

ing off with her daughter, recently visited the scene of his exploit—with a "small cap" head.

There has been an unusual scarcity of tramps during the past winter, even the old periodicals failing to turn up.

Mr. Robert Brennan, an old and honored printer of Fredericton, N. B., still retains his cases on the *Providence Journal*. Mr. A. D. Welch, sojourneth there also.

Since the inauguration of Hayes the democratic newspaper project has "flaxed out." The democracy do not appreciate the value of printer's ink. Poor eyes!

The *Bulletin* will appear in a new dress about the first week in April, the material for which has already arrived.

John W. Steadman, an old printer, and formerly senior editor of the *Advertiser*, has been reappointed Insurance Commissioner (which office he has held for three years past), and his appointment confirmed by the Senate.

Business dull. Three men and the boy Ambrose "on the loaf."

A genealogy of the Bliss family in America is now being compiled in this city by one of our retired printers, Mr. J. H. Bliss, and dates back to the arrival of the "Mayflower" at Plymouth Rock. The work will be an interesting one, numbering some eight hundred pages, and will embrace a number of the old and respected families of New Brunswick, many of whose descendants are now residing in Fredericton and St. John, to whom the book will be a valuable one for reference. It is a remarkable fact, and without a parallel in your provincial history, that three members of this family sat on the judicial bench at the same time, four judges being the provincial number. The ancestry of Philip P. Bliss, the evangelist and song writer, dates back to the year 1591.

STICK AND RULE.

A Letter from the Golden Gate.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 5, 1877.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR, With a pleasure akin to that which one feels in meeting a long-lost friend, a copy of the *Printer's Miscellany*, Vol. 1, No. 8, was received, and although I had not seen one before, yet, in a moment, it seemed to me as if we had known each other for a long, long time—as it treated on things that lay near the heart, and should, as I hope it does, to all those that belong to the "art preservative of all arts."

Allow me to congratulate you on the beautiful typographical appearance, general make-up, the able editorials, as also, the contributed and selected matter that adorn the pages of your truly interesting and instructive *Miscellany*. May its beauty be only excelled by its usefulness, and may it be looked for and perused by the craft, whether employer, or employe, as the harbinger of all that is truly beneficial to all parties interested, as it seems to me that the employer should have the welfare of his hands at heart, if he expects them to have a heart in the work he has in their hands to perform; let there be a mutual feeling of good will, and many of the evils that exist to-day will soon be numbered with things of the past.

In perusing the pages of the *Miscellany*, it was with feelings of surprise, and, we must confess, with pleasure, that we saw such a large space devoted to ourselves, for which receive our sincere thanks; accompanying the notice, was also a request that we should give a few short sketches of printing in California, etc. Courtesy or my

part, for favors received, admits of no alternative, and, however uncongenial the task may be, I will endeavor to portray things as they exist at this time in the Golden State.

STATUS OF THE CRAFT.

Mr. Editor, did you ever have to tell unpleasant things, and try to find a pleasant way to say them? If so you will appreciate my feelings in dealing with this subject, therefore, not to offend the ins and outs, I will briefly state how things exist at the present time, leaving you, as well as all other "practical printers" to draw their own deductions.

There are four morning papers published daily in San Francisco in the English language, viz: the *Chronicle, Call, Alta, and Mail*. The first named three pay Union prices, sixty cents per one thousand ems, the latter forty-five cents; the first named, however, being only considered as strictly Union, the last named are called by sixty-cent hands, and known by them under the ignominious cognomen of *rats*. There are also three evening dailies, *Post, Bulletin, and Examiner*. The two first named pay sixty cents. The *Post* is considered strictly Union, while the *Bulletin*, which is owned by the same parties as the *Call*, does not want Union printers in their employ; as for the *Examiner*, it pays regular rates, twenty-four dollars per week to the journeymen employed; but I am informed that the greater part of their force consist of young men who have worked a year or more at the case (as there are no indentured apprentices here), and receive from ten to fifteen dollars per week, according to ability. As for book and job work, the leading offices have a few first-class hands who receive twenty-four dollars per week, while compositors receive forty cents per one thousand ems, there being a few exceptions; some job offices pay fifty cents, but then there is not steady employment. Forty-cent hands must be kept busy to average fourteen dollars per week. As there is a large number of printers here out of employment at all times, proprietors can find hands to work for almost any price they choose to offer, and I believe if the overseers of the "daily press" wanted hands for fifty cents, they would experience no trouble in getting all the force required.

SIEMPRE VIVE

"Jerry Jenks," a sprightly writer in the *Toronto Weekly Advertiser*, thus hits off the evening papers of that city:—

"Evening papers are funny institutions. We have three here. Two of them remind me of a boarding-house bill of fare, and the sliding scale charges they deal out to boarders. For the first table you are charged \$5.00 per week, while if you wait for the second table you will be allowed to balance off on payment of \$3.50. Just so with two of our evening papers. They are mere hashes or remnants of the earlier edition, and are sold cheaper. Wonderful enterprise! The third evening paper is a pictorial musical newspaper—a mixture of pictures, cartoons, religion, venom, music, and several other features, that are enough to make several newspapers prosper, but which must kill one. The *Telegram* has, however, two or three good features—it goes for the alderman red hot, and it gives advertisers the benefit of more insertions than they pay for. Of course it is a good advertising medium. Give it a trial, and then 'wipe off your chin, and pull down your vest.'"