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A TRAMP PRINTER'S DREAM.

BY KIVAS PYKE.

Bare and scant were my garments, and weary my feet,
As I walked into town through the slush and the sleet;
Not a "stamp" graced my wallet—let it gently be
spoke—

I was only a *tramp*—"on the road" and "dead broke."
Twenty miles had I "hoofed it," without any "pard,"
All the treasure I owned was my "travelling card"
And a one-edged steel rule, which I'd carried for years,
Thro' the strife and the turmoil of this "vale of tears."
Up the broad street I wandered till a sign met my gaze—
"THE HERALD" (in "caps") my crushed spirits
did raise;

The composing room windows, with gas all aglare,
Built hope in my breast as I mounted the stair.
I might meet "a rounder" who'd "got in a day,"
And who'd give me a lift, though it took half his pay.
With reflections like these, I at length reached the door,
And straight for the foreman I waltzed o'er the floor.
When I asked him for work, he said—with a snub—
"We've no work for tramps—NOT EVEN TO SUB."
When I saw how it was, my ambition did lag,
And I fully determined to "carry the flag,"
On the floor of the office, or press room near by,
I was fervently wishing—yet dreading—to die.
So into a corner I cautiously crept,
And, with hat for a pillow, soon peacefully slept;
And I dreamt—Oh! ye tramps, it may curious seem—
Two decades had departed—how bright was my dream?

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Twenty years had elapsed!—ye gods what a change
Had transpired in this country!—"Twas wondrously
strange!

Every Government office that greeted my sight
Contained an old "pardner," with face beaming bright.
"Ulysses the First" had been kicked out of power,
And was supplying New Yorkers with bacon and flour.
Nick Buckley, of Dunkirk, had stepped in his shoes,
And was feasted and winned by both Gentiles and Jews.
Billey Colescott—"the flounder"—was Buckley's "right
bower,"

And presided the Senate in that brilliant hour;
"Big Injun"—the "smiller"—was Postmaster-General;
You bet then I yelled—"This beats the Centennial,"
"Jersey" was running the Department of War,
And in trading-post contracts took no rhino therefor.
Commodore "Shorpy" Campbell o'er the Navy pre-
sided;

"Skinny" Hynes, as our Minister, at Paris resided;
Old Westbrook—"the kernel"—filled Hen. Beecher's
place;

Hi Hand, as a preacher, had "fallen from grace";
Duke Williams and Sankey—with Moody thrown out—
Were giving Chicago's big sinners a "bout."
The genial Joe Newton was Tammany's chief,
And sumptuously dined on potatoes and beef;
Jimmy Hart was an actor, Frank Hoyt ran a bank,
'Twas a hard thing to find a *printer who drank*,
"Bones" Smith owned the *Times*, and Joe Oakley the
World;

There was no tramp printers—"THE DANNER" was
furl'd!

* * * * *

But, ah! these sweet visions were not to last long,
They can only live blessed in story and song.
The foreman awoke me, with a kick and a shout—
"Come, *thirty* is in, and you'll have to get out!"
These words in my ears with significance rang
As I tottered down stairs. The door closed with a bang!
And as I stood shiv'ring in the keen wintry wind
I wondered how mortals could be so unkind
As to kick their poor fellows, when "down in the heel,"
And never regret for unfortunates feel;
But with merciless, pitiless act, word and look,
Lacerate the poor heart whom Dame Fortune forsook.
But why should I wonder? It has always been so—
For the poor "broken-downs" to be tossed to and fro
On Life's dark and dreary, tempestuous wave,
Till their forms are *locked up* in the depths of the grave.
—American Newspaper Reporter.

The editor of the Kansas City *Times* tried to
impound a cow the other day, but afterward
found that he had committed a bull.

NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

LOCAL.

Messrs. Barnes & Co. are about moving into
their new building.

The *Torch* is the title of a new literary paper
to be issued by Joseph S. Knowles on the 29th
Dec. It is to be devoted to literature, humor,
satire and gossip for the home circle. Good
health!

Business is much the same as reported last
month with a *slight* improvement. There are
not many idle prints. The near approach of the
holidays has had the effect, one way or another,
of putting them all to work. It is hardly likely
to be of long duration, although we hope for
the best.

There are but few changes to note this month
in the *personnel* of the city offices. Wm. Law-
son hangs his hat up in the *Globe* job office now.
Wm. Neuth visits the hook in the composing
(news) room of the same establishment, while
John McConica "lays himself out" in the job
room of the daily *News*.

James Hannay, of the *Telegraph*, will lecture
in the St. John Mechanics' Institute Course, on
"Anglo-Saxon Civilization," on the 21st of
January next. Some time in February he will
deliver his lecture on "One Hundred Years
Ago" before the Acadia College Athenaeum.
He will also deliver the same lecture at St.
Martins.

Mr. W. H. Burke, pressman in the *Globe*
office, had the cap of his knee injured a couple
of weeks ago by slipping on the asphalt floor
and striking his knee against the fly bracket of
the double cylinder Hoe, of which he has charge.
At first it was thought it would be stiff, but we
are glad to learn that it is quite well and no in-
convenience whatever is felt from the injury.

A brick building, which was in course of
erection on Prince William street, fell on Dec.
6th, and in its fall it carried part of the side
wall of Messrs. J. & A. McMillian's new build-
ing with it and otherwise so strained the front
as to render it necessary to take it down.
Owing to the accident Messrs. J. & A. Mc-
Millan have been obliged to defer the moving of
their printing office until some time in January
next. Their new premises, when complete, will
be one of the finest in the city.

James Hannay, of the *Telegraph*, must be set
down as the hardest headed man in the news-