

GOING TO PRESS.*

BY REV. I. N. CARMAN.

Fellow-man, a moment linger
On the dying printer's speech.
For it bears a weighty lesson.
Our unheeded hearts to touch.

Day by day thou art composing
What a universe shall read;
Type to type art careless setting.
As thou addest deed to deed.

Ah! how surely life's full columns,
When the hand that set them lies
Fixed in an unbroken stillness,
Their composer advertises.

Soon the forms are locked forever.
Changeless shall th' impression be:
Scan the proofs in time, O printer;
Thou art near eternity.

Are the "ads" all right, composer?
Art thou standing justified?
Ready now for death and judgment.
Their unfoldings to abide?

So shalt thou, as night advances,
Greet th' unstaying Pressman's call.
Then await the morn eternal
Publishing thy life to all.

*A PRINTER'S DEATH.—Wm. A. Jones, with whom the editor of this paper was personally acquainted, and who had served in the New Orleans Times composing room for some time as foreman of that department, died on Sunday morning after a sudden illness, which, beginning on Friday evening with a congestive chill, prostrated him to unconsciousness. Just before his death he became conscious for a moment, and in that gleam, dwelling upon the business habits of his life, he suddenly exclaimed: "The ads are all right, Sherman; lock up the forms, and let's go to press."—*Printer's Miscellany*, December, 76.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

"Hoofing It."

There is poetry in everything—the gentle sighing of the zephyrs through the trees; the singing of the birds ("Nature's own musicians"); the fragrant wild flowers, nestling meekly by the road side; the green meadows, with their cattle roaming over them and their little brooks meandering through them. Poetry in everything, in fact, with two exceptions—to wit: thirty-five miles of railway sleepers one day, and an empty stomach the next.

I once had the misfortune, or rather good fortune, to be under the necessity of doing what is technically termed "carrying the banner;" not as Sergeant Bates performed that feat, however, but in an entirely different manner, inasmuch as Mr. Bates received recompense in one shape or another, whereas my work was done gratuitously.

Starting for one of the railway depots of the city in which we were located (there were two of us), we secured tickets to the farthest point to which our small fortune of three dollars would take us, with seventy-six cents over, and arrived there shortly after three p. m., never feeling higher-spirited than we then did, the

novelty of the idea of being "on the road" creating, as it were, a desire to "go it blind," but only for the time being; and that "time being" was of very short duration. After our three and a half hours' ride, we endeavored to persuade ourselves that we were hungry, and succeeded. Entering a gents' furnishing house, in the shape of a lager beer saloon, we were provided with everything that twenty cents could cover, with the privilege of watching a game of "howls" thrown in. The investment proved profitable, "stomachally," if I may be allowed such an unusual expression—and whether or not. Hunger was appeased, thirst slaked, and entire happiness resulted therefrom. The usual tossing up of a cent, to discover who should enter the first office, was gone through, and I was declared elected. Pulling down my shirt collar, coughing twice and spitting once, with a topple to the hat so as to rest gently on the right ear, I "made a break" for the *Eagle* office, the first in our line of march. On entering, I enquired of a young lady comp. if the foreman was "round," and was carried to that individual, a burly-bodied man, with a wealth of hair on his face and color in his nose, caused by the sun, no doubt. He was extremely pleasant when asked "how things were," notwithstanding his unprepossessing appearance, and intimated that if I were a female he would give me a "sit" right away; but not having the habiliments necessary for the construction of that sex of the species about me, my path lay in another direction. Tom, my companion, shared the same fate in the *Herald* office—in short, it was a feminine town, and we gave it up for a bad job.

The chancellor of the exchequer deemed it expedient to invest the remaining fifty-six cents in as frugal a manner as possible, and detailed them out as follows on the white-painted fence of a railway crossing, which was pretty well "chalked up" before we added our quota:—

	Cts.
No supper,.....	0
Two glasses beer (lager).....	10
Two plugs tobacco (black jack).....	10
One bed (for two).....	30
Peanuts (next morning).....	6
Total,.....	56

But we were rather premature in our estimate. Sauntering along Common street, we presently entered a beer saloon to partake of said beer, when we beheld behind the counter a "typo," with whom we had previously been acquainted, and such a kindly greeting was never more heartily bestowed, or more welcome,—and never