

EVING BULLETIN. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

STATE EDUCATION. The State Convention of School Superintendents which has just adjourned at Harrisburg, has presented to the public many facts and suggestions which deserve the most thoughtful consideration and energetic action of the citizens of this Commonwealth generally.

On Thursday last Mr. Le Blond, of Ohio, speaking in Congress for the Democratic party, read Mr. Andrew Johnson out of the organization of which he was the spokesman.

As Sir Lucius O'Trigger would remark, "it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands." Mr. LeBlond says, "We have no interest in the executive on this side of the House, not the least; the Fifteenth Ward National Union Club reports by saying that in supporting Andrew Johnson they 'did not agree to become the tools of the Democratic party and assist to restore it to power.'"

There is another important fact which was made the subject of one of the superintendents' reports. Irregularity of attendance is increasing in almost every school district. The report gives some singular statistics on this subject.

That the State has a right to expect parents and guardians to enforce the attendance of their children or wards at school, cannot be denied. The propriety of the State depends upon the educated intelligence of its citizens, and no man has a right to bring up his children in ignorance, in a land where education may be had.

AN IMPORTANT CONFESSION. Mr. Postmaster-General Randall, in his report, recommends an increase of the salaries of the clerks in his department. He says: "The salaries of clerks in the Post Office Department during the four years of war were not increased, while all the expenses of living were more than doubled. The salaries were fixed in times of peace and low prices. They were not raised when war raised prices. Clerks were compelled to run in debt, and, in many cases, their families suffered from want."

Here is a voluntary admission by the Postmaster General that the employees of his department have, as a class, been faithful, skillful and honest. How does he reconcile this confession with his wholesale slaughter of these men, all over the country, for maintaining the prin-

cles of the Republican party? There is no pretence that the postmasters and clerks who have been discharged under Mr. Randall, and who have been "compelled to run in debt," while "their families suffered from want," were less faithful, skillful or honest than those who have taken their places.

A TELEGRAPHIC BLUNDER. The United States Associated Press yesterday afternoon transmitted to the various papers, a despatch headed "Message of the Governor of New York," which caused no small bewilderment to thousands of readers who were at a loss to account for the sudden summons which Governor Fenton had apparently executed, in bowalling the action of Congress and denouncing the course of the "Radicals."

THE NEW FIRE ORDINANCE. A committee of firemen had a conference yesterday afternoon with the Committee of Fire and Trusts upon the subject of re-organizing the Fire Department. The firemen proposed to amend the ordinance now before Councils.

THE HISTORIC REASON. The world of refinement and fashion is on the qui vive for the first appearance of the great Italian actress, Mme. Ristori, which will take place at the Academy of Music on Monday evening. The opening play is Leguay's splendid tragedy of Medea, translated into Italian verse by Montanelli.

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JOHNSON AND RAYMOND. A TALE OF A TURNED COAT. When Andrew J. and Henry J. Shrock hands in the Wigwam, one fine day, Both Henry J. and Andrew J. Thought they'd an easy game to play, But the people punished Andrew J. From the bread and butter they fled away, Leaving Andrew the game alone to play.

Now Henry J. begins to pray, Like a sheep that has blindly lost his way, To come in the fold again, to stay, Vowing no more from the flock to stray. He says that the tailor, named A. J., Had promised to turn his coat in a day, And make it fit in an elegant way. But the bungling tailor, named A. J., Had quite forgotten the needle's play, And, being without a machine of Singer's, His stitches wandered in every way; He patched the blue all over with gray, While, with every goose that he did essay, He scorched the cloth and burnt his fingers.

So Henry J., when he saw the garment, Frothed and foamed like a very varmint. "They told me," he cried, "O, blundering Andy, That you with the needle were very handy, And, though you were down on ducks that were dead, You were 'right on the goose,' at least, they said."

"O downy duck! O downy goose! You are brought to a very ignoble use. Poor water-fowl, I fear some plottier, For water-fowl, he fowled his water With essence of eye confederate ink, A dangerous thing when he takes a drink. When down on a duck, he'll do it, is clear, To stuff a pillow or tickle an ear, But when on the goose his fingers repose, He's very apt to ruin the clothes: So with either water-fowl that you please, Whether geese of iron or living geese, Or e'en dead ducks, 'Tis sure his deduction Is wrong, if he calls it Reconstruction!"

Then rose and blustered the tailor Andrew, With breath as fierce as ever a man drew; "You dare to say that I am a blunderer, You impudent, penny-pipe ape of the Thunderer! O, Henry J., why will you say That coat don't fit your stately figure? I fear, H. J., you would shrink your pay, Or put it off till the dreadful day. When the right of voting is given the negro, You asked me, Henry, to turn your coat; I turned it and now I come a claimant. Upon your service—that's my payment. Give it at once; I want no note; For, H. J. Raymond, The job may be lame, and Yet, whether change of Raymond or raiment, 'Twas done to order, so where's my payment?"

"Payment! payment! For such a raiment? O, Andrew, 'twould be a folly and sin, too; Your fits are tight, And it wouldn't be right Such a bad habit as this to get into." "It cannot be tight, it cannot be too little. It fits as nicely as that of Doolittle. 'Tis the very latest Policy style: The beautiful tail, observe a while, Has a graceful Southern slope; the sleeve Is good to laugh in, when Yankees grieve, And as for the collar, sublime production! I call it the Collar of Reconstruction. Seward and Browning helped design it, But I got a Southern stiff to line it. A cotton buckram to stiffen the neck And give all Northern leanings a check. Coward and Norton like it, and why? You not take it and give it a trial!"

"Give it a trial? And give it, Your Policy fashion has had its day. I thought it good in the Wigwam weather, But for Northern climates it's flimsy—rather; And all the coats that you turned, I see, Look shabby and ragged and beggarly; Their owners shabby, and showing the holes. Say they get them all at the last fall's polls—So take mine back; at last I learn There are better garments than coats you turn, And a naked back I can bear, in sooth, If I only stick to the naked truth."

This was the Tale of the Turned Coat, Told by Raymond, that man of note, Who, though by trade a writer, can talk as glibly as any one in a caucus. The members listened with frown and laugh— They are tender-hearted sons of men— And though not killing a fatted calf, They took the Fatted calf, back again. But as for Andrew, the had talon, He is merry Andrew now no more: "My trade is ruined, my goose is plucked; I have nothing left me to reconstruct!" This is the song he is sadly singing As round the circle he's slowly swinging. Philadelphia, Dec. 8, 1866. P.

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