

### The International Typographical Union.

This year the I. T. U. will hold its sessions at Detroit, and the time of meeting, June, will soon be upon us. Some of the unions have already elected delegates, while others will not elect until May. Many good and true men will be elected—some on the popularity they have attained among their fellow-workmen, others because of the ability and good judgment they have shown in legislating for the honor and welfare of the “art preservative.” The majority of the unions, in times gone by, have been represented by men of no mean talent—men who would confer honor upon any organization and grace any position in society to which their fellows or the fates might call them. But there have been exceptions to this rule, and we have known men to be elected to the office of delegate who had just about as much conception of the duties pertaining to the position they aspired to fill, or of what was required of them, as the “heathen Chinee” has of the manufacture or working of the Bullock press. They go into the convention puffed up with their own conceit and the importance of some grave-stone resolution, the height of their ambition alone being to have their illustrious names entered upon the minutes of the convention and thus scattered to the four corners of the earth. The intelligent and clear-headed legislator humors this verdancy to some extent, but the gosling, ere long, discovers that his resolution is not half so important in the eyes of the older heads as in his own. Having been knocked out of time in a very unceremonious manner, he astonishes the “green uns” by his knowledge of parliamentary law, and almost before he is aware of it he is completely squelched, to the no small satisfaction of those who are keeping their weather-eye open. Such cases are rare, however, and we have heard of but one for several years past.

The annual conventions, as we have already stated, number in their ranks many of our brightest and smartest men, and as business of much importance is to come up at the present session, it is to be hoped that each union will have its representative there, and that he may be one fully qualified to take hold of and enter into the discussion of the various questions with the ability and good judgment that has heretofore characterized these meetings.

Some of our less intelligent men think that, in filling the office of delegate, all that is re-

quired of them is to sit in their seats and vote; but, let us say, right here, that it is hardly the place for the “wall-flower” either. The president expects each and every man, when called upon to do committee work, to be able to perform his part, and not throw the whole business of the session upon the shoulders of those who already have quite enough to do.

We have heard this matter referred to more than once, therefore we now allude to it—not with any uncharitable feelings, however, but simply that it may be remedied in the future. It is always best to send our best, wisest and shrewdest men to these gatherings, and then there is no room for complaint from any source, and everything moves along in harmony.

The present session will not, by any means, be an uninteresting one, and we look forward to this meeting with pleasure, knowing that our delegates and brothers of Detroit will form friendships which shall last as long as they are permitted to live. *So note it be*, is the prayer of the *Printer's Miscellany*.

### A Strange Monopoly and Rapid Printing.

At the time when the Atlantic cable was flashing the news to the world of the printing of a hundred copies of the Bible in twelve hours at the Caxton celebration, it occurred to us, says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, that there was a little “bunkum” about the achievement. London *Punch*, we find, made the same point, and gave this additional piece of information, which, we take it, will have a strange sound to some of our readers:—

“One thing Mr. Gladstone noticed, that Caxton printed no Bible, Wycliffe's translation, the only one of that date in the English vernacular, being under ban of the Church. A stranger thing he might have noticed, that the Bible is at this time the only book, not copyright, which no printer, save the little knot who possess the privilege, is allowed to print without note or comment.

“The printing of the most precious of all books—the Book whose free circulation was to be due to the printing press, indirectly as well as directly—is, on this four hundredth anniversary of the first products of the Printer's Art in England, the single surviving subject of a printer's monopoly.

“Why should this be? Shilling ‘Shaks-