

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA. FEB. 27, 1857.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

VOL. XXV. NO. 26.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



From the Pennsylvania.

THE COTTAGE BY THE GLEN.

BY WM. B. SICES.

Many years have glided by me,
Since I stood beside the stream,
Which bubbled o'er the pebbles,
Happy in my boyish dream.
My heart was light and joyous—
I had felt no sorrow then,
And each day came fraught with pleasure,
To the cottage by the glen.

I remember well the school-mates,
Who were happy with me there;
How we roamed the fields together,
And plucked the flowers fair.
By the side of a willow, then,
Yet we climbed them o'er again;
And at night our laugh was merry,
In the cottage by the glen.

I remember well the grave-yard,
With its briar-woven wall;
And the church that stood close by it,
With its spire, grim and tall.
On we sported on the verdure,
Mid the graves of buried men;
Never dreaming time was fleeting,
In the cottage by the glen.

I remember well the duck-pond,
And the rushes by its side;
Where the croaking frogs I pelted,
Cruel in my boyish pride.
I remember, too, I planted,
By its side a willow, then;
It is now a towering giant,
Near the cottage by the glen.

I remember, too, the sisters
And the brothers with me there;
How we gathered in a circle,
At the evening hour of prayer.
But that circle now is broken,
Broken ne'er to meet again;
One, alas! in death is sleeping,
Near the cottage by the glen.

I have suffered many changes,
Since I left that happy spot;
Many scenes of joy I've numbered,
Yet I can forget it not.
And often, 'mid the bustle
And the strife of busy men,
My heart turns sadly, fondly,
To the cottage by the glen.

Extraordinary Case of Mesmerism.

A young woman in Galashiels, eighteen years old, was seized twenty-three weeks ago with a severe bilious fever, which left her very weak and prostrate. Dr. Tweedle resolved to try the effects of mesmerism. (Chloroform had been used previously with only partial success.) Accordingly, after some trials, he succeeded in throwing her into the magnetic slumber. The poor girl had previously to this completely lost the power of speaking and hearing, and could only make herself understood by writing. She then fell into a kind of trance, in which she remained perfectly unconscious for several weeks, except at the will of the mesmerist operator, who gradually began to acquire an extraordinary influence over the state both of her mind and body. We shall briefly describe what we were witnesses to the other day. On entering with the doctor, the patient, who had been left in the magnetic sleep, immediately woke up and was aware of his presence. The eyes were open and looked natural enough, while the color of the face was also quite fresh, and rather heavily looking. She saw the mesmerist, but no one else in the room, and no object which did not belong to or was under the influence of the operator. At this moment she was both deaf and dumb. The power of speech was first restored by passes and points on the larynx, and afterwards the deafness was removed in about five minutes; by the same process, the patient manifesting intense pain and slightly convulsed as the senses were being restored. She now spoke freely, and heard the voice of the mesmerist. He proceeded to excite various parts of the body, commencing with the under joint of the little finger. Upon this she declared that she heard a vocal music. The next finger was touched, when she heard counter, and so on until the whole four fingers were excited, when she said she heard a full orchestra of male and female voices performing the several parts of air, counter, tenor, and bass. On being asked, she even repeated the words she thought she heard sung, although she did so with some reluctance. The upper joints were next irritated, when the same effects were produced, only the music was instrumental.

Various other experiments were shown us. The elbow being irritated, produced a fit of laughing. The heel gave a disposition to dance, and corresponding visions. The shoulder joint produced the idea of flowers of great variety, but none of which the patient could name. This inability to name or distinguish external or natural objects was more remarkable, both with regard to external and visionary objects. She did not know her own name, could not see a watch, unless it was the operator's, or had been magnetized by him, and even then did not know its name or use. Further experiments were tried; to the knee joint, which produced frightful images of dogs; cheek bone, of a hen and eggs; ankles, rabbits, bridge of noses, flies; and the point of the nose, of birds, also evidently of a frightful kind, as the vision ended in screaming and terror. The moment the excitation was withdrawn from a particular part, the object fled, and not the slightest recollection of it remained on the mind of the patient. Of these extraordinary phenomena we can pretend to give no explanation. They are evidently seated in the depths of human nature and con-

stitution, which mesmerists are only now investigating. We merely publish what we have seen, and we think it is our duty as a journalist, to make such a remarkable case known, in order that Dr. Gregory, or some experienced mesmerist may make the above the subject of investigation.—*Border (Scotland) Advertiser.*

From the Grand Rapids Enquirer.

A TALE OF HORROR AND FACTS.

A NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.

We have received the following letter from Dr. John Moreton, a gentleman of veracity and professional standing. We think its perusal will convince every one of our readers of the entire truth of all that is said about modern Spiritualism:

GRAND TRAVERSE, Mich.,
Dec. 23, 1856.

EDITOR ENQUIRER: I send the following account of a most extraordinary event, or transaction—or what you will—because, in my opinion, it ought not to be suppressed; but on the contrary, thoroughly investigated. In the midst of the excitement here, such a thing as a calm and unbiased examination is altogether out of the question, nor would it be safe to attempt it, inasmuch as the determination of the people is very strong to "bush it up." As I myself am one of the chief characters concerned in the affair, I dare not attempt, if I possessed the ability, to determine the character of what I am about to relate.

I left your city to establish myself here, as you will remember, some time in July last—a young and inexperienced physician. Almost the first patient I was called to visit was a Mrs. Hayden—a woman of thirty-five years of age, of a strong constitution and well balanced mind, (apparently) and (apparently) with little or no imagination. She was, however, a "spiritualist," with the reputation of being a superior "medium." Her usual physician, J. N. Williams, was absent, hence her application to me. I found her laboring under a severe attack of typhus fever, which threatened to prove fatal. Having prescribed for her I left, promising to send Dr. W., as soon as he returned. This was on Saturday morning. At night, Dr. W. took the patient off my hands and I did not see her again until Friday evening of the ensuing week. I then found her dying and remained with her until her decease, which took place precisely at midnight. She was, or appeared to be, rational during the whole of my visit, though I was informed that she had been delirious the greater part of the week. There was nothing remarkable about her symptoms; I should say the disease had taken its natural course.

At the time of the decease there were in the room, beside myself, her husband, Mrs. Green, (her sister,) Mrs. Miles, (a neighbor.) Her husband, whom I particularly noticed, was very thin and weak, then suffering from a quick consumption, already beyond recovery. He bore the character of a clear-minded, very firm, illiterate but courteous man, and a most strenuous unbeliever in Spiritualism. There had been some subdued conversation—such as is natural in such scenes—the patient taking no part in it, except to signify, in a faint and gradually diminishing voice, her wants, until about an hour before her death, when a sudden and indescribable change came over her features, voice, and whole appearance—a change which her husband noticed by saying with, as I thought, wholly unwarranted bitterness, "There go those cursed spirits again."

The patient hereupon unclosed her eyes, and fixed a look of unutterable emotion on her husband—a look so direct, searching and unwavering, that I was not a little startled by it. Mr. Hayden met it with something like an unhappy defiance, and finally asked of his wife what she wanted. She immediately replied in a voice of perfect health: "You know."

I was literally astonished at the words, and the voice in which they were uttered. I had often read and heard of a return of volume and power of voice; just preceding dissolution; but the voice of the patient had none of the unnatural intonations of such—it was, as I have said, perfectly healthy. In a few moments she continued, in the same voice, and with her eyes still fixed upon her husband: "WILLIAM, in your secret soul, you do believe."

"What was the imploring reply, 'that is the devil which has stood between us and Heaven, for so many months. We are both at the very verge of the grave; and in God's name, let him be buried first!'"

Apparently without hearing or heeding him she repeated her words: "You dare not disbelieve."
"I do," he replied, excited by her manner, "while you are dying—nay, if you were dead, and should speak to me, I dare not believe."
"Then," she said, "I will speak to you when I am dead! I will come to you at your latest moment; and, with a voice from the grave, I will warn you of your time to follow me."
"But I shall not believe a spirit!"

"I will come in the body, and speak to you. REMEMBER!"

She then closed her eyes, and straightway sank into her former state. In a few moments—as soon as we had somewhat recovered from the shock of this most extraordinary scene—her two children were brought into the room, to receive her dying blessing.—She partially roused herself, and placing a hand on the head of each, she put up a faint prayer to the throne of grace—faint of voice, indeed, but a prayer in which all the strength of her great unpolished soul, heart and mind was exerted to its utmost, dying limit—such a prayer as a seraph might attempt, but none but a dying

wife and mother could accomplish. From that moment her breathing grew rapidly weaker and more difficult; and at twelve o'clock she expired apparently without a struggle.

I closed her eyes, straightened and composed her limbs, and was about to leave the house, when Mrs. Green requested me to send over two young ladies from my boarding house, to watch with the dead. All this occupied some fifteen minutes.

Suddenly Mrs. Miles screamed, and Mr. Hayden started up from the bedside, where he had been sitting. The supposed corpse was sitting erect in bed, and struggling to speak! Her eyes were still closed, and save her open mouth and quivering tongue, there were all the looks of death in her face. With a great heave of the chest at last the single word came forth: "REMEMBER!"

Her jaw fell back in its place, and she again lay down, as before. I now examined her minutely. That she was dead, there could be no further possible shadow of doubt; and so I left the house.

On the following day, Dr. Williams made a post mortem examination of the body. I was prevented, by business, from attending; but was, and am informed, by the Doctor, that he found her brain very slightly affected, (an unusual fact in persons dying of the typhus fever,) but that her lungs were torn and rent extensively, as if by a sudden, single and powerful effort, and suffused, partially, with coagulated blood. These were all the noticeable features of the case. She was buried on the afternoon of the same day.

About two weeks after the death of his wife, I was called to visit Mr. Hayden. On my way I met Dr. Williams, and told him my errand, expressing some surprise at the preference of the family for myself, as I knew him to be a safe and experienced practitioner. He replied that nothing could hire him to enter that house again. He said some things that—well, I would find out, when I got there. I was considerably amused by the Doctor's manner and warmth; and he beguiled my way by fancying what had alarmed him—a physician—from his duty.

On my arrival I found no person present with the patient except Mrs. Green, who informed me that the spirits had been playing such pranks, that not a soul, Dr. W. included, could be induced to remain. The children had been gone some time. They were at her house.

I found the patient very low, and with no prospect of surviving the attack. He was, however, quite free from pain, though very weak. While I was in the house, I noticed many manifestations of that power called spiritualism. Tables and chairs were moved and removed; billets of wood thrown upon the fire, and the doors open and shut, without any apparent agency. I heard struggles and unaccountable noises, too; and felt an unusual sensation, caused, no doubt, by the mysteries which surrounded and mocked me. Noticing my manner, the patient observed: "This nothing. You must get used to it, Doctor."

"I should not be content unless I could explain them, as well as to become indifferent to them," I replied.

"This opened the way to a long conversation, during which I probed my patient's mind to the bottom, but without detecting a shadow of belief. Speaking of his wife, he said: "You heard Ellen promise to warn me of my time to die?"

"No, if it is possible, she will keep her word in spite of heaven and hell. But it is simply impossible. She promised to come in the body and speak to me. I shall accept no other warning from her save the literal meaning of her words."

"And what then?"

"How much of her body is there left, even now, Doctor? and she has not come yet. She promised to come from the grave. Can she do it? No, no—it is all a humbug—a delusion. Thank God, Doctor, the devil which so haunted her life, and stood between her soul and mine cannot reach her now."

"But if she should come, you may be deceived."

"I cannot. Others may see her, too, and hear her. I shall believe no such spectre, if there are such things. Her body as it is, or will be—let that speak if it can!"

From that day up to the hour of his death, I was with him almost constantly; and was daily introduced to some new and startling phenomenon. The neighbors had learned to shun the house, and even the vicinity, as they would the plague, and strange stories travelled from gossip to gossip, acquiring more of the marvelous at every repetition. Nevertheless, my practice increased.

On the morning of November 30th, I called earlier than usual. During this visit, the manifestations of supernatural presence were more frequent, wild and violent, than ever before. I was informed that they had been exceedingly violent during the preceding night. Their character, too, had greatly changed. Beside the moving of all movable articles, the tinkling of glasses, and the rattle of tinware, there were frequent and startling sounds, as of whispered conversation, singing and subdued laughter—all perfect imitations of the human voice, but too low to enable me to detect the words used if words there were. Still, however, none of these unusual sounds had entered the sick room. They followed the footsteps of Mrs. Green, like a demon echo; but paused upon the threshold of that room as if debarred by a superior power, from entering there.

I found Mr. Hayden much worse, and sinking very fast. He had passed a bad night.—Doubtful whether he would survive to see another morning, I left him promising to call at evening, and spend the night with him, resolved to its utmost, dying limit—such a prayer as a seraph might attempt, but none but a dying

to bear it, and, if possible, solve the strange enigma.

The day had been exceedingly cold and stormy, and the night had already set in, dark and dismal, with a fierce gale and a driving storm of rain and hail, when I again stood beside my patient. The moment I looked at him, I perceived unmistakable indications of the near approach of death upon his features. He was free from pain, his mind perfectly clear; but his life was ebbing away with every breath, like the slow burning of an exhausted lamp.

Meanwhile the storm arose to a tempest and the room grew black as death in the wild night without. The wind swept in tremendous gusts through the adjoining forests, rattling the ice branches of the trees, and came wailing and shrieking through every crack and cranny of the building.

Within there was yet wilder commotion.—All that had been said or sung, written or dreamed of ghostly visitations was then and there enacted. There was the wringing of bells, moving of furniture, crash of dishes, whoppers, howls, cryings, laughter, whistling, groaning, heavy and light footsteps, and wild music, as if in very mockery of the infernal regions. All these sounds grew wilder with the rising gale, until towards midnight, they were almost insufferable.

As for us three—the patient, Mrs. Green and myself—we were as silent as death itself—not a word passed our lips after 9 o'clock. As for the state of our minds, God only knows. Mine, in the wild whirl of thought and event which followed, forgot all the past save what I have recalled and penned, bit by bit, above. I remember only looking for the final catastrophe which grew rapidly nearer, with a constant endeavor to concentrate all my faculties of mind and sense upon the phenomenon which I, at least, had begun to believe would herald the loss of my patient.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.

As if grew closer upon twelve o'clock, (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty that I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer, grew the fatal moment—for fatal, I perceived it would be, to the patient at least the sounds trembled on the brink of midnight: the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and as yet there was no token of any presence save our own.