...GROW THEM and they were presently in the room; then an idiotic he heard their steps and turned. I saw the first ... gard and wild with fear; and ... he had leapt upon his feet, a cry bursting from his lips whose reproachful despair smote upon my heart; for alas! it was a cry upon my name.

"Mr. Hallam—" Dr. Kane began, but he said no more. One moment Mr. Hallam stood like a hunted animal, now he sprang upon them, and there was in an instant a struggle as if between wild beasts.

"Call them in!"—the stranger's voice rose high: "Williams!—Mason!—quick!"

I was thrust suddenly aside, and two men pressed past me. I saw their entrance, and I saw no more. A gentle hand was on my arm, and I was taken kindly from the room.

"You ought not to have seen this," Dr. Kane said. "I am very sorry, Miss King, I am very sorry. But there was nothing else we could do. You would not have been safe in the house with him for another day. You must have had a terrible time of it already."

I looked into his face in strange bewilderment, my week's intense fear and horror struggling with a faint light of hope.

"Dr. Kane, tell me! I do not understand!"

It was not Dr. Kane who answered me, but the stranger who had come with him. He had joined us in the hall, and it was he who spoke.

"You have not heard, perhaps," he said, "that Mr. Hallam was under my charge some years ago. From the report Dr. Kane brought me this morning, I felt sure there was no time to be lost in seeing him. I am only amazed that an outbreak has been delayed so long."

I burst into tears.

"It it only that?"

"*Only* that!" he repeated. "Why, what did you think it was? What has he been saying to you?"

I told him: he received my narrative with a smile.

"Frank Hildyard and his wife are at Hamburg, as well I know, a week ago, as I am.—Poor Hallam! he is mad as any man in Bedlam!"

It was so; and mad he still is now, after two years have passed. He is in the same asylum where he was formely confined, and, ill though he was remains, they give us some faint hopes of his ultimate recovery. Meanwhile, his poor wife waits and prays.

We live together in a cottage near him, and they occasionally let us see him; but he rarely knows his wife, and in seeing me his feeble recollection only reaches to a dim recollection that I have "Annie's eyes."

SPIRITUALISM.

An old subscriber and political friend, whose attention for the past few years has been drawn to the doctrine of Spiritualism, requests us to publish the following narrative. We comply the more readily because, upon several occasions, we have written and published articles repudiating the Spirits—hence, as our readers have heard our side of the question, it is but even handed justice that they should now hear his. The writer of the following sets out by stating that he was "reared in the faith of the orthodox Congregational Church," and hence felt "great repugnance to Spiritualism"—that he looked upon it as a "collusion, delusion, illusion, &c., &c." However, he got converted, became a lecturer, and in his preambulations in that capacity, the following *tests* occurred:

"In the second year of my spiritual experience, residing temporarily in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, it was my privilege to form the acquaintance of many noble-minded and sincere Spiritualists, and among others, that of Dr. A. H. Burritt and lady, now of New Orleans. Being one evening in a circle at his residence, my daughter presented herself, gave her name, etc., and then declared that she desired to give me a piece of poetry on "Heavenly Flowers." This was subsequently given. The poem would be too long for insertion here; but in the closing stanza she speaks of having woven a chaplet of those bright flowers, to place on my brow as a welcome to the higher life. Since that time she has often manifested herself to me, through many media, always bearing a *chaplet of roses* in her *left* hand; and she often lays that wreath upon my brow, so that its gentle pressure around my head is distinctly felt. And now I come to my narrative, which, for brevity's sake, I will divest of *all* extraneous matter.

In June, 1856, while laboring in Hanson, Mass., being entertained by Br. Marcus F. Ames, I received a visit from Mrs. Sarah B. Ellis, an excellent trance medium. After a short converse, she came under spiritual influence, and being entranced, said—"I see a beautiful female standing by your side, who says you are her father." I asked, "Does she bring any token?" "Yes—she bears in her *left* hand a *chaplet of roses*." "I recognize her token. Has she anything to say?" "She holds up something in her other hand. I can not see what it is——O, yes—I can! It is a beautiful WHITE ROSE.—She says she is going to give you that rose."—"Well," I said, "I shall be much pleased to receive it; but do not know how I can realize its presence." "You will realize it when you have it."

The following morning, as I was about leaving for my next station, Duxbury, Brother A. expressed a wish that I should go with him into the adjoining town, to see another excellent clairvoyant-medium, Mrs. J. Puffer. We went; and fortunately found the lady at home. We were introduced, and sat down to converse. Presently Mrs. P. went in haste into her front parlor, and returned bearing in her hand a full blown WHITE ROSE, with two buds and a few leaves on the same stem. As she entered the room, presenting it to me, she said—"I have felt impressed all this morning to pluck this rose, but I was not willing, because it was the best rose on the bush in my parlor. However, feeling that it is for you, I have plucked it. I replied, as I received it, "Yes, indeed, I do understand it, and I thank you for it." Then, being seated, she passed into the spiritual trance, and said, "I see a beautiful young lady standing by you, who says that she is your daughter." "I am very glad to meet her—does she bring any token?" "Yes—in her *left* hand she holds a *wreath of roses*." "Has she anything in her right hand?" "No—but she points to that WHITE ROSE."

In the latter part of the following month—July—being in Boston, I called on Mrs. Hayden, the well-known medium for the most convincing manifestations. We sat down at the table, and presently rappings were heard; and there was spelled out ——the earthly name of my daughter; and then *was written*, by the hand of Mrs. Hayden, "Your darling child. I am very happy to speak to you, my dear father. I ever hover near you, trying to bless you.—With Angels' purest care you are protected." I expressed my gratification at again receiving a visit from her, and the following conversation ensued: "Have you communicated with me during the last few weeks?" Rap, rap, rap—"Yes." "When last you did so, did you give me anything?" "Yes." "Will you tell me what it was?" "Yes." "Please write it by the hand of the medium." Mrs. Hayden then resumed the pencil; but, instead of *a white rose* being written in answer to my question, there was written, "A Bed of Thoughts from Paradise!" "That is true, indeed," I said; "but in what shape was that bed of thoughts?" "A flower." "What flower was it?" "A rose!" "But was that rose white or red?" "Pure!" Here you will notice, the Spirit gave me the test after its own fashion, and not as I desired—yet so much the more satisfactory—being quite independent of my own mind.

Three or three days afterward I called at the spiritual rooms on Battle street, Boston. When I entered, a circle was in session. The company was very kindly and politely invited me to join it. I took my seat. With two or three exceptions all present were strangers to me, and my presence was not expected. The parties at my right hand

slightly turned the rose on my left, it only, was unknown. A few moments passed, and this lady was entranced; and turning to me, said—"Pa! your daughter!" I said, "I am very glad to meet you again, my dear. Have you anything you wish to say to me now?" "Only, my dear Papa, that I wish you to visit this medium, at her home, to-morrow." I replied, "Well it is rather awkward to visit a lady unInvited; but if you can impress her, when in the normal condition, to invite me, I will do so." After some thirty minutes had passed, in manifesting to others in the circle, the lady was disentranced; and shortly afterward she turned and looked at me twice, with a very singular expression; and, repeating the second time, said, "You must excuse me, sir, for looking at you thus, as you are a stranger to me; but I feel impressed to invite you to call on me at my house to-morrow." I replied that I should be most happy to do so, if she would give me her address. She did so; it was Mrs. Zena Kendall, of South Boston. On subsequently calling, having conversed a few minutes with herself and daughter, she arose and took from the mantlepiece a paper, and approaching me, said—"This morning, being in my studio, I was impressed to take my crayons in my hand, and this was drawn. It is for you." I took it—and lo! a beautiful, full-blown WHITE ROSE, with buds, etc.—as nearly as I could remember, a correct likeness of that which I had received, weeks before, of Mrs. Puffer.

After about three months' travel, I found my self, on November 4, at Hartford, Conn., where I spent a very agreeable evening with Mr. J. R. Mottler, and his lady so highly, justly, and widely esteemed as a clairvoyant-medium. In the course of the evening their daughter, Miss Kate Mottler, who is a very excellent medium for musical manifestations, entered the room, and Mrs. M. requested her to sit at the piano, and see if any spirits desired to communicate with me. Five or more minutes passed, and no response. I then felt the spirit-wreath upon my brow. Instantly Miss Kate pronounced the word MOZART, and in the most beautiful style, with elaborate variations, was performed "The Last Rose of Summer."

From thence passing on, I came to Whately, Mass., where I stayed with Col. Harwood. The second evening of my lecturing here, I went with the Colonel to visit Mrs. E. Crafts, who is a trance and impressional medium. Toward the close of our visit, as we were about to leave, she said, in substance, as follows: "There is some spirit here who wants me to say, that you will know her by A WHITE ROSE."

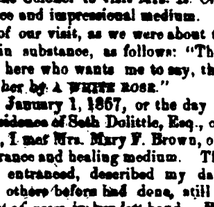
On January 1, 1857, or the day previous, at the residence of Seth Dolittle, Esq., of Hanadale, N. H., I met Mrs. Mary F. Brown, of Sandusky, Vt., trance and healing medium. This lady also being entranced, described my daughter, as many others before had done, still bearing the *chaplet of roses* in her *left* hand. But here was something new! She said: "She is now placing it upon your brow, and she is joining the two ends thereof in the center of your forehead, weaving them together with a beautiful WHITE ROSE."

The closing test of this series was given me at the residence of Dr. Mason, of Springfield, Vt., through the mediumship of Miss ROSE Burt. This lady is a very rapid and excellent writing and test medium. Being controled in the normal condition, she wrote to me—"Pa, do you not remember teasing me to say *red rose* or *white rose?*"—hereby referring to the manifestation through Mrs. Hayden, of Boston, several months previous. Then, after a few moments, in playful mood—"Pa, this medium you may call *rose Rose*—you know I only am your WHITE ROSE!"

Interspersed with these have been numerous other manifestations of the *wreath* or *chaplet*, which I can not now narrate. When the next series of tests shall be completed, I will send a narrative thereof to you, for insertion.

JNO MAYHEW.

☞ At Birmingham, Allegheny county, Pa; the other day, a little girl ten years of age played truant from school, for which its parents attempted to punish by hanging it by the neck with a towel. The child escaped from its parents to a neighboring house, almost frightened into fits. The brutes of parents—John and Isabella Morrison—who were drunk, were arrested and committed for the offence.



BEFORE offering these Wafers to the Public, they were thoroughly tested, and the Proprietors can now confidently recommend them as a certain Remedy for

EXPELLING WORMS FROM THE SYSTEM.

They contain no Calomel or Mercury in any form, or any other injurious ingredients, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. The Wafers are free from the objections to most other Vermifuges, as they are PLEASANT TO THE TASTE. "Children will eat them readily as Candy."

They have been before the public less than one year, and within that time have won the themselves a reputation unprecedented in the annals of medicine. They are used and recommended by our FIRST PHYSICIANS and most respectable families with the most marked success.

☞ Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by

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(*Successor to Barton & Sherrin.*)
Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 3 Reed Block, Erie, Pa.

STEPHEN PAUL & Co.
149 Chambers Street, N. Y. Wholesale Agents.
Price 25 Cents per Box. Dec. 12, 1856—1y.

ERIE, Dec. 12th, 1856.

Messrs. Clark & Baldwin:—GENTS.—I have for some time past been prescribing your "Anthelmintic Wafers," and I must say that in my long practice I have never yet found an article so certain, safe and effectual to expel worms as they are. Many persons who have failed in a single one, operating as effectually upon adults of children. They have the advantage over vermifuges before in use, that children will eat them as readily as candy." Being personally acquainted with their compounders, I unhesitatingly recommend them the best worm specific now in use, and it can be administered to the youngest infant with perfect safety. I most confidently recommend them to the attention of the public. P. FACTER, M. D.

☞ For Sale in Girard by J. A. White and John B. Foster; Wattsburg by Gage & Curtis; Edinboro by E. R. Terry and W. S. Frost; Waterford by S. F. McKinney; Lockport by S. M. Barnes and Wm. Tilden; Albion by Bennett & Fletcher; Concord by J. M. Jay; Springfield X Roads by Wm. H. Townsend; West Springfield by Rufus Fuller; Fairview by R. Pettis; North East by Jones & Jewett, and by Druggists generally.

FLOORING! FLOORING!

WANTED, 50,000 feet of good WHITE WOOD and CUCUMBER FLOORING, 1¼ inches thick and from 6 to 20 inches wide at our Planing Mill on Eleventh street.

Erie, Feb. 26, 1857. CARTER & MALLERY.

To all whom it may Concern.

ALL persons having claims against the subscribers are either by Note or Book Account, are notified that unless payment is made before the first day of April next, their notes or accounts will be left with a Justice of the Peace for collection.

Erie, March 21, 1857. SENNETT, BAER & CO.

JUST RECEIVED, at No. 3, Reed Block, the following valuable Medicines:—Brandreth's Pills; Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; Ayer's Ague Cure; Hall's Balsam for the Lungs; Sherman's Lung Preservative; Norwood's Tincture of Tar; Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry; Sloan's Condition Powders; Sloan's Family Ointment; Trask's Magnetic Ointment and many other less prominent in mention. CLARK & BALDWIN.

Erie, Sept. 27, 1857.

HERMONT.—A few barrels of the genuine article received on consignment from Cincinnati, for sale by the barrel or retail.

Erie, May 30, 1857. HANSON'S Grocery Depot.

Plow that Beats the World!

WE have on hand, manufactured in the best style and under our own supervision, the Celebrated Light and Left Hand

ELLSWORTH PLOWS.

which is believed to be the BEST Plow now before the public—Call and examine it. SENNETT, BAER & Co.

Erie, March 21, 1857.

PLOWS, HARROWS and Points, Patent Tubular Boxes, (the genuine.) Call and buy of G. LOOMIS.

July 31, 1856—tf.

TURNIPS.—A good variety and very cheap at CARTER & BRO.

Erie, Sept. 13, 1857.

300,000 FEET HEMLOCK LOGS.

THE subscriber will pay the highest market price in cash for 300,000 feet of Hemlock Logs delivered at the Western Basin on the Canal. The Basin must be good length and clean of ice by the 15th day of May next. Hemlock timber will not be taken.

Erie, August 6, 1856—tf. HENRY A. HAYNES.

WOOL! WOOL!! WOOL!!!

NOTWITHSTANDING all our own and others abused that so effectually exploded from CARTER'S CELEBRATED EXTRACT OF BLOOD AND SARSAPARILLA, there is no remedy in existence that can compare with it for purifying the blood. Try it.

Erie, August 16, 1857. CARTER & MALLERY.

FLOUR FROM NEW WHEAT

FLOUR, ready for sale at Flour Store of the Presque Isle Mills, at 5 Peach Street. J. W. McLANE.

Erie, Aug. 20, 1857.

TO THE LADIES.—Dr. Jayne's Celebrated Remedy for Female Complaints, for sale by CLARK & BALDWIN.

For sale at Wm. S. Reed Drug Store, by CLARK & BALDWIN.

Erie, March 26, 1857.

Annual Report of the Laws of Pennsylvania relative to Banks, Bankers, Brokers, Shaving Notes, Usury, &c., for sale by BANK BOOK STORE.

Erie, Jan. 1, 1857.

Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, Dr. Jayne's Carminative, Dr. Jayne's Tonic Pills, Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic, Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, Dr. Jayne's Alterative, Dr. Jayne's Hygeian Pills, Dr. Jayne's Vermifuge, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant