

## ADDRESS TO "THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY."

## AN ACROSTIC.

BY "DELTA."

Thou great protector of our glorious craft,  
 Herald of intellect, thy purest feelings waft  
 Even to the ends of earth, and (with *our* hearts)  
 Preserve "the art preservative of all arts,"  
 Richer in wealth than mines of yellow gold;—  
 Instruct the young and edify the old;  
 No bitter feeling let thy page reveal,  
 To harm the tenor of our "common weal;"  
 Ever reject the wrong, support the right,  
 Reform our erring ones with precepts bright;  
 Strong be thy mind, and great thy power,  
 Many thy friends in every cloudy hour;  
 In all thy cares (for cares will surely sting)  
 Strive with a will to conquer, and, conquering,  
 Call up new energies to show the way  
 Eagerly sought by all—the way to victory.  
 Lay not when victory bids thee lend the van;  
 Look fairly in the face of brother man,  
 And fear not those who would thy faults desecry.  
 Nor spare severest pen to screen the lie,  
 Yet live an honored life, and honored die.

St. John, May, 1877.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

## The Lost Clam.

The boys in a printing office like to have their fun, and if they can't have it outside they are going to have it inside. I am reminded of a little trick once played upon a jour. printer (whom I shall call "Brunny") in George W. Day's office. "Brunny" during the summer had been on a visit to Shediac, and having an eye to and a tooth for the good things of this life, brought home a barrel of oysters. Being of a liberal disposition, he presented his employer with enough to make a good stew. Later in the season a barrel of clams were sent into the office, and at night removed to Geo. W.'s residence. "Ginger," always full of mischief, when not full of gin, asked "Brunny" how he liked the clams.

"What clams?"

"Why, the clams the boss gave 'Goaty' to carry down to your house last night."

"Say, did the boss give him clams to bring to me?"

"Certainly, a peck of them."

"Well," replied "Brunny," "he did not bring them—and if he don't take them down I'll crack his nose."

At this stage of affairs "Brunny" became excited, and commenced running around the room in search of he knew not what, exclaiming:

"I knew the boss would not forget me. I'll show that fellow!"

"Goaty" happened into the office shortly after, and "Brunny" took him to task, declaring his intention of thrashing him if the clams

were not delivered forthwith. The boy, finding all argument in vain and comprehending the situation, at noontime brought in a large paper bundle and the shells were scattered over the floor. Considering this as adding insult to injury, "Brunny" (having received a little advice *gratis* from the hands) jumped for the boy, and before anyone could interfere the blood was flowing from "Goaty's" nose, while his assailant was skipping around in a fever of excitement, exclaiming:

"I'll teach you to eat *my* clams!"

"Brunny" gathered up the shells and put them under his frame, and by the advice of his friend, who wished to see the matter through in good shape, waited for the arrival of the boss. Our good old boss having seated himself at his desk in the press room, where were two young ladies and the clerk, "Brunny" gathered up the bundle and struck a bee line for him. Arriving, he threw the shells upon the desk, remarking to Geo. W.:

"There they are, sir; that's all I got of them."

"I don't understand you, Mr. B——."

"That's all I *got* of them, sir; you can see for yourself, sir."

"Yes, yes, I see, but I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, that's all I got of them. He took them home and ate them, sir,—the *clams* you sent me last night."

The boss, beginning to see how matters stood and knowing how to appreciate a joke, with a merry twinkle in his eye, replied that he had not sent him any clams—that there must be some mistake.

"Brunny's" lower jaw dropped down upon his breast, and for an instant he gazed upon the boss perfectly thunderstruck.

"You didn't send me any clams?"

"No, Mr. B——, I did not send you any clams."

Recovering himself, he turned and started for the composing room, and upon entering remarked, "I see it all now," while the boys were rolling over the floor convulsed with laughter. Should you ever meet "Brunny," just say—"Clams!"

STICK AND RULE.

To the printers of Norwich, Connecticut, we would return our sincere thanks for the generous patronage bestowed upon the *Miscellany*. Gentlemen, we shall remember you.