

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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For the Star of the North.

Answer to the Virgin who wrote to me.

BY DOOMER HANG.

Your poem too me dedicated is red; It had not bin published more nor A 3 our best 2 i red it, not worst or twice But 2 or 3 times; the sorrows of my mind Was grate indeed, pettishly towards the last. I knorled to answer in blank verse, Which sum mie think impossible, in me. But which is the megiun of the true poick. I leand again the side of a house, and i red it; And a boy was tar what had no phelin; He had no larin in the poicks, and he sed, Old covy, wats the matter? I answered with a si, poor boy, you dun no The phelinks of a man wots rely and willin To enter the blessed state of matrimony, Ven he is picht into by a female ange! The boy laft. Ograteful human! I puled my hat over my use, and went A wanderin down the plank walk, There was a seed or a plank stack up, An i hit it with the to ov my bato I stumled. Ograteful plank! You almost maid me swar, and then You air an agrivation At this perticler junkture, The kanawl by the furnia was reached, And thar mi phelinks the same as the Steem pipe of that insitution (the furnia), Found went. I let myself out and the surges Of that beautiful stream (the kanal) answered. It was orful, but it eased me. Mi trowers suferd most, but they was wide. They did not bust, but sum thort mi heart did. If so wot a pity; don't rie agin thout notis.

[It is evident from the above production that we have a poick among us; tooly a sorse ov pride. But his passions is powerfull. We commend him to an appreciating and commiserating public.]

Result of a Curious Bet.

The year 1725 was extremely rainy, and a banker named Bulliot, remarked that it rained on St. Swithen's day, and remembered the popular superstition, that if it rained on that day each of the following forty days would be more or less wet; and it having rained also on the day of St. Gervais, (who has also the reputation of being a hydraulic saint,) laid a wager that it would be wet for forty consecutive days. Several persons took it up, and the wager was reduced to writing in these terms: "If, dating from St. Gervais' day, it rains more or little during forty days successively, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." On these terms Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves, and on that day he deposited a very large sum of money; for besides the sums which he put in the hands of the umpires, he took gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, and jewels of every kind, whose value was appraised, and against which he placed money. It is said, that one person, having no ready money, betted a lot of fine Holland shirts, and that Bulliot accepted the gage. This wager made a great deal of noise, and as the chances were decidedly against Bulliot; many people accepted the conditions, and as he had deposited all his cash, he was forced to give the umpires notes and bills of exchange; and, as his credit was well established, it is related that he issued paper to the amount of fifty thousand crowns. It will be readily conceived that the hero of this wager became quite fashionable; and that during the time elapsed before the denouement of the affair, he excited as much interest and curiosity as would have been felt for a monarch or warrior. Wherever he appeared, he attracted universal attention; and he became so popular, that he was made the subject of play. But unfortunately, Saint Gervais was not true to his character, and it ceased raining before the expiration of the due time. Bulliot was ruined, and so thoroughly that he could not honor the notes and bills of exchange which bore his name. The holders of the obligations tried to enforce payment; and as the ancient law, as well as the new code, did not recognize debts of this character, they endeavored to pass themselves off as bona fide creditors, who had taken Bulliot's notes for other considerations than the wager, and that they ought to be paid or compounded for; but the assignees made it appear by the dates and other evidences, that all these notes formed a part of the wager. They were therefore consulted, and the debt declared irrevocable.

A GENTLEMAN of the bar, in Ireland, walking one day with a friend, who was extremely precise in pronunciation, the latter hearing a person near him say "curiosity" for "curiosity," exclaimed, "How that fellow murders the English language!"—"It isn't murder—it is mayhem," said the other; "he has only knocked an 'i' out."

The best judges of pleasure are the best judges of virtue.

THE RIGHT ARM;

OR, THE PATRIOT AND THE TRAITOR.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister, living near the suburbs of the city was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper of the public streets. In a few moments while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm growled above, the preacher, leaning on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way through the dark suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had fallen speechless in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good hearted street sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his own bed—he had not spoken once—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man. And now, though dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seem to topple down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest suburbs they pass—that white haired minister and his guide. At last, in a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs that creaked beneath their tread, and then into the death room.

It was in truth a miserable place. A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There were the rough walls, the solitary garret window, with the rain beating through the rags and straw, which sufficed the broken panes—and there, amid a heap of cold ashes, the small vase which it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed lay the dying man. He was but half dressed—his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him. And as he looked—throb—throb—you might hear the death-watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care more than age.

There was a face that you might look upon once, and yet wear in your memory forever. Let us bend over the dead and look at that face.

A bold forehead, seamed by one deep wrinkle between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life separate from the life of a man—and there, two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady gaze.

Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unexpressed despair, that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look, the strong arms are clutching at the vacant air—the death-sweat starts in drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying.

"Throb! throb! throb! beat the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound.

Then, with the agony of death upon him he rose to a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke:

"Christian?" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart, "will faith give me back my honor? Come with me—with me, far, far over the water. Ha! we are there! This is my native home. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood—yonder, the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag than that waved when I was a child. And listen old man, were I to pass the street as I passed when but a child, the babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder church yard would shrink from my footsteps, and yonder flag would stain a baptism of blood upon my heart."

That was an awful death bed. The minister has watched the "last night," with a hundred convicts in their cells, and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as this.

years' war—there, in his royal hall, sits George of England, bewailing in his idiotic voice the loss of his colonies. And here am I—who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that King—here am I, dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while—throb—throb—throb—beat the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; silence along the lines! Hark you Montgomery, we will meet there in victory or in death! Hush! silence, my men, not a whisper, as you move up those steep rocks! Now, on my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town. Now up with the banner of the stars; up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now—now!"—shrieked the death-stricken man, covering there in his blue uniform, with his clenched hand moving in the air—"now, now! One blow, and Quebec is ours!"

And look, his eyes grew glassy—With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair, erect indeed, ghastly! There for a moment, and then he falls! He is dead! Ah! look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In the glassy eye there lingers even yet horrible energy, a sublimity of despair.

Who is the strong man, dying here alone in this garret, this man, who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag?

Who is this thing of terrible remorse? This man, whose memories link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at the parchment and that flag!

The old minister unrolled that fading flag—it was a blue banner, gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a Colonel's commission in the Continental Army, addressed, BENJAMIN ARNOLD!

And there, in that rude hut, while the death watch throbbled like a heart in the shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of that patriot and traitor.

O, that our own true Washington had been there, to see that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored body rotted into dust, bring home that good right arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a gallant blow for freedom, yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—that arm yonder, beneath the snow white mountain, on the deep silence of the dead, first raised into sight the banner of the Stars.

It was during the renowned expedition through the wilderness to Quebec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the River of the Dead near a snow white mountain, which rose in lovely grandeur over all the other mountains into the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascended the mountain with the hope of beholding from its summit the rocks and spires of Quebec. When he came down, Arnold took from his breast, where, for four days in privation and danger, he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars—He raised it into the light, and for the first time the Continental Banner floated over the solitude of the Dead River—This is a fact attested by the history and corroborated by tradition.

The Washingtons in England.

Mr. Sparks in his "Life of General Washington has remarked, that the circumstances of one of the more immediate ancestors of Washington having been a resident of South Cave, gave rise to an erroneous tradition among his descendants that their ancestors came from the north of England." How the learned and industrious historian makes it out that the tradition is erroneous I am unable to say, for I think it is more than probable that the Washingtons of South Cave were originally from the north of England. Under this supposition, I feel disposed to submit to the attention of your intelligent readers a few remarks, which may throw some light on the matter and resolve my doubts.

Mr. Sparks admits, that John, brother of Lawrence Washington, dwelt at South Cave, a village on the banks of the river Humber, and nearly opposite to the mouth of the Trent, a river usually regarded as the boundary of the south of England and that he emigrated to America about 1657 and settled in Virginia from whom, in a direct line, came the American patriot. To what limits the historian may confine the north of England, I know not, but according to the scattered memoranda in my possession, that portion of the British Empire usually called "North," had the honor of giving birth to that illustrious branch of the Washington family.

Some time before the year 1400, the chief ancestor resided at Washington a village in the Bishopric of Durham, and according to Surtree's history, was then called *Heriburnus* which cognomen, it is probable, according to the custom of that age, was dropped for that of William de Washington, by which name it was ever afterwards known.

The William Washington left an only daughter, Elnor, who gave her hand and fortune to Sir William Tempest of Studley Royal, in the east Riding of the County of York. From the Tempests, the Washington estate went by marriage to the Mallorys

of Moberly; from the Mallorys to the Aisladies, and is now enjoyed by Miss Lawrence, and constitutes an estate, which for beauty of embellishment grandeur of locality, and sylvan and picturesque loveliness, is unsurpassed in the British Empire.

This Eleanor, according to an inscription post mortem, died the 2d day of January, 1451. The minutiae of the descent is here somewhat confused, but sufficient is known to enable the biographer to arrive at conclusive results. Deprived by this event, as were the Washingtons, of such property, Cadets it is supposed, still remained both rich and powerful. But at what period the family became resident of the south of Yorkshire, I know not. The earliest notice which I possess is that of an Inquisition taken at Doucassie, A. D. 1556, where we find James Washington associated with Thomas Westworth de Woodhouse, John Holmes, and Richard Bannard, Esq. in a commission for the Queen, when it was found that the manor of Adwick-le-Street, was sometimes held by John Fitzwilliam afterwards, by F. Telford, and now by James Washington, Esq. (Dodsworth's MSS. Bodl. Bib. Oxon.)

Bugdale's pedigree extends no lower than 1666 and comprises only four generations, but the pedigree in the British Museum ascends two generations higher. It is among the Harleian MSS. to. 4630, p. 665, and is based on a prior visitation of the County of York, made by

So far as the documentary matter in my possession extends it would seem that the dispersion of the minor branch took place soon after the marriage of the heiress of William de Washington, Sir William Tempest. The two branches, viz. that south of the River Trent, and that of Adwick-le-Street, are of ancient line, seated in the Bishopric of Durham, is rendered more probable by their heraldic ensigns.

Arg. two bars and three mullets in chief guiz. with the usual mark of difference—Those of Adwick-le-Street are the same, with a crescent arg. for difference. The house of Cave Castle, in which the grandfather of Washington resided, is an elegant mansion in the Gothic style, flanked by buttresses, and crowned with embattled parapets. Among the pictures is one of the American patriot—*His Magazine.*

MASQUERADES IN MILWAUKEE.—A great masquerade ball was given in Milwaukee some weeks ago. The *News* of that city, in the course of an article describing it, says:

"One gentleman fell in love with his own sister, while another danced with a woman dressed three hours, in the hope of finding out who the dear creature was. One young man took his mother to the supper, and great was the surprise of both on learning how matters stood. One of our leading merchants gave his ring to a young lady if she would raise her mask that he might see her features; when it was his own sister, who he supposed was at home with the toothache! Two gentlemen got in a warm dispute as to who a certain young lady with a black domino was, and after making a wager of two bottles of champagne; found out that the young lady was the younger and mischievous brother of the losing party."

"THE OLD MAN."—Hardly any expression grates so harshly on the ear as that of "the old man," when it comes from the lips of a son speaking of his father. The person who habitually uses this expression is either intimate with low characters, or he does not feel that respect and deference due from a child to a parent. In excuse, it is said, "It is only a joke and means nothing." If so, it were better not to joke on such a subject, and to use some expressions that do not mean something. Young sprouts who frequent oyster-cellars and fashionable drinking shops—who can smoke a "regalia" or chew a "ladies' twist" without making themselves sick, or walk a crack with three glasses of champagne—these are the sprigs who talk of "the old man," who don't know they're out.

A LONG COURTSHIP.—A young lady said to her beau after fifteen years' courtship "Charles, I am going out to-morrow."

"Where?" "I don't know." When are you coming back?" "Never." "What are you going for?" "I am going to look for something which you have not nor never had, and yet can give me without loss to yourself?" "You are very welcome to it. I am sure; but what is it?" "A husband!"

"Why you might have had that fifteen years ago, if you had only said the word; but I was afraid to ask you the question."

A BACHELOR SAYS:—"A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you can separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others see nothing to admire; and when fondness is once fastened on to a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair."

How many people occupy this world is a question often asked and but seldom answered. There is a difference among writers as to the inhabitants of the globe; some estimate the number to be 700,000,000, while others go as high as 800,000,000. The annual loss by death is computed to be 18,000,000, or 1,500,000 a month, 315,163 a week, 5,945 a day, or more than 3 persons every minute.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

We have seldom met with a more exquisite poetic effusion than the following "Welcome to Spring," by one of our most popular lady writers:—

Spring is coming, with her flowers, And her sunshine and her showers; Spring is coming—Spring is coming! Hear the little bees a-humming!

Bursting buds and crimson roses, Each the happy truth discloses; Spring has come to deck the bowers; Spring is laughing thro' the flowers.

O'er the hill tops bleak and bare, Softly floats her golden hair; And the blue sky pensive seems, As a maiden when she dreams.

Gentle zephyrs softly tread Round pale winter's icy bed, Singing old familiar lays, Of the happy by-gone days.

And the little birds are singing, Hark their merry notes are ringing; Ah! what melody doth float From each tiny warbler's throat!

Rosy, dimpled, smiling Spring, What a world of joy you bring! Every heart with transport greets you, And to linger long entreats you.

"KIVES UP STRANGER TILL THE GALS UNDRRESS." There is a spot, in the south-western part of this State, known as the "Fiery Fork of Honey Run"—a delicious locality no doubt, as the run of "honey" is, of course accompanied by a corresponding flow of "milk," a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate, honey and "peach," is the evidence of sublunary contentment, every place where they are preaching!

"Honey Run" is further christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family whose mansion, comprising one apartment—neither more or less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveler, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder—their numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their one apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs, and higgers; and as many lodgers, as many deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners.

On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs; and a canvass of the Fiery Forkers—the old lady having pointed out his bed—felt a weary, and only looked for an opportunity to "turn in," though the mosquitoes were trumpeting all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to them. The dogs dug themselves along the floor, or again rose, restlessly, and sought the door step, the "niggers" stuck their feet into the yet warm ashes, the old man stripped, unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed looking pillow, and the sons cavalierly followed his example leaving the old woman a "gals" and "stranger," to settle any question of delicacy that might arise at the time.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally, in downright recklessness, seated himself upon "the downy," and pulled off his coat. Well, he pulled off his coat, and then he yawned, and then he twisted, and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact that it would never do to sleep in his muddy trousers; and then he undid his vest, and then he twisted again, and then suddenly, idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flush upon the old woman, and she cried:

"Gals, just turn your backs round till he gets into bed, "and they did in less than no time," when the hostess again spoke:

"Reckon, stranger, as you ain't used to us, you'd better kiver up till gals undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and though he did "kiver up," as desired, somehow or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes, and favoring his shy glances. The nymphs soon stowed away, for there were neither bustles to unlatch nor corsets to unlance, when their mamma, evidently anxious got to smother her guest considerably relieved him. "You can unkniver now, stranger; I'm married folks, and you ain't afraid of me, I reckon!"

The stranger happened to be "married folks" himself; he unknivered and turned his back with true conjugal indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned; but with regard to the "gals," he declared that his half raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids that ever he experienced.

Some ladies, walking in Chelsea, Mass., yesterday, observed a young girl crying in the streets. On being questioned as to the cause of her trouble, Miss Pantonettes explained that she had been sorely disappointed at being prevented from indulging in skating because her grandmother had taken her skates and had gone off to enjoy the interesting exercise.

A BANKER, one time being asked whether he considered himself an honest man, replied that he "was just as honest as the world allowed him to be, and no more." Guess if he had searched "all creation," he couldn't have stumbled upon a better answer, because everybody is precisely in the same predicament.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

From the Family and School Journal.

EXCITEMENT IN BOSTON!

The Scholars Decline to Participate in the Religious Exercises—The Scholars Dismissed—The Excitement Spreading.

Boston, March 16th, 1859.

Ma. Editor:—A considerable excitement was occasioned at the North End School yesterday, in consequence of some rather unusual proceedings at the Eliot School, North Bennett Street.

The school at the present time contains almost seven hundred and fifty scholars, of whom upwards of three quarters are children of Irish parents. The Committee of this School District is composed of the following persons:

George Fabyan, E. D. G. Palmer, A. B. Hall, M. C. Greene, C. A. Turner, J. F. James, Wm. A. Kruger.

The Teachers of the School are—Samuel W. Mason, Prin., Lucian Hunt, Usher, McLauren F. Cooke, Sub Prin., Abner Marsh, Head Assistant besides twelve female assistant teachers.

The reading of the Bible in the Public Schools has always been insisted upon by various School Committees of Boston, and up to the present time very little trouble has resulted, now and then an isolated case of resistance occurring.

We have examined the School Reports of Boston for the past twenty-three years, and find that the following regulations in this matter have been in force.

In 1836—The morning exercises of all the schools in each room shall commence with prayer and reading the scriptures.

In 1839—It is recommended by the Board that the morning exercises of all the schools commence with reading the Scripture and prayers.

1851—The morning exercises of all the schools shall commence with the reading of the Scripture, and the Board recommend that the reading be followed with prayer by the master.

1853—The morning exercises of all the schools shall commence with the reading of the Scripture in each room by the teacher thereof, and the Board recommended that the reading be followed with prayer.

1858—The morning exercises of all the schools shall commence with reading a portion of Scripture, in each room, by the teacher, and the Board recommended that the reading be followed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated by the teacher alone, or chanted by the teacher and children in concert, and that the afternoon services close with appropriate singing, and also that the pupils learn the Ten Commandments and repeat them once a week.

It will be seen that in 1836 the regulations simply require the reading of selections of Scripture and prayer at the commencement of school. In 1839, the reading of Scripture and prayer appears in the regulations as a recommendation of the Board. In 1851 the Board made the reading of the Scripture imperative, and recommended that this reading be followed with prayer. In 1853, it is specified that the reading of Scripture shall be by the teacher, and the Board recommended that the reading be followed with prayer.

We now come to the regulations of the present Board, adopted after a careful review of the subject several years since, Rev. Dr. Lothrop being one of the committees who framed the rule. This rule makes it imperative for the teacher of each room to read the Scriptures at the commencement of the proceedings; the Board also recommend that the readings be followed by the Lord's Prayer, repeated by the teacher alone, or chanted by the scholars, and also that the pupils learn the Ten Commandments and repeat them once a week.

Such are the rules and recommendations of the School Committee. It is stated that the Sub-Committee of the Eliot School, in accordance with the recommendations of the General Committee, have directed the teachers of that School, to read the Scriptures, to have the Lord's Prayer repeated, the Ten Commandments chanted. This rule has not been followed for some time, and has not met by opposition to any extent by either parents or scholars. A boy might put his fingers into his ears, or he might fail to repeat certain passages of the Lord's Prayer, without any notice of the matter, and there have been cases where an addition has been made of some of the sentences of the prayers of the Roman Church.

Yesterday morning, however, Mr. Mason, the master, for the first time noticed that there was a concerted movement on the parts of the pupils in the room.

They failed to place themselves in the usual devotional attitude, but stared at each other as if to gain support, and scarcely a response was heard as the master proceeded to repeat the Lord's Prayer. It was evident that they were acting under instructions from without. Of this, however, the master took no notice, but afterwards alluded to it in the presence of Mr. Isaac H. Hazleton, a member of the School Committee for another district, who was at the school on other matters. Mr. Hazleton made inquiries of the pupils, and found in one division no less than forty who did not hesitate to state that they had been instructed by their parents and the Rev. Mr. Wiget, clergyman of St. Mary's Church, Edincoat street not to chant the prayer, repeat the Commandments, or even sing "Old Hundred," or other hymns of a similar character, in use at the school.

Upon this Mr. Mason sent for Mr. Dyer,

Chairman of the sub-committee, and informed him of the state affairs.

Mr. Dyer consulted with the Mayor as to the best course to be pursued, and was advised to carry out the rules of the school Committee. In the meantime, Mr. Mason, thinking it impossible that Mr. Wiget could have given such advice to the boys, as the Catholic ministers had always expressed a desire that their parishioners should submit to the regulations of the School Committee, sent a message of inquiry, but an answer was returned that Mr. Mason could have an interview with Mr. Wiget by calling at his residence.

As a sub-Committee cannot be called together except upon twenty-four hours notice, Mr. Dyer concluded to act in the matter at once, and proceeded to the school. He then questioned the pupils of five divisions whether they were willing to submit to the rules as set forth above under the head of 1858; in regard to the listening to the reading of the Scriptures, chanting the Lord's Prayer, singing and repeating the Ten Commandments. Nearly all of these divisions—amounting to about one hundred, manifested their refusal to obey these rules by rising in their seats, and were informed by Mr. Dyer that they might leave. A portion went out with boisterous shouts, rendering it necessary to send for a police officer to keep the peace; others retired in better order.

Thus the matter rests at present. It is stated that of the forty who informed Mr. Hazleton in the morning that they would not chant the Lord's prayer, about thirty recanted. One of these afterwards informed the master that he had recanted—a flogging from his parents for his recantation—A few of the parents brought their children back in the afternoon, stating that they wished them to submit to the regulations of the school; another parent came in for a child who had submitted to the regulations, and took him away, saying that if he had known what the rules were, he should have done so long ago. Some of the parents expressed themselves in indignant terms, stating that they had no complaint in regard to Mr. Dyer's proceedings, but should apply to the School Committee to rescind, or modify the rule.

There are various stories in circulation in regard to this demonstration, which, it is said, has also been contemplated at some of the schools at South Boston. The matter evidently has not yet ended in the Eliot School, for several of the best boys in Mr. Mason's division informed him yesterday afternoon, that they should firmly, but respectfully decline, on the next occasion, to repeat the Lord's Prayer, or the Ten Commandments, in the manner prescribed by the Sub-Committee.

While we deprecate the above facts, still we are compelled to state the matter boldly in the face, and ask, "What right have the members of the School Committee to dictate that anything but the Scriptures should be read upon men?" There are Sabbath Schools enough in the country in which the decalogue and Lord's prayer can be taught, and in a more reverential manner than in the Public Schools. Let the Bible be read as it should be, let the word of God be imparted in a manner different from that in which it is too often read, and the desire for the rest would be gratified out of school—Make a task of studying the Scriptures and we nullify the benefit to be derived from their pages.

It is the prerogative of every citizen that his children should be educated at the Public Schools. The fact that in these schools in addition to their lessons, children are compelled to recite exercises which are directly opposite to their religious views is a conclusive proof, that the reign of bigotry has not ceased even in free America—What would we say of a school teacher or teachers who would instill in children's minds the theory that there was no God—Would not Christian parents rebel? Would not Protestant parents also rebel if a Catholic Priest was to appear in each school every morning and say a Mass? Do you or others as you would have others do unto you?" is too often forgotten in this world. Judgment should be possessed by the guardians of our Schools, in a greater degree than at present, or we may fear that ere long our free system of education, will be a failure, its downfall arising alone from the fact that freedom of conscience was not made one of its foundations.

What is the difference between a butcher and a young lady? Ans.—the former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

He THAT has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged.

A lady who is a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to go to church on Sunday sent her card.

"I am going to draw this beaux in to a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hyeminal altar.

I introduce a bill for the destruction of worms," as the woodpecker said in a stump speech.

In Sweden a man who is seen drunk four times, is deprived of his vote at elections.

It is generally considered that a man has a right to steal a kiss or an umbrella whenever he has a chance.