

your correspondent will do so. Is it not a matter of history that some of the greatest artists and geniuses that ever lived were unappreciated by their own generations, and lived and died poor men, with their labors and efforts unrequited, financially or otherwise? A visitor to a large art gallery, attempting to inspect in a short time the vast number of works of art collected there, without resting the eye, becomes so sated that even the works of a great master have no power to excite in him any enthusiasm. Is it not so with the art of which Faust and Guttenburg are the fathers? Rare, and well calculated to excite enthusiasm in the minds of the noblest, it has now (like the grand old sun that supplies light to the earth), by its commonness and readiness of access to all, come to be unappreciated by those who most enjoy its benefits.

But my letter is already too long, and I must close. Expressing the hope that "Hair Space" may meet with some knight worthy of his steel, who shall enlarge upon the point raised by me, I remain

Yours fraternally,

TEMPLE.

"A Few Stray Drops."

NORWICH, CONN., May 21, 1877.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—It is with much pleasure I have perused your valuable publication, and the very racy and seasonable productions of your regular correspondent in this place,—who, rumor asserts, is soon to have his pages of life made up in folio form,—and in accordance with your invitation to the craft I send you a few stray drops from a portable fountain:

"We are prone to do evil as the sparks are—"

The "sheep's foot" era has ended.—Most workmen prefer clear "fat."

Pre-requisites for a daily paper editor—combination brains and a fathomless inkstand.

A good luminary—the Rhode Island pronoun, (one letter),—"Half heaven's convex glitters with its flame."

Our delegate was elected by a unanimous complimentary vote,—a sufficient guarantee of the very high esteem in which he is held by his fellow craftsmen in Norwich. B. R. Ains, this year.

A good "mitre" is a very desirable point in a rule border, and the rule with border workmen is to make a good mitre. We sent ours to Louisville for inspection this year, and it worked

splendidly, kept clear of the nippers, and comes back all right, none the worse for wear, and without having been "soldered up at the corners."

Sammy likes music—prefers the violin kind—and the more of it, the keener his enjoyment. If no violin can be heard, he is moved to ecstasies by the dulcet tones of a well-played violoncello. For lack of either he is willing to accept and enjoy the gruff but heartfelt and soul-inspiring vibrations of the double-bass viol. And he was perfectly enchanted by the dreamy flood of minims and quavers, da capos and crescendos that arose from his bedside one night while he reclined ever so gently in the folded arms of Morpheus. [It was the "Devil's Dream."]—And who shall say that he has no soul for music, when, under its quickening influence, he could shake off his slumbers, arise from his couch, and perform two flights of stairs in three seconds and a half. He is a good composer, and has a great ear for music, but desires the pleasing enchantment of distance in all future serenades. "Tune 'em up again, Jack."

INK.

Gleanings from Guelph.

GUELPH, ONT., May 22, 1877.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—Fahey, editor of the *Stratford Herald*, was here lately and registered his name at the Royal Hotel. Ye Pirie, of the *Toronto World*, was also here, and seen the signature, and discoursed as follows in the next issue of the *World*:

"Fahey, of the *Stratford Herald*, was in Guelph the other day. He stopped at the Royal, and registered his name. The hotel clerk happened to see the name shortly after, and immediately began to put on airs, and indirectly mention to all he met that a foreigner of distinction was staying at the house. Mr. B., one of the proprietors, saw the 'outgraff,' and after turning the book upside down, and looking at the name in every direction, he said that he must be Smith, the Assyrian explorer, 'trying his hand at hieroglyphics.' Then Mack, of the *Mercury*, came in, and rushed off to get a local notice for the *Herald*, announcing the arrival of a Japanese dignitary. He had no sooner gone than Watson, of the *Herald*, stepped in, and made a note of the enterprise and public spirit shown by the hotel-keepers of the second centennial town in having maps of the seat of war in the registers for the convenience of the travelling public. Then a man who had once been a typo on the *Mercury* saw the signature, and burst into tears. After several moments of intense grief, he explained: 'That penmanship was the original cause of my descent from the path of virtue. Once I was a bright-eyed, guileless little boy; I didn't swear, nor tell lies, nor chew tobacco, nor play hooky; of cards I had a holy horror, and billiards was a thing unknown; I never even stole a lump of sugar or a piece of pie; Sunday ever found me at Sunday School