

Sandusky Daily Register
March 5, 1872

Humorous Editorial about
The Devil in the North Bass Island School Board

North Bass.
North Bass, Feb. 22.

The winter on the Islands has been continuous snow, with sharp, freezing weather. The sleighing on the Islands is considered equal, if not better than any previous winter, in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of the Islands. As regards the moral and social condition of the Island, ever since the famous edict of the Board of Education, closing up our commodious school-house, little can be done, as there is no other building capable of accommodating half of its inhabitants at the same time. The Islanders have felt bitterly the abrogation of their rights, now as spring elections are approaching, and we need the right men in the right place. Permit me to state that last spring we had ample reasons, and a just right to complain of the manner in which our elections were conducted. Two of our resident officers on the Island were re-elected. Neither of them were returned to fill their official capacity. Two Justices of the Peace were both elected, one on the Bay, the other on North Bass. The one on the Bay received his appointed commission, whilst the one on North Bass was entirely disregarded. The supervisor elected by the votes of that Island was declared outvoted. Thirty fraudulent votes were cast by non-residents of the Island, for supervisor of North Bass. The reason the citizens of that Island know the facts, is that two-thirds of its voters went over in one boat. They wrote their own tickets, and voted them to a man.

Consequently the inhabitants of North Bass, have performed no road labor for the year. Her share of tax money, for improving the roads on the Island, has not been expended there. Who is to blame for this bungling manner of attending to our public thoroughfares. It has been the custom of Put-in-Bay township for its re-elected candidates to serve two and even three terms on the strength of administering the oath at their first introduction into office. This is one reason why our public functionaries are apt to become lax in the performance of the duties that belong to their respective departments. It might not be disinteresting to your various readers to pay a visit to our interesting Island. Here we find the famous conflict still going on between Orpheus and Typhon. From this land of fame the celebrated Board of Education received its first incentive to immortalize its name, eager to bear its arm, and show the astonished Islanders that it is a power not to be despised. It is a maxim in science, that large bodies move slowly. Consequently it took most of the summer to stir up its latent energies. Jealous that its mandates should not be considered supreme, it sought one pretext, and then another, until it considered the majesty of the Board insulted. It finally considered the Board had been defied, and that it was time to assert its dignity. After listening to the excuses of some five or six, who had smuggled a petition through to the Board, men who have been noted for their hostility to the liberal ideas of the community, and have sought every pretext to crush the last vestige of religion and morality from the Island, some of them avowed infidels, in their belief pretend that religion is injurious to a community. Let us examine the reasons they present to the public. One declares man has no soul, and considers it his duty to discourage everything that looks like religion. Another testifies to the "illegitimacy of Jesus Christ." Another swears it will interfere with Sunday fishing, and therefore it must not be tolerated. Now, we leave the verdict to be passed upon them by the public. Are these the men the board ought to trust with the privileges of the community? Not one excuse has the least shadow of truth in it except the last one that a certain minister of the gospel had commenced cutting up some pound poles for fire-wood and might have had an eye to that effect. Be that as it may this illustrious board seemed more desirous to at-

tend to the local business than the one that naturally belongs to it. Had it left the Sheldon Imbroglia alone, instead of calling four or five meetings to test its power, it ought to have attended to provide fuel and seats for the school house of the beleaguered islanders of North Bass. For nearly two years has the money laid in the treasury to re-seat the North Bass school house; but this famous board must pass out of existence. It has done enough already to immortalize its name, and this act of justice must fall into the hands of its successors. Under these pretexts it has closed the school houses against preaching and Sabbath schools. A hundred children on North Bass were turned out to wander in the woods, and to engage in every amusement and diversion the monotony of the Sabbath might bring with it, had not the North Bass union Sunday school provided for them the best it could. Driven to hold its sessions of school wherever a friend of the cause offered his house for that philanthropic purpose, amidst all the opposition and impediments the board has thrown in its way, under the blessing of divine Providence, it still continues to prosper. Whatever Providence may have in store for North Bass its record for the last two years has been somewhat prophetic. Last winter it was astonished to hear the exact location of the infernal regions, the space allotted to each fallen son of Adam given in square feet. Furthermore, this beautiful earth of ours is only a thin covering of pandemonium, and in her great heart lies buried all the agonies an Infinite God can inflict upon rebellious man. Other equally astonishing discoveries were made such as who Satan is, who he was, and who he is to be, his nature and attributes, the delight he takes in tormenting others, etc. This year is a year of dreams and visions. We give one as we heard it and leave the subject for the present with the readers. It appears the dreamer had quit this mortal coil and found himself in the presence of his Satanic Majesty. "Haloo. Who are you?" inquired his majesty of the infernal regions. "I am So-and-So, of North Bass." "Ah! What are they doing on North Bass?" "They are trying to open the school house." "Fetch my big boots; I must visit that island this very day. But are they all agreed to open it?" "No; there

is Mr. S. and two or three others, who are trying to keep it closed." "Take back my boots. If my servant S. is engaged to keep it closed, he will assuredly attend to the business as well as though I was there myself."
A CITIZEN.