

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.

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those who advertise by the year.

STAR OF THE NORTH.
Bloomsb., Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1857.

THE MYSTERIES OF BANKING.
In order that some of the honest people of
Columbia may see in what manner the banks
are managed, whose paper you handle every
day, we propose to treat them to the state-
ment of the management of the Lancaster
Bank, which was supposed by most people
to be a very sound institution. It is the re-
port of the Committee appointed recently to
inquire into the causes of the Bank's failure:
**Report to the Stockholders of the Lancaster
Bank.**

The undersigned committee of Stockhold-
ers of said Bank appointed to investigate its
condition and make report—

1. Whether said Bank is solvent or insolvent.
2. If found insolvent, to report the cause or causes of such insolvency, and the manner in which it was produced.
3. The time or times when the losses were incurred that have rendered it insolvent.
4. The names of the Directors and officers under whose administration the insolvency of the Bank occurred—

respectfully beg leave to submit to this meet-
ing, that having made the investigation di-
rected by the resolution under which they
were appointed, and after a careful examina-
tion of the assets and liabilities of the Bank,
have come to the conclusion that the state-
ment submitted to the Stockholders at a for-
mer meeting was a fair and impartial exhibi-
tion of the Bank—thus leaving no doubt of
its insolvency to an amount sufficient to ab-
sorb the entire capital stock and a portion of
the deposit.

The insolvency of the Bank can be readily
traced to a combination of causes, each con-
tributing to waste its resources and encroach
upon its assets. Instead of accommodating
the business community in the locality of the
Bank, where the Directors had the means of
knowing the responsibility of the drawers and
endorsers of the paper offered for discount, it
loaned an amount exceeding three-fourths of
its capital to a few individuals (its President
and Cashier among the number), for the pur-
pose of building the Sunbury and Philadel-
phia Railroad—erecting extensive iron
establishments, and developing the Shamokin
Coal fields—projects, which, every man of
even ordinary discretion must have foreseen,
would lock up the funds of the Bank, thus
loane to those parties, for a long space of
time; and, if those speculations should prove
disastrous, must inevitably lose to the Bank
the money loaned for such purposes.

In consequence of the entire capital of the
Bank being locked up: either on the protest
lit, invested in factory stock, and in loans to
its President, David Longenecker, and his
co-operators in the Shamokin Coal specula-
tions, resort was had to various illegitimate
methods of banking, in order to carry its cir-
culation, but which in rapid succession only
tended still more to cripple its condition.—
Among the expedients resorted to by the
Bank to carry its circulation, without the ba-
sils of its capital, was the furnishing of its
bills to wildcat Savings Institutions, private
banking establishments, and even private in-
dividuals, in large amounts, charging inter-
est at the rate of three per cent. per annum,
with the understanding, on the part of this
class of borrowers, that they should keep
those bills afloat, so as not to incommode
the Bank. By this means one single in-
dividual has become indebted to the Bank in
a very large amount, which indebtedness is
put down among the doubtful and bad
assets. But independent of the insolvency of
the parties to whom the bills of the bank
were thus furnished in large amounts for
circulation, this method of keeping up a cir-
culation was the cause of additional losses.
These bills of the bank found their way to
Philadelphia, the commercial mart of Penn-
sylvania, where it was required they should
be redeemed in gold or silver; and in order
to do this the notes and bills of exchange
which had been discounted at the counters
of the Bank, at legal rates, were sent to
Philadelphia, and there sold at a discount,
ranging from 1 1/2 to 3 per cent. per month.—
More than \$90,000 of the insolvency of the
Bank can be traced to the payment of extra
interest to meet the demands of its circula-
tion.

Among other causes of its insolvency may
be mentioned the transfer to the Bank of
\$20,000 worth of the factory stock at par by
David Longenecker, the President, on the
29th of January, 1852, when in fact the stock
was not selling at more than \$10 to \$15 per
share, the par value being \$50 per share.
Also, in the exchange by the Bank of \$13,
000, James' Loan, at par, being a loan se-
cured by first mortgage on Conestoga Steam
Mill, No. 2, for 225 shares Lancaster Bank
Stock at \$60 per share. This exchange was
directed by the Board of Directors in May,
1855, the stock to be transferred to the Bank
before the first of November, 1855; but the

stock was not transferred until after the May
dividend in 1856. Mr. Longenecker, how-
ever, took immediate possession of the se-
curities for the James' Loan, after the Board
agreed to the exchange, thus defrauding the
Bank out of either the year's interest on the
James' Loan or the two dividends on the
225 shares of Lancaster Bank Stock.

Another direct, palpable and gross fraud
was committed upon the Bank in May, 1856,
by which it lost \$4,000 of good securities in
the following manner: In February, 1856, a
resolution passed the Board of Directors for
the appointment of a Committee to investi-
gate its condition, and on the 3d of March,
1856, the following Committee was announ-
ced, viz: Hathorn Freeland, Benj. Eshleman,
Augustus Boyd, A. Herr Smith, and Benj.
C. Bachman, Esqrs. This committee pro-
ceeded in the discharge of their duties, and
made considerable progress, before the divi-
dend was declared in May, 1856. On the
8th of May, after the dividend was declared,
Mr. Boyd, a member of that committee,
moved the Board of Directors to allow Mr.
Glein to exchange with the Bank its stock
at \$55 per share for a bond of \$4,000, which
the Bank held against Mr. Glein as princi-
pal, and five other responsible names as se-
curities, which was allowed by the Board to
be done. Mr. Glein not having at that time
the stock to transfer, Mr. Boyd procured
for him a power-of-attorney from his brother,
J. Taylor Boyd, and his brother-in-law, T.
W. Henderson, for the transfer to the Bank
of the stock held by them respectively, and
also gave a power-of-attorney to transfer the
stock held by Mr. Boyd himself, thus palm-
ing upon the Bank its stock at \$55 per share,
when he and the members of the Board of
Directors must have known the stock of the
Bank to be worse than worthless.

Among other causes, also, of the insolv-
ency of the Bank, was the payment of the
notes of other parties without there being
funds standing to their credit in the institu-
tion to meet them. The most barba-
ric in criminal transactions of that kind may be
summed up as follows: In March, 1855,
Wm. L. Helfenstein had notes maturing in the
Lancaster Savings Institution for over \$50,000.
These notes were endorsed by either the
President or Cashier of the Lancaster Bank,
in their individual capacity, and also by Jno.
F. Long and Thomas Baumgardner, then
also Directors of the Bank. At the maturity
of these notes they were presented to the
Lancaster Bank for payment, and were di-
rected by the Cashier to be paid, although
at the time Mr. Helfenstein had no funds in
Bank to his credit to meet them—thus ap-
propriating the funds of the Bank to their
own private indebtedness to an amount ex-
ceeding \$50,000.

Another cause of the insolvency of the
Bank, was taking away from it, by David
Longenecker, of \$14,000 of first mortgage
Sunbury Railroad bonds, which had been tak-
en by the Bank as collateral and returning
it in lieu thereof an equal amount of the
second mortgage bonds.
So early as 1849, when Christian Bachman
was its Cashier, several transactions took
place which were the means of losing to the
Bank more than \$50,000; one of which was
the loaning to Mr. Shoemaker, \$25,000 of
the money of the Bank, without the approba-
tion of the Board of Directors; the other was
the loaning to F. A. Yandye, a broker in
Philadelphia, \$25,000 for which a specie cer-
tificate was taken, and which is still in Bank,
having been counted as specie from 1849 to
this time, in the assets of the Bank.

Among the losses to the Bank, may be
enumerated subscriptions of Stock to Rail-
roads. On the 27th of December, 1852, the
Board of Directors subscribed \$5,000 in the
Stock of the Philadelphia and West Chester
Railroad Company; and on the 13th day of
September, 1852, the Board subscribed \$5,000
in the Stock of the Sunbury Railroad Com-
pany—investments of the funds of the Bank
confering banking privileges; and no Bank
can exist in a healthy condition, with its funds
locked up in securities, from which gold or
silver cannot be realized to meet the demands
of its circulation, and which are so liable to
depreciation.

The whole management of this Bank, from
1848, to the day its doors closed, has been
characterized by wicked criminality on the
part of the President and former Cashier, and
gross negligence on the part of the Directors,
in whom was confided that trust of the Stock-
holders. It has been used as a family affair,
without any regard to the rights of the Stock-
holders and Depositors, as if its capital had
been placed there for the special benefit of
those, who, by misplaced public confidence,
succeeded in the control of its management.
From the sworn statements of B. C. Bach-
man, its Cashier, actually furnished to the
Auditor General, as required by law, the public
were credulously led to believe the Institu-
tion was in a sound condition; but from an
examination of the books, these sworn state-
ments are found to have been false, and were
known to be so by the Cashier at the time he
made them.

As an example of the manner in which the
Bank was used for the benefit of some of the
Directors, the minutes of the board show that
on March 13th, 1854, a private banker, then
in the Board, was authorized to overdraft his
account, \$10,000, paying interest at the rate
of three per cent. per annum. This money,
was, of course, used in shoving paper, and
was liable to be returned to the counters of
the Bank the next day, and gold or silver de-
manded for it.
It may be that some of the paper held by
the Bank, which is now worthless, was dis-
counted by D. Longenecker and B. C. Bach-

man, the President and Cashier, without the
knowledge of the Board of Directors; but the
notes thus discounted were not drawn at one
time, but ran through a course of years; and
it was the duty of the Directors to have known
what was done behind the board—which
they could easily have known by looking at
the books. No investigation of the condition
of the Bank was had from the year 1848 until
the year 1856—evidencing a degree of care-
lessness and negligence, on the part of the
Directors, which is entirely inexcusable.

The losses which rendered the Bank insol-
vent occurred gradually from 1849 up to the
time the Bank closed its doors. The commit-
tee had not time to place the several losses
to each year when they occurred.

W. W. BROWN, CHAIRMAN.
Bribery in Congress.

In the House of Representatives at Wash-
ington on Friday last a member from New
York called attention to an article that had
appeared in the New York Times, in which
it was charged that attempts had been made
to secure the passage of the Minnesota Land
Bill through the agency of bribery. A resolu-
tion was also submitted that a committee
be appointed with authority to send for per-
sons and papers to investigate the charge.—
Mr. Paine, a member from North Carolina,
intimated that the allegation was true, and
distinctly stated that he had been offered
fifty hundred dollars to vote for the Min-
nesota Bill. Quite an animated debate took
place, and the resolution authorizing the ap-
pointment of a committee was passed by
acclamation. The investigation will conse-
quently take place. Some sad doings will
no doubt be developed. We fear that the
conduct of affairs at Washington is capable
of much salutary reformation—and the sooner
it is commenced the better.

How I Became a Gambler.

Although I belong to the despised frater-
nity of gamblers, I have always made it a
rule to advise young men to shun the gam-
bling table, that they may avoid the rock
upon which I split; and I will now offer,
through your paper some suggestions to the
heads of families on the subject of social
card-playing.

I was at least some twenty years of age,
and had lived some months in New York,
before I ever knew the names of the ordi-
nary playing cards—but the importance of
a thorough education in the science of games
was soon made apparent to me, and a quar-
ter whence I least expected it. Boarding in
Broadway, I gradually formed an acquaint-
ance with a number of highly respectable
families.

By one of these I was invited to attend a
social party. The heads of this family I
knew to be members of an evangelical
church, and you may judge of my surprise,
when I made my entry into the parlor to be
held most of the company, together with my
pious friends, deeply engaged at play—not
the plays of innocence, but of depraved gam-
blers! The father of the family was engaged
at chess, whilst the wife presided at a
card-table; their children were among the
whist players, and others of the company
were engaged at backgammon, dominoes,
and checkers!

The wine circulated freely and all seemed
happy but myself, who in such a party was
a barbarian. I could do nothing but look
on and confess my ignorance, or occasion-
ally engage in conversation with some old
lady, whilst

"The young and gay
Were all engaged in play."
It is needless to say that I spent a very un-
happy evening—and that I resolved at once
to acquire an education so necessary to the
maintenance of a respectable standing in so-
ciety! I was not long therefore; in mastering
the mysteries of High, Low, Jack and
the Game, and Whist; and a slight knowl-
edge of these led me to desire for farther
information; until at last I was an adept at
a variety of games, able to teach others, and
I was a favorite partner wherever I went. I
became exceedingly fond of cards, and as
they were introduced in every social circle
where I was admitted, my fondness gradu-
ally ripened into a passion, which clings to
me even to this hour.

No better illustration of the dangers of
card-playing can be given, than my own his-
tory. In the parlors of respectable families
I acquired a taste for play, which finally be-
came an all-sorbing passion, knowing no
bounds, and rapidly hurrying me down the
road to ruin, where all is misery, desolation
and death! But my case is not a solitary
one—thousands of gamblers have been made
in the same way—and tens of thousands
have fallen before this terrible vice, in con-
sequence of a taste for play being formed in
the family circle.—*National Guard.*

AMERICAN PRESSURES.—The death of Lady
Stafford, in England, one of the three grand-
daughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,
who married an English nobleman, has
again given rise to a remark on the singular
circumstance of three sisters marrying nob-
lemen is still greater in this case, as neither
of the sisters had offspring, so that no Ameri-
can blood was infused into the peerage by
them. Their niece, Miss McTavish of Bal-
timore, married a brother of Lord Carlisle,
but parted from her husband after living
with him but a short time. There have been
but two other American women who have
married English noblemen, Miss Bingham,
wife of the first Lord Ashburton, and Miss
Cadwalader, the wife of the first Lord Esk-
kine; both of these ladies were natives of
Philadelphia.

AN ELEMENT OF REVOLUTION.
The Working Classes of Paris.

It is stated that on the recent arrival of
Louis Napoleon at Paris, the greatest possible
care was taken to prevent his being assassi-
nated. The military and the police were
stationed along the entire route, and the Em-
peror manifested no little satisfaction when
he had passed through the fiery ordeal, and
found himself still alive. Such at least is
the statement given by some of the Paris
correspondents of the London press. The
nephew of his uncle is by means as popular
as he was a year or two ago. The work-
ing classes are sadly dissatisfied, and with
reason. Their condition is said to be truly
deplorable. On the 9th of last month was
quarter day, for all rents in Paris under one
hundred dollars a year. The scene present-
ed, was one of wide-spread anxiety and dis-
tress. It appears that in consequence of the
many diminutions of old buildings, and the
improved character of the new, the poorer
classes, who had up to that time, contin-
ued to live in two rooms, namely, a cham-
ber and a kitchen, could not find shelter,
except at rates equal, or more than their an-
nual earnings. Thus was to be seen a long
line of hand carts, loaded with the scant
furniture of these humble households, bound
either to the remotest quarters of the city, or
outside the walls. The Government, antici-
pating the evil, had built fifteen field kenn
as the *dos de St. Lazare*. But the applica-
tions were so numerous, that this supply
amounted merely to a drop in the bucket.—
Murmurs and menaces, therefore, were
heard on all sides; and if a bold leader had
appeared, an attempt at revolution would
have been inevitable. A Paris correspon-
dent, describing this condition of affairs,
says:—

"The hard handed workman who quits
his garret where he has lived and loved!—
this many a year, curses Louis Napoleon, as
he trundles his bed, looking glass and clock
to the remote faubourg; the wife, as she
dismisses the meat in the *pot au feu*, to make
up for the high price of bread, curses Louis
Napoleon. Government is the root of all
evil. So great has the popular discontent
become, that it has become evident, what
was predicted from the beginning, that the
famous Caisse de Bontaparte could keep up
the price of bread beyond market rates
until it has received the advances it made
during the last two years to keep down the
prices of bread. The sailors have a phrase:
'It is hard working for a dead horse,' to ex-
press the irksomeness of toiling for enjoyed
benefits, whose sweetness is forgotten. It
is too hard for Frenchmen to practice; they
know no sense of time but that of time
present. Judge what an addition to the debt,
for it was only last week the Caisse begun
to recover its advances! The budget of
1854 presented a deficit of 73,000,000, that
of 1855 shows 60,000,000.

"It is difficult to realize the obstacles
which lie in the way of the poor here in
this question of house rent. Few and far
between are the houses where a family with
children are allowed to rent rooms. Two,
three and even four hundred francs are now
paid for garrets, which four years ago were
abundant at one hundred, and one hundred
and fifty francs. The workman, or the seam-
ster, who are retained by their toil until late hours,
can find no rooms unless the early porter be
well fed, for he hates his equals with that
ferocity of hatred negro bears to negro.—
(Tell a negro he is to have a negro overseer!)
The solitary seamstress, dependent on her
needle for her support, is deemed too pre-
carious a tenant. I have never, since 1848,
seen such wretchedness as I saw yesterday
in the streets. What rags concealed my
men and women! What miserable furniture
was borne along to the new garret!

"Paris once more looked revolutionary in
the popular quarters, and innumerable were
the arrests made. Among them was M.
Dore, jr., well known professor of chemistry.
Everybody was talking of the *emute* expect-
ed on that day. A large review of all the
Imperial Guard was passed by the Emperor,
it is probable with a view of intimidating
the people, and of affording His Majesty a
pretext for being in Paris; and I expect the
other troops were consigned, for the people
were kept out of the *Champs de Mars* by
the *sauvages de ville*, (a thing I never saw be-
fore, the troops usually being employed for
this office,) who were thus skillfully with-
drawn from the streets, where the murder of
one of them would have been the signal for
disorders."

Another serious drawback is the existence
of so many secret societies. Some of these
are of the most formidable character. On a
recent occasion, no less than sixty persons
were arrested, near the *cannon of Thours*.—
The sign of recognition was by touching
each other's hand three times, pressing the
lower point of the middle finger, and pro-
nouncing the word "Hon." with the lips half
closed. When the arrests were made, the
wives of the prisoners ran crying through
the villages, and a number of peasants,
armed with pitchforks, threatened destruc-
tion if the gendarmes did not instantly let
them go. It is said that the gendarmes were
forced to yield them up, and with some dif-
ficulty kept themselves from being disarmed.
The agitation increased, and a large band
gathered together tumultuously at Brion.—
The perfect put himself in movement with
the gendarmes of Bressieres, Chiehe, and
Genis, and was accompanied by the pro-
curer general. On arriving at Brion, the re-
volvers at first showed signs of resistance,
but in a short time were dispersed and they
took refuge in the field and woods.

The prisoners were subsequently tried,
and sentenced to various penalties. These
demonstrations, in connection with the trou-
bled condition of monetary affairs, naturally
created the greatest uneasiness, and thus pri-
vate letters state that the revolutionists, and
the opponents of Napoleon generally, were
on the tip-toe of expectation, and ready to
rally together and strike, the moment that
the tocsin should be sounded.

MARKING BAGGAGE.

"Mace Sloper," a correspondent of the
Knickerbocker Magazine, tells the following
good story:—I remember another queer
dialogue which came in my experience at a
hotel in Boston. I was going to bed rather
late, when all at once I heard one of the
sweetest voices in the world, with a sort of
an English ring in it, say in the next room:
"Clara, dear!"

"Well, dear?" answered another, just in
the same English chime.
"Is it the lobster you want?"
"Yes, love, answered Clara. "And I want
the ham too; and you may open the oys-
ters, and the sardine box."
"Well, thought I, if those angels aint go-
ing in for pretty substantial supper, I am
mistaken. But I had more before me to as-
tonish me.

"While you are about it, Clara dear, you
may as well open the Yarmouth blower.—
I'm going to take all there is in it. And the
cheese. O don't forget the cheese!"
All at once Clara as high as I could judge
from the sound, was poking about very in-
dustriously, cried out with joy:
O, I've found the Strasburg pie—the dear
little party for grow. O, I must go to the
bottom of the Strasburg pie!"
"That'll do, thought I, as I looked back.
I've heard of the English appetites, but don't
want to hear any more. I've heard John
say that Byron didn't like to see a woman
eat, and I don't blame him if they eat like
this. Whew."

There was a rattling sort of noise going
on for a while, and then Clara cried:
"I declare, there is my white satin dress
in the lobster!"
"And here is my diamond ring in the
cheese. O how odd! Why, I expected to
find it in the pie as much as could be."

A dim suspicion began to come into my
head that the evening meal of the young la-
dies wasn't limited to estates, and that one
of the effects of their refreshments was to
make things lie around in a very promiscu-
ous manner. But what was my utter amaze-
ment when the soft, silvery voice of Clara
again cried:
"O dear, I'm so hungry! Lucy, we've
got nothing here of any consequence—let's
ring and make them send us something to
eat!"

"You'll do, thought I, I wonder if you're
rich. There'll be a famine in Boston if you
stay long—hat's so! Ham, lobsters, her-
ring, pies! *Jee—WALKERS!*"
Here I fell asleep, and the next day found
me bright and early at the Fitchburg depot,
and rattling off to the ancient shapes of Chip-
pey Whonk, where the bones of the revolu-
tionary soldiers lie buried. And it came to
pass that after a while I forgot all about
Clara and Lucy, especially as it was a story
I didn't care to tell.

About a year after, I was at the celebrated
"Bed-Bug and Bible" Temperance Hotel, in
a well known city on the North river. While
staying there, I got acquainted with two as
nice English girls as I ever knew, travelling
with "pa," a plump old fellow who had
been in the fancy victualling business in
London. The girls were the names, too of
Clara and Lucy, but somehow I never thought
of the couple in Boston. Leastways, the
pair didn't eat much to speak of, and nobody
who ever saw their clear, cream and rose-
leaf faces and beautiful eyes, which sparkled
spry with common sense, or else swam
about it in wonder at the scenery as they
went down the river, would have accused
them of eating too much, let alone drink-
ing.

I offered, being as I was a single man, to
attend to their baggage. They went forward
with me to point it out. As we got near the
city there was considerable of a time and
flurry, and the girls were rather in a flurry
too.
"Well, Miss Lucy," said I, "only point
me out your traps, and I'll send them up to
the hotel, and fix you off all square as a box.
Which is it?"
"O, Mr. Sloper, pa, has got such a queer
way of marking his baggage. He was terri-
bly afraid of losing it, and so he put on
marks he was sure there could be no mis-
take about them. There—those trunks with
such queer little pictures in white paint, under
the handles are ours."

There was an awful hurry and flurry go-
ing on around; porters, firemen, passengers,
and everything, rushing and crushing about
like mad; but as Lucy spoke, and as I look-
ed at her baggage, something came into my
mind—a light broke over me like a sky
rocket into midnight, and I burst into the
loudest laugh that ever stirred me up since I
was born—one of your little town garden
grins, but a regular hundred thousand acre
grin—a laugh by the square mile—a
whole western prairie laugh. The old gen-
tleman wanting to distinguish his baggage,
had pencilled little store marks under the
handles—such marks as you can see at the
grocers on boxes of imported preserves
and potted meats. On one trunk was a lob-
ster, on another a herring, on one a cheese,
on another a pie. Yes, it was in that iden-
tical "lobster," that Clara kept her white
satin dress, and in that very "cheese" that
Lucy had discovered her diamond ring.
MORAL.—All is not gold that glitters, and
all lobsters and pies were not made to be
eaten. Neither is it always possible to judge
of a young lady without seeing her, though
old folks tell us that wives should be chosen
by the ears and not by the eyes.

**THE FAT GIRL'S JUMP; OR, HOW TO
DO UP SONNAMBULISM.**

I was just twelve years of age, and the most
unequaled rogue for mischief that "old Ken-
tucky" could produce. It was at this time
that I was sent to a country boarding school,
some thirty miles from my birth place, Lou-
isville—and an agreeable school it was, for it
had two departments, and they simply
consisted of male and female. Our tutor and
tutress were the kindest souls in Christen-
dom, and never indicated a heavier punish-
ment than that of sending the guilty one to
bed supperless, or depriving him or her the
privilege of recess. Then there could be no
wonder in our imposing upon such good na-
ture—but for my adventure.

There was only a door (that of course lock-
ed) that separated the dormitory of the boys
and girls; but the kind builder had not omit-
ted to place a ventilator over the door, and,
as luck would have it, the good mistress had
covered it with a small balize green curtain
upon our side. After enjoying a fine nap
upon the green, and, that too, under the pre-
tense moonlight that ever shone, we were
assembled in the chapel at prayer, and then
sent to our separate dormitories—the girls,
some fifteen in number, taking one flight of
stairs, while we, eighteen or twenty of the
greatest scamps alive, took the opposite flight
—our master and mistress returning to their
own rooms. A few moments found all in
bed, and, strange to say, perfectly quiet. We
had lain so but a short time, when we heard
a sudden creak, like a bedstead put in violent
agitation, and this was followed by a sup-
pressed but general titter.

"By golly, boys, there's fun among the
girls," I exclaimed, "and here's one's going
to have a peep at 'em."
In a moment every bed showed a sitting
figure. I bounded out, and ran softly to the
keyhole—but the fallen angels had stuffed it
with a rag, and that was no go.
"Never mind, boys; easy now, and I'll
give you all a sight."
I softly drew a table and placed it against
the door, and with the greatest difficulty stood
a chair upon it—for the table being small,
the chair made almost too great a stride for
it. However I mounted, and rising one cor-
ner of the curtain, the whole scene was visible
to me.

The girls had placed two beds some six or
eight feet apart, and laid a feather bed on
the floor between them, and they were then ex-
ercising themselves by jumping from one bed
to another. There was one little girl, about
as broad as she was long, and in no way cal-
culated for physical exertion, who had got
upon the bed, and stood swinging her arms
to and fro, making every indication for a
desperate jump. By this time, I was out on
the floor, and my place at the curtain sup-
plied by another spirit of mischief. He leaped
down and whispered—the fat girl is going
to jump.
"Oh golly," said he, "if Fan only falls,
won't she roll over nice?"

I was determined to see this; and climbed
up again, we both occupying the "trotting
pie." With one hand over our mouths, and
pinching our noses to prevent a burst of laugh-
ter, we stood, breathless, awaiting the awful
calamity.
"There she goes, by Jingo!" I exclaimed.
She didn't do it, though—for her feet just
rested on the round of the bed, she balanced,
but for a moment, and fell backwards, head
down and feet in the air, rolling and puffing
like a porpoise, but displaying no mean agi-
lity for so embarrassing a situation.

We could hold no longer, but shook with
laughter. The chair tilted, and down all
came together, with a crash like a young peal
of thunder.
"To bed—to bed, boys," said I, and leave
the rest to me."
In an instant all was quiet; everybody in
bed and sound asleep, with the exceptions of
myself. Oh! such attempts to snore as might
have been heard—but we were all used to
playing the possum, and now I concluded to
give the approaching tutor and wife a sample
of sonnambulism.
"Now don't laugh for the world, boys, and
see me do the thing."

I raised the table on its legs, and getting
on it, was concluding my speech that I had
written and committed to memory for the day
—and here the trainer of young ideas entered,
but still I continued—
"Friends and fellow students—overwhelm-
ed, as I am, with gratitude for your kind at-
tention, I cannot refrain from expressing
thanks, yes, warm and heartfelt thanks; and
to you, dear sir, (this of course, meant the
tutor, and at this point my vacant staring
eyes were upon him,) will my heart ever
yearn. I look upon this moment of my life
with a pride that swells my young bosom al-
most to bursting; and when manhood shall
close my youthful career, and my country
shall call me to her halls of legislation, there
will I exercise every truth and virtue instilled
into my heart by your kind and fatherly in-
toring. These boyish tears of joy will yet
swell to a gushing stream of ambitious glory
—and then will I look back to these days,
and with you uppermost in my thoughts, ex-
claim, 'Twas you, yes, you sir—that made me
what I am!'"

"Bravo! bravo! my boy," they both ex-
claimed.
I got off the table now, seeing I had the
game in my own hands, and walking slowly
to the window, gave myself up to deep
sobbing, and really appear- much affected.
The tutor approached me and called me
softly by name, but I answered him not; and
turning slowly from him, I walked to the
other side of the room, avoiding the rays of

the lamp which the mistress was directing
upon me.

"He is asleep, my dear," exclaimed the
tutor, "and it must have been the dragging of
the table over the floor that made such a
rumbling noise. Give me the lamp, and go
bring me a basin of water—I will effect a
lasting cure upon our young sonnambulist."

I heard many suppressed sitters, and could
see sundry corners of sheets going into sun-
dry mouths. This nearly destroyed my equi-
librium; but I mastered myself, and again
went to the window, though the mention of
the basin of water caused a momentary shud-
der to shoot through my whole frame.

The good dame returned with what I magi-
nified into an uncommonly large vessel of
water; but it was no delusion—for in her
haste she brought up the filterer, and I knew
certainly it was a cold doeking I was to have.
Could I escape it? I would try. I walked
first to one bed, then to another—the tutor
following with the filterer, his white playing
torchbearer, while the heavy breathing of
the possuming sleepers added to the solemn-
ity of the scene. I still walked on, turning
away every time he proposed to douse me.
They had completely cut off my retreat to
my own bed, and I saw at once I should have
to take it. I walked boldly out, and placing
myself before him, he upset the contents of
the jug upon me. I gasped, caught my breath,
tottered, and played the frightened boy so
well, that the deception was complete. I
heard a merry laugh in the next room—my
schoolmates on their beds were rubbing their
eyes and inquiring the matter.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

The following story is old, but a precious
good one. We laughed heartily over it "long
time ago," and perusing many of our read-
ers never heard it, we give it up for their ed-
ification.

A gentleman traveling some years since in
the upper part of this State, called at a tavern
and requested entertainment for the night.—
The landlord informed him that it was out of
his power to accommodate him, as his house
was already full. He persisted in stopping,
as he, and his horse, were almost exhausted
with traveling.

After much solic