

## SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click  
Go the type in the stick,  
As the printer stands at his case;  
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick  
The type at a rapid pace;  
And one by one as the letters go,  
Words are piled up steady and slow—  
Steady and slow,  
But still they grow.  
And words of fire they soon will glow.

Wonderful words, that without a sound,  
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound;  
Words that shall make  
The tyrant quake,  
And the fetters of the oppressed shall break;  
Words that can crumble an army's might,  
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight.

Yet the type they look leaden and dumb,  
As he puts them in with finger and thumb;  
But the printer smiles  
And his work beguiles  
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,  
With pick and click,  
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

O, where is the man, with such simple tools,  
Can govern the world as I?  
With a printing press, an iron stick,  
And a little leaden die;  
With paper of white, and ink of black,  
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.

Say, where is he, or who may he be,  
That can rival the printer's power?  
To no monarchs that live the wall doth he give;  
Their sway lasts only an hour;  
While the printer grows, and God only knows  
When his might shall cease to tower!

## A St. John Printer Abroad.

In the January number of the *Miscellany* the announcement was made that John Spear Godsoe, a St. John printer, who, we believe, served his apprenticeship in the office of the *New Brunswick*, under Wm. Till, Jr., and who left St. John about thirty-five or thirty-six years ago, had turned up in San Francisco, California. He was, when last heard from, engaged on the *Morning Hotel Gazette*, a journal devoted to the specialty of reporting and advertising the leading hotels of the world, for which it claims to have special advantages, owing principally to its location at the Golden Gate—the western door of the continent—with “our East and Europe on one side, and the Orient on the other.” Mr. Godsoe, since he left home, has doubtless seen a great many phases of life. From private letters to his brother, William Godsoe, painter, who is living at present in Carleton, we have been privileged to make a few extracts. Writing under date of San Francisco, September 2, 1876, he says: “I left Tumbes [A small town near the Pacific in the department of Asuay, Ecuador, South America.—Ed.] for Guayaquil, [The capital of the department of Guayaquil and the principal seat of trade in the republic of Ecuador, South America. It is situated near the coast and on the right bank of the river Guayaquil, about forty miles from its mouth.—Ed.] and from there I proceeded to Mexico. In Mexico, I had a good position offered me, but, on account of the war breaking out with the United States, returned to Peru and went from thence to Chili, where I settled down

and got married on the 25th of July, 1847. On the discovery of gold in California being made known to the world, I started for here, where I landed with my wife on the 1st of April, 1849. I have been six years out of this state since my first arrival in it, rendered necessary by the failing health of my wife, with whom I paid a long visit to Chili. About four years ago we returned to this place after having visited Bolivia and Peru in search of health for her, but it proved all in vain, her spirit took its flight to an unknown world, shortly after reaching this city, so gently that the watchers knew not when the summons came.”

He says he has married again, and regrets that John Lloyd lost his letter and also failed to let his friends here know of his whereabouts and that he (Lloyd) had seen him. The last he had seen or heard of John Lloyd's brother, Andrew, was about twelve years ago, he (Andrew) was then going into the lumber woods. Further on he says: “There are many persons here from St. John, yet I know very few of them personally, many of them passing me daily that knew me in early days, but now do not recognize me. There is one or two friends from home, whom I meet almost every day, one of them being Thomas MacNaughton, from Lower Cove. He is a carpenter by trade and has a brother called Sandy, who has, I am told, been for a long time employed by the railroad company latterly at Prince Edward Island. John Buchanan is another, he went home some years ago and married, bringing his wife with him to California: she died last summer. Charles White, of York Point, is here with his father and mother and the rest of the family. He has one of the most extensive laundries here, and is getting rich fast. He worked with John Lloyd in the mines. One of the Berryman boys is out here, although we have never met. He is in the coal trade with two other partners, and is doing well. Mr. Drury, who served his time with Mr. Purvis, the carpenter, is a master builder here, and has about all he can attend to. I met Mr. McPherson some time ago, as also George E. Barnes, brother of Milton, who has charge of the Marine Hospital in your city. He (George) went to Australia a short time since on business to be absent about four months.”

In a letter dated November 26th, 1876, he gives, among other things, a little insight into the life of a daily newspaper hand. He says: “I have very little time to call my own. Working hours, for compositors, commence at seven o'clock in the evening and last till six next morning, then home to rest a few hours; at two in the afternoon, in the office to “throw in” type, home for supper and then to work at seven, and so on, day after day, week after week, and year after year, and such is the life of daily newspaper printers. Yesterday, had only three and a half hours rest in the twenty-four; but that is only one of the common occurrences at the starting of a new daily paper.” The paper he refers to is the *Morning Hotel Gazette*. He was one of the privileged few allowed “to be in at the birth.”

Mr. Godsoe, during his residence in California, has contributed several articles to the press, and among others, two letters to the *California Farmer*, on the “Past and Present of California” and “California in the not far distant Future,” under the *non de plume* of “Siempre Vive.” These letters are gratefully acknowledged by the editor, who kindly recognizes him as “An old 49'r” and concludes a warm notice of him with the following: “We tender him our kindest thanks and be-