl being called from her seat at the window to sit beside her mother at the table in the center of the room, upon which the raps were heard. She paid little attention to him, being absorbed in a book she was reading; but he had eyes and ears for little else. He cared less to hear the raps and read the messages written than he did to look into the sweet face of the delicate girl before him. She must have been very beautiful at this time, if the pictures taken of her are correct. She

had a delicate type of beauty that appealed irresistibly to any person of discernment and appreciation, and her manners were winning and modest. Her caller appreciated all her graces, and next day saw him in her presence again. He came again and again, introducing friends and relatives to her, yet from the first telling her that she was leading a life plainly unfitted for her. Her place was in a school, and Margaret, disliking the publicity she had acquired, readily agreed with him. His interest in her and the advice he gave her, in consonance with her own views, led her to respect him as she did no other of her visitors. He added brightness to her life, and became a daily guest for a time, at least, showing an outward interest in the manifestations given in her presence. A private marriage followed, and she bears his name today. * * * Dr. Kane once wrote a prophecy for her, ending with the following stanza:

“Then shall harrowing care and sorrow
Fret, while journeying to the tomb,
Triumph last not till the morrow;
Beauty shall feast the worm.
Dreary, dreary, ever dreary,
Sad and same—and ever weary;
Dreary, too, from night to morn,
Thou shalt live and die forlorn.”

While it is to be hoped that she will not live and die forlorn, she is nevertheless a young woman who has seen a very great deal of life, and had as much experience as the majority of women of double her age. She is not likely ever to give up the medium power she has, for if she wished to do so the eager Spiritualists, who think her the very best, as she was, with her sister, the first medium in this country, would speedily induce her to return to the task. They call it a duty, and tell her she owes it to the world to use her gifts for its benefit, but she, a lonely and soul-sick woman, wishes doubtless with all her heart that she had never known the power which has not made her any the happier for its possession.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Last Days of Margaret Fox Kane.

Devoted to the Cause of Spiritualism and the Lyceum
to the Very End—Short Sketch of Another Mem-
ber of the Fox Family, but Little Known.

By MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY.

Margaret Fox Kane spent a season in Boston, in the 'eighties. During the winter I met her several times in the "Banner of Light" establishment, for Luther Colby, the noble, veteran editor of that Spiritualist journal, was a devoted friend to all genuine mediums, and welcomed them always to his councils and sanctum. While in Boston that winter, Margaret Fox Kane appeared occasionally at the Shawmut Lyceum, and in its sessions at Wells Memorial Hall I have had the pleasure of listening to her inspired words of spiritual import and exhortation, quietly, gently spoken to adults and children alike. On such occasions, and also at the March 31 anniversary exercises held by Shawmut—Father Hatch's—Lyceum, spirit raps were distinctly heard by all in the audience, while Mrs. Kane gently requested the invisibles to make their demonstrations clearly heard, which they certainly did, for Mr. Longley and many of our friends who were seated at the very rear of that spacious hall declared that the raps were distinctly heard by them, Mrs. Kane at the time being on the platform with myself and other speakers. She was then in very feeble health, a subdued, quiet, unassuming little woman, entirely free from any assumption of arrogance or pomposity.

In the spring or summer following our meetings she returned to New York, and it was not long afterwards that we heard of her transition to the Higher Life. I have always remembered with pleasure my brief acquaint-

ance and association with this fine medium and lifelong friend of Spiritualism.

Another member of the wonderful Fox family whom I have personally known was the son of Katie Fox Jenckyn—Ferdinand Fox Jenckyn, now in spirit life—a poor, frail, unfortunate boy, sensitive, and susceptible to influences for good or ill. He, too, had fine mediumistic qualities, and had life's opportunities and advantages been other than they were, and his training been under the tuition and guidance of his humane and loving caretakers, no doubt he would have developed into a wonderful phenomenal medium for the presentation of immortal truths of spirit identity to the world. As it was, he simply lingered until called to join that reunited Fox family in a world of progressive life and love.

The Skeleton in the Fox Cottage.

Hitherto Unpublished Story of the Finding of the Peddler's Remains in the Cellar at Hydesville, Vindicating the Claims of the Fox Sisters.

By P. L. O. A. KEELER.

During the summer of 1882 at Lily Dale, N. Y., one of the Fox sisters gave me a sitting, which consisted of automatic backward writing with two hands simultaneously. The messages were from Samuel F. B. Morse, the distinguished inventor of the electric telegraph, and Alice Cary, the sweet poetess, instructing me how to sit to develop independent writing. At that time I had not developed slate-writing. The sitting concluded with an assurance from the medium that I would become known all over the world through independent writing phenomena.

It may be observed in the earlier published accounts of the rappings in the Hydesville cottage, not excluding Leah Fox Underhill's "Missing Link," that Mr. Fox, the father of the girls, who heard the knockings informing the listeners of the murder of the peddler and the secreting of his body in the cellar, was of that peculiarly positive makeup which, though amazed at the strange phenomena, did not enable him to readily reach a conclusion satisfactory to his mind as to the origin of the noises. He repeatedly said: "If the bones of a human being shall be unearthed in my cellar, then will I at once concede that the manifestations were made by a discarnate spirit." It is a matter of history how excavation followed excavation, the men of the neighborhood eagerly volunteering the digging, going all over the floor to a great depth, this being frequently repeated by other workers covering several years. But these careful examinations failed to

substantiate the constant assertions of the spirit, for they revealed no indication whatever of a hidden body. It is a regrettable fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Fox and their three noted daughters passed from mortal life before this mystery was solved.

A little girl who boarded in this cottage with people who occupied it prior to the Fox family, in order to be near the only schoolhouse in that thinly settled rural district, told a remarkable story of being asked to return home for a week while a peddler was stopping there, as the house was too small to accommodate all, and how, upon her arrival after the week had expired, and the peddler had gone, the woman exhibited several silver thimbles, pairs of scissors, and a number of lace collars. This girl also told of the men bringing a large quantity of big stones to the farm with which to build a fence enclosing a pasture field for a horse and a cow.

Only a very few years ago the east wall of the cellar caved in, revealing an inferior piece of construction, but, stranger than all, it entirely hid from view back of it the original and still standing outer wall of this cottage cellar. This inner wall was, of course, invisible on the outside, and would not be observed on the inside unless there had been something to specially attract attention to it, and measurements made of the length of the cellar on both the inside and outside. The stones with which this additional wall was built corresponded with those used in constructing the fences or dividing lines, and could easily have been made use of unnoticed by the not-near neighbors. Between these two walls was exhumed, long after the decease of the Fox family, the perfect skeleton of a man and a tin peddler's pack such as was carried by itinerant salesmen in those days. Comment is unnecessary. And the statement adhered to so persistently by the manifesting spirit of the peddler that his body was buried in that cellar was absolutely verified.

"How shocking must thy summons be, O death!

To him that is at ease in his possessions;

Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,

Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!"

Mediumship of Leah Fox Underhill.

**Her Wonderful Gift Was Instrumental in Saving to Spiritualism One of Its Ablest Exponents at a Time
When Discouragement Had All but Won.**

By JOHN SLATER.

I was acquainted quite intimately with all the Fox sisters. Margaret and Katie were very fine rapping mediums, and were visited and tested (as we all know) by the greatest minds of their time.

I was introduced to Leah Fox Underhill at her residence on West Twenty-eighth street by a Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes (one of our early workers), of Brooklyn, New York. I was then in my infancy in my work and, like all young people, I was interested more in myself and my pleasures than I was in people I knew, and who have passed on and become the historical figures of our great movement. We went one autumn afternoon over to New York to visit Mrs. Underhill. She was very gracious to us, and gave a resume of her early experiences, and of that of her sisters. I had become very discouraged about the attitude of the people toward me in my work, and felt that I would give it up entirely, as I felt that the sneers, jibes and insults that I had received were too much for human understanding. I spoke to Mrs. Underhill and told her that I was going to give it all up, and go into some other business, which would be (as I thought) more suitable. As I spoke, raps came from all over the room. They were like the sound of men pounding with great logs of wood. They were everywhere. I was astounded, startled—frightened. I looked at Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Underhill. The pictures and photos on the wall oscillated and seemed as if they were to come off the wall.