pale light increased to a glow, that he "helped to pull the bell-rope of the old church on the memorable 16th of December, 1773, which summoned the people to meet at three o'clock to receive Hutchinson's reply to the committee's petition. Why, that's the cradle in which the young Hercules of Liberty strangled the snake of despotism; and I guess they had better keep it in the family, for they may need it again if this newspaper tells the truth. And the new church has taken off the old bell. A diamond in a lead setting. Well, that's the way the Tory pastor of King's Chapel marched off with the church plate when the Hessians were driven out of Boston by General Washington; and I guess it hasn't been returned yet. Tear down the old church! Remove it! They might as well tear down John Hancock's house, the Old North Church where my old friend, Paul Revere, swung out his lanterns, or the Brattle Street Church, or King's Chapel, or pull down the Great Elm. Why, I will wake up the skeletons of Copp's Hill, the Old Granary, of King's Chapel, and from the vaults of the Old North, and we will march down and fill the old building as we did a hundred years ago. There is eloquence even in the bones of the men who led us then.

"Now, here is another piece of information I don't like. The country is full of robbers and scoundrels. And then this soft and hard money business: I suppose soft money is continental paper, which was so soft that it took a peck of it to get a mug of hard cider or New England rum. I like the hard money; there's a clink to it." Here he slapped the Australian nugget, and petted it gently. That's the stuff. And there's going to be a general election; and one of the candidates on each side is a hard and the other a soft money man. That's rather amusing. I don't know much about this Democratic party,—it didn't exist in my time; but the Republican did, and then it was the safest one; but it doesn't appear to be so now. It's as full of rotten bones as the back-yard of a butcher's shop.

"Some things mentioned here I cannot understand,—telegrams, cablegrams, railroads, and steamships. Of course a ship cannot cross the ocean in eight or nine days; it takes at least thirty. That cannot be it. And then, cablegrams,—news the same day from London, England, and from Paris, and all over Europe! Ha! ha! ha! This is printed in an insane asylum; and that is why everything is so mixed up. Some lunatics are very comical. There was one living over on Dorchester Neck, who used to tell about trees that he saw when he was with the Western Indians,—trees six or eight times as high as the Liberty Tree or the Great Elm. And he had a number of stories just like it. I will hide this paper, for it is amusing reading.

"Now, if I can only get out of here with this lump of gold,—hard money,—I can have a jolly old time, such as I had when I was a young man. Perhaps I can open a window."

As he was raising the nugget to his shoulder it slipped, and fell to the floor with a noise that resounded through the silence and dusk, echoing and reechoing along the galleries, and repeating in loud, rude tones, "Five o'clock! Five o'clock!"

This vocal phenomenon was so astounding that I involuntarily uttered a terrified yell, which again filled the building with replying echoes, as if a million demons had been startled from their peaceful possession. But it was scarcely out of my throat when, with an angry howl, the skeleton leaped toward me. I could not move. I tried to run; but my feet were rooted to the floor. With a fierce clutch he clasped my coat-collar at the neck, and stooping slightly, glared up into my eyes. I could not even close my lids to shut out the loathsome object. Shaking like a statue of jelly; my eye-balls glaring wild and fixed; powerless to move,—what could be more terrible? The stench from his sack of alcohol and rotten fish; the phosphorescent glimmer and the wrathful flashes of mingled blue and yellow flame that