

will be, for all I know. He was a Scotchman—McG—, of that ilk—and had married two houses, a saloon, and a widow with three children since we had last seen him. The whole house was offered us, lock, stock, and barrel; but we declined such munificence, and accepted a portion of it—a bed, for the night, to which we retired, after recalling many agreeable meetings we had had in years past, with a determination to “hoof it” on the morrow. The morrow came, and with it a strong desire to prolong our visit, to which, however, we did not give expression, but took our departure, after bidding an affectionate adieu to our benefactor and his kind lady—such an adieu as printers know well how to perform. After all, the fifty-six cents remained untouched, thus proving the truthfulness of Sam Patch's assertion that “some things can be done as well as others.”

Nothing noteworthy occurred during the march to the “next town,” excepting, perhaps, the fact that we picked up one cent and a great many raspberries—the cent on the road and the raspberries on the roadside. It occupied between five and six hours time to reach the town, quite a populous place, where we found four morning papers, two evening's, and a number of book and job offices; but business was at a standstill, as were many of the hands “hanging 'round” most of these “ranches.” We were informed in one office that they had not received a penny for their work for three weeks, else they would assist us, which information was very encouraging, particularly when the state of our finances was considered. Poor as we were, they could not have induced us to work at that much per 1000 ems. A feather bed and a pork-and-beans breakfast emptied the wallet of everything but a three-cent postage stamp, which stuck very tenaciously to the sheepskin lining, or it might have gone too.

No alternative remained; we must keep moving on, and doing so, always with the same bad luck we had hitherto experienced, so far as obtaining employment was concerned; sometimes sleeping, or trying to, in the cold, damp fields, with nothing but the broad canopy of heaven for a covering; rising in the morning stiff, wet with the dew, weak, and footsore, the same prospects ahead, or may be worse, if possible; again seeking the shelter of some police station, which would be grudgingly granted; where the kind superintendents of those great and noble institutions would be pleased, if the

recipient was good-looking enough, to provide him with a little biscuit, dryer than tinder, and a jug-full of water—the biscuit at night and the water in the morning—with the intention, I presume, of giving it a better relish when partaken of; nor is that all, for in the summer season these palaces of protection are infested with vermin of every description, bed-bugs predominating; and in one of which we made the singular discovery that Nature had not provided us with hands and fingers enough to meet the emergency. Only a tramp, a poor, broken-down tramp, under whose rags—made more ragged-looking by want and care and waste of body—there is neither heart nor soul; whose only thought is murder, and rape, and larceny; jeered by children, shamed by all; who has no right to live, and cares not to die; pointed at with the finger of scorn; detested as a monster crawling upon the face of the earth, whom the very dogs of the barn-yard are taught to snarl and snap at as he dips in the farm well for water to slake his parched lips and quench his thirst, which a broiling sun has enhanced. Poor, miserable, God-forgotten, unshaven, shoeless, footsore and heartsore tramp! No wonder we turn our faces citywards, with its bustle and turmoil; its filth and dirt and rags; its dearth of good and its wealth of evil. No wonder that the free air of the country has lost its fragrance, the flowers their beauty, and the singing birds their music, under such circumstances. Such is the history of a few days' walk in New England, and it is not overdrawn. But I freely admit that it was brought on by our own foolishness—and I aint a temperance lecturer, either.

DELTA.

SEVERAL correspondents were late with their contributions last month, and, in consequence, we are obliged to hold their matter over for the next number. Among those too late may be mentioned some answers to “Hair-Space,” on the “art preservative,” etc. Besides, several have intimated their intention to have a say in that matter in next month's issue.

THE first Printers' Union organized in St. John, in 1856, is the subject of an article in preparation. Any person having any knowledge of the old minute book, or of any other document or fact in connection with this Union, will confer a favor by communicating with the editor of the *Miscellany* at as early a date as possible.