

"So Far Away."

Occasionally our correspondents, in writing to us, say that it is urged as a reason why many more do not subscribe for the *Miscellany*, that we are "so far away." Now, in the first place, practically, we are not "so far away." We cannot call to mind, at this moment, any place on this continent, within the precincts of civilization, that is more than five days distant by mail, and much less by telegraph. In the second place, does not the fraternal feeling, which glows in every printer's breast, bring us near to them : for are we not of the fraternity—of the brotherhood of printers? We have the same feeling for a brother typo in Texas as if he were under the same roof with us. We can sympathize with a member of the craft in California as sincerely and truly as if he were a member of our own immediate family, bound to us by ties of blood and kin. Then, why say we are "so far away?" Surely our brethren do not mean what they say. Surely we are not "so far away" as they think. Truly has it been said that the ties of friendship and love annihilates distance, and truly, may it be added, our friendship and love for the "art preservative" and its devotees, brings the whole fraternity "closer than a brother." We would be sorry to think we were "so far away" from the hearts of our fellow-laborers and fellow-craftsmen, that a misfortune happening to us would not bow them down in sorrow. Is not the whole craft sensitive, even to its most remote member, as is the human body? Is not the misfortune of one a misfortune to all? Brother typos, we are not "so far away" in feeling towards you, and trust that this brotherly feeling is fully reciprocated on your part. You have but to touch the chord—let us know your troubles—and our brotherly feeling, love and labor shall go out to you as freely as the rain from heaven. But we digress—our feelings have taken possession of us for the nonce. We started out to say and prove that we were not "so far away" as to prevent the body of the craft reaching our editorial ear and being fully represented in the pages of the *Miscellany*. All that is necessary is for them to enter in and occupy the ground. It is free to all who wish to use it and who will do so in a legitimate and proper manner. Every printer on the continent may find representation in the pages of the *Miscellany*, if he will only take the trouble to put his thoughts on paper and send

them to us, clothing them in becoming and proper language, trenching naught on his brother's prerogative, and bearing in mind that charity covereth a multitude of sins. Of course, all will bear in mind that the *Miscellany* is only a monthly publication and that it would be impossible for all to have a hearing at one time. As many as possible will be accommodated and all will have the fullest consideration which their case demands, notwithstanding they are "so far away." Make the excuse no longer that we are "so far away," but bring us nearer to you in deed as we are in feeling. We are one of yourselves, the *Miscellany* is what you make it.

On April 1st, at the residence of the bride's father, baker, Great Talbot street, by the Rev. Alphonso Tunks, G. M., John Isaac Roseberry, Esq., for-hire-wagon-driver, late of Ballymackarrattyslatguthery, Greece, to Miss Mary Ann Lavina Lunks, the red-headed daughter of her father, Erastus Lunks, Esq., scissors-grinder; the niece of her uncle, Don Jose Fitzlimerick Lunks, tonsorial artist, Komoka; the great grand-daughter of her great grand-mother, Mrs. Moriarty Lunks, who for years occupied the distinguished position of scrubber of the drill shed at Hamilton; with increasing cloudiness in the lower lake regions; market dull and unchanged; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray. The bride was freckled, but not enough to hurt. Five cards.—*Ex.*

Mr. William Walker, who travels for the Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Company, has kindly consented (without remuneration of any kind from us) to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the *Miscellany*. He has our full authority to do so, and we recommend him to the kind consideration of the craft.

Owing to mechanical as well as other difficulties this number (for February) is somewhat behind time. As soon as we can get permanently situated as regards office room, etc., we expect to be always "on time," as before the 20th June last.

A Canadian typo's experience in London printing offices will be commenced in the March number of the *Miscellany*.

The compilation of the list of newspapers of Quebec city was credited to "Horace Létu" instead of Horace Tétu.