

ley without "double-leading" their curs-ory remarks on the subject.

The trade has been fair all summer, the different offices having had a run of work somewhat in advance of other seasons. Hamilton is a city of 32,000 inhabitants and can only boast of two daily papers—the *Spectator*, morning and evening; and the *Times*, evening. Of weekly papers there is but one, the *C. C. Advocate*. Outside of the newspapers offices, there is not a job office that employs two regular journeymen.

Some time back considerable excitement was created in typographic circles here by an aquatic contest on the *tapis* between members of the job-rooms of the two dailies. The news hands were "barred out" from participating, owing to their unfamiliarity with any vessel smaller than a schooner—of lager. On the day appointed, they reached the racing ground in two yachts—one containing upwards of thirty, embracing a varied representation of the craft, from editor to devil—their racing craft were towed behind them, and the weather was so squally that two of the shells broke adrift. This effectually squelched the racing for that day, and the boys bore up at a half-way resort and recuperated their depressed spirits, and resolved that time should not efface the vigor of their muscle; but, on the following Saturday, they'd have a rare old tussle. But the golden opportunity, once departed, continued absent for the remainder of the season, and the boys are going through a severe gymnastic course this winter, intending to "astonish all creation and part of the U. S." next spring; and when the great event transpires may I be there to see.

In reference to getting subscribers, there are a number of printers who will not invest one nickel in the support of a trade journal as long as they can peruse it for nothing, and an equal number are totally indifferent to their merits. If a number happens to come in their way they will pick it up and glance over it, and if any of its contents should strike their fancy, they will ejaculate, "Ha! ha! ha! d—d good thing that! Pooty spicy! Where is this thing printed, anyhow?" A glance at the title page, a remark that it is nicely got up, and has some good things in it, and the magazine is dropped—out of sight, out of mind. "Subscribe for it! What d'yer take me for?—a millionaire." And they'll immediately after drop in at the saloon

around the corner and likely disburse the price of two or three subscriptions to the disinterested individual behind the bar. It is my candid opinion that there is no more natural love of literature and intelligence generally in a printer than in a shoemaker. If he *does* happen to possess a little more intellect than the ordinary mechanic, it is because it is something he acquires in the course of his trade—not because he goes out of his way to seek it. Not one out of twenty take the slightest interest in the progress of type-setting machines in the printing world, or the benefit likely to accrue from an extended knowledge of phonography amongst the craft, and would laugh at and suggest a "walk around the block," or "the hiring of a hall," to any one trying to catch their attention with such topics; but let any one offer to "set 'em up for the boys," and he is as attractive as a dog is to fleas. That's my experience, anyhow. Such things ought not to be, and the sooner typos are aware of the fact, and act upon it, that the careful perusal of such trade journals as the *Miscellany* is of incalculable benefit to them, the sooner will their intellectual status be elevated to its proper position in society. R. I.

#### "Thick and Hair Spaces."

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 20.

About a year ago a circular from a disabled printer was handed me. It stated that the subscriber contemplated the publication of a book of incidents confined exclusively to the fraternity, to be entitled "Thick and Hair Spaces," and contained a solicitation of leaves from experience.

I have either lost or mislaid his circular, and acting on the supposition that others have been as neglectful as myself, would remind them that it may not yet be too late to render aid in the enterprize; and if the time prescribed *has* passed, their haps and mishaps may still be appreciated by at least the readers of the *Miscellany*—with the editor's permission.

The accompanying "scraps of history" have never before been in print, and are transmitted with the assurance that their veracity is as unsailable as some of the facts of profane history—particularly Lossing's "Our Country."

Faithfully,

J. L. W.

#### AN OPPORTUNE "TRAMP."

Some years since a weather-battered and time-worn "vet." of the stick and rule, who had walked all the way from Oregon to ———, a city in the southeast, made application for a "lift" in