

**"The Art Preservative."**

—, ONT., Jan. 11, 1878.

Does not your correspondent, "Hair Space," torture that quotation, "the art preservative of all arts," into a meaning never intended by the author? I do not infer from its wording that books, newspapers, or printers should live forever, but simply that there shall be no more "lost arts." It is well known that certain processes of manufacture in vogue among the ancients, and which have produced results unapproachable by our nineteenth century skill, are entirely unknown to us, the secret having been lost or having died with the inventors. Such an event could not occur at the present time, for modern inventive skill seeks publicity, and their discoveries, made public by the press, are transmitted from one generation to another, or are preserved in libraries accessible to every student. Consequently printing must be rightly regarded, as "the art preservative," and the Wendell Phillips of the future will have no more "lost arts" to bewail.

Your correspondent complains that a printer is no better paid than any other mechanic, and that as an occupation it requires superior mental power. I fail to see this. A printer naturally acquires a greater facility in reading and writing, and should be better informed as to current events than any other craftsman, but he deserves no special credit on this account, as it is acquired without effort on his part, and is an incident of his occupation. Besides, the business is not one conducive to the development of the reasoning faculties. The shoemaker on his bench, or the blacksmith at his anvil can perform his work efficiently and pursue a train of independent thought at the same time, but this is impossible to the compositor at his case. The result is, that while the printer may possess a larger fund of general information, the other artisan should surpass him in solid acquirements.

There are some other statements of your correspondent to which I would like to refer, but I fear I have already trespassed too far on your limited space.

LONG PRIMER.

**Providence Pencillings.**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. —, 1878.

Our motto—"Stick."

An auctioneer on Westminster street says he sells everything—from pearls to swine. See?

"It seems so funny to have printers good!"

Why, their very names are paragon;—occasionally a misnomer, like "Hair Space."

An editor residing up town owns a beautiful house with an elegant L and a magnificent mortgage attached.

The intelligent clergyman who uses a "magnifying glass" should also procure a pair of leather spectacles and a pocket dictionary.

Perhaps nothing contributes more to the beauty of a printing office than the fantastic frescoes usually obtaining near the ink cupboard. Art, you know.

"Hair Space" wades through two pages of argument (!) to show that the art preservative hasn't furnished him a fortune yet. He belongs to a stereotype font. Snap?

A recent subscriber to the *Miscellany* wishes to know where the best wood type is manufactured and sold. As we find no advertisement of anything of the kind in the *Miscellany*, we are unable to give a satisfactory answer.

In selecting glue for roller composition, follow the test of our good old motherly landlady, who says: "You can always tell good glue—always: put it into warm water and it 'll either sink or swim, and I declare I've forgot which!"

A High street sign reads: "Boots & Showes Repairid Hear." If the proprietor cobbles boots and shoes as well as he does the "King's English," he will undoubtedly be well patronized by the printers and other literary people "hear."

Providence—1879.—I. T. U.—where is there a better place? Throw in the clam-bakes, shore dinners, Martha's Vineyard, Block Island, Rocky Point, Roger Williams, and the Reform Club "Rackets." What better entertainment could be desired?

The Newport compositors are in a fair way to make their fortunes. We are told that one of the offices in that place furnishes leaded copy at fourteen, and solid copy at sixteen cents per thousand ems. The soul (?) of that proprietor would probably have as much elbow room in a mustard seed shell as a stroke of lightning in all of God's universe.

A solitary, loneless tramp from Hartford scooped in this town a few days since, and after faithfully wrestling with the stairway of one of our newspaper towers awhile, concluding that reinforcements were in order, called out at the top of his voice: "I'm here!" and received from the proprietor above, in his blandest tones, the kindly invitation: "Take a reef in your legs, and stay there."