

cataracts, adown which pours ever the well-trained current; and there the stately swans debate, within their snowy breast, whether the long hour of aristocratic leisure shall be spent on the upper waters, the middle, or the nether. Tartar came from this fine old Pengreep, as a bridal present to my father from the old squire who then owned the place. Faithful as he was to the house of his service, Tartar had still a keen eye to his own interests, especially at the dinner hour of each day. He vibrated between the three houses comprising the family circle, and determinately dined at the one where roast meat was in the ascendant. He evidently did not believe in boiler or crock: they were dark secrets, wholly unintelligible; but the spit was a reality—a good old English fact. On one occasion he had gone over to “the cottage” to dine, for the substantial reason above stated; but, from some cause unknown, he had lingered on, long after the plates and dishes were washed and put away. The tea-hour came and passed, and Tartar was still there. At length it was time to lock up. “Go home, Tartar.” No; he would not stir. “Tartar! go home directly.” Not he; and so firmly did he plant his little figure and make known his determination to spend the night there, that at last the family yielded the point, and he settled into a watchful repose. In the dead of the night Tartar roused up and began to bark warningly, then fiercely, then furiously. In the morning, when the servants opened the shutters, a pane of glass, which had been cut all round, fell into the room. Burglars had been there, and had nearly effected an entrance, but, deterred by the furious protest of the little self-elected guard, they had given up the attempt. Self-elected! Who shall say that Tartar had not unconsciously received his commission to protect the slumbering household?

There is another remarkable story of the same kind, which is equally well avouched. Most tourists into the West of Cornwall—and, depend upon it, the numbers of Cornish tourists will now rapidly increase under the guidance of poor Brunel’s railway—must have made a passing acquaintance with a remarkable hill, near Redruth, called Carn Brea. There are strange wierd-looking groups of rocks on the hill, seemingly Druidical in origin; and but small aid from imagination is asked in order to fill in the whole repulsive scenery of a Druid sacrifice. Little sprouts of oak saplings, doing their best to rise above the encumbering rocks of the hill-side, attest that life yet lingers in the roots of the Druidical groves. There is a little quaint castle-like building crowning the height, in which, some time since, resided a miner and his wife: perhaps they live there still, amid the hoary rocks, and scooped and channeled altars—faint outlines of an extinct idolatry. The miner’s toilsome work often kept him the greater part of the night from his castle home. One evening a very large dog, quite a stranger, and very formidable in his strength, came up the hill and made a sudden friendship with the miner’s wife. She was hospitable to him at first; but as night drew on she tried to send him away. Like Tartar, he firmly refused to go; and, after much debate with the huge dog, she was obliged to allow him to remain within doors.

Late at night, there was a sound heard at the door. She opened it, supposing her husband had returned earlier than usual. The strange dog instantly sprang out and grappled furiously with some person or persons in the darkness. There was a long and terrible conflict; but at last *footsteps* were heard in retreat, the huge protector quietly returned to her side, and the door was again fastened. But the poor lone woman was miserable from the fear lest, after all, it might have been her husband; and, lighting a lantern, she sallied forth into the darkness with the dog by her side. As they descended the hill she looked eagerly round, fancying she might come upon the prostrate figure of her miner, torn and perhaps lifeless. Just at the foot of Carn Brea she met the unconscious husband calmly returning after the close of his hours of subterranean labour. Ah, the joy of that meeting! The chivalrous protector, instead of springing on the figure thus encountered in the dark, gave him a tacit approval, and disappeared into the night. His wonderful mission was accomplished, and he went on his unknown way.

The writer, who is so old-fashioned as to believe in the happy doctrine of a particular Providence, has no hesitation in attributing this remarkable intervention to the good hand of God. That blind impulse which we agree to call “instinct,” is wholly insufficient to account for the appearance of the lone woman’s protector at the hour of need. She never could discover whence he came or whither he went. Surely he was providentially there; and so thinks the Cornish miner’s wife, who dwells amid the Druidical rocks of Carn Brea.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOOKBINDER.

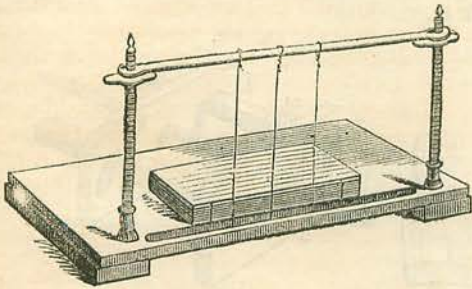
NO I.

It is most certain that many thousands of volumes are annually destroyed in this country for want of the timely services of the bookbinder; and it is likely that in this age of periodical literature, millions of the weekly and monthly numbers of serial works, which would be volumes were they duly bound together, are wasted during the same period, owing to the same cause. We design, therefore, under the above head, to impart such information to the possessors of unbound books and periodicals as may enable them, at little expense beyond that of their own time and labour, to prevent this loss, and to preserve their weekly and monthly gatherings in the shape of permanent volumes.

To bind a book well, certain tools are of course indispensable; but very few will go a good way; and it is a fact that a book may be put together very decently with the aid of no other tools than a shoemaker’s hammer and a glue-pot, with the addition of such implements as are usually to be met with in every household. For the convenience of all parties we shall describe both methods, commencing with that to be recommended as doing the most perfect justice to a book worth binding. Premising that we do not counsel any amateur to bind anything larger than a music-book, and advising all beginners to make their first

essays with something much smaller, we would suggest the purchase of the following tools, the whole of which may be had for a few pounds:—1. A sewing-press (Fig. A); 2. A cutting-press, the small music paper size (Fig. B); 3. Half-a-dozen pressing-boards, as large as the press will admit, and as many of octavo size; 4. As many cutting and backing boards, a bookbinder's hammer, folder, knife, small shears, saw, paste-bowl, a quire or two of demy or royal printing paper, a quire or two of marbled paper, and some leather and coloured cloths for covers.

Fig. A.



Suppose now, for the sake of illustration, that the amateur has a year's numbers of the "Leisure Hour"* to bind; he will set about the business in the following manner:—First, as it is desirable the book should be as thin as possible, and not have a bulgy, swollen appearance when finished, the sheets ought first to be compressed. The professional binder does this by beating the volume in sections with a fourteen-pound hammer—a tool which the amateur had better have nothing to do with, unless he wish to cut his books to pieces. Instead of that, let him divide the volume in half-a-dozen sections, and, placing one of his pressing-boards between each, screw them all together in the press as tight as he can, and leave them there for a night. After being pressed, the sections are taken from the boards; the book is then held between the extended fingers of each hand, and the back and head knocked up square and even; one side of the book is then laid upon a pressing-board, beyond which the back must project half-an-inch or so; a second pressing-board, of the same size, is placed on the upper side, parallel with the first, and the boards being firmly grasped with the left hand, the book is lowered into the cutting-press, which is screwed up tight, and three cuts, not quite the sixteenth of an inch in depth, are made with a saw in the back—one in the middle, and one at about two and a half inches distant on each side of it; two additional cuts are then made outside of the three, and distant about an inch and a half from them. These measurements would of course be different for a volume of different size, but the proportions will do for any volume.

The book is now taken to the sewing-press, where the operator suspends three cords from the

top rail, which are fastened underneath by means of brass keys, in a way which a sight of the instrument itself will suggest to the merest tyro; the cords may be shifted to any position, and being made to correspond with the three central cuts in the back of the book, they are tightened and kept in their place by means of the nuts and screws on the side pillars.

We may note, by the way, that a beginner desirous of saving expense, may manage without this sewing-press altogether. The writer made use for years of a substitute, which he manufactured himself in half-an-hour from half a yard of deal planking, by erecting a cross-rail on end rods, and using tin tacks instead of keys for attaching the cords.

The sewing is performed in the following manner:—First, a fly-leaf or end paper is laid on the press, and sewed to the cords by passing the needle into the first right-hand cut, or catch-stitch mark, with the right hand, the left hand, which is inserted in the middle of the section, receiving the needle and returning it outwards on the head side of the cord, where it is taken by the right hand and passed through again on the other side of the cord; thus with all three of the cords, until the needle is brought out at the last left-hand cord or catch-stitch groove, care being taken that the needle never penetrates the cord or twine. The thread is now drawn to the left gently, until only two inches or so are left undrawn, at the point where the needle first entered. The first sheet is then laid on, the title-page downwards, and sewn on in the same way, as the needle returns towards the head of the book; when the needle comes out at the catch-stitch mark over the end of thread left undrawn, the sewing thread is tied to that end in a firm knot. Thus all the sheets are sewn in succession, care being taken, on arriving at the catch-stitch, to fasten each sheet to its predecessor by passing the needle round the connecting thread. After he has sewed four or five sheets, the operator will find his thread exhausted, when he must join on a new length with such a knot as will not be likely to come undone. This process becomes very easy with a little practice, and ten minutes or a quarter of an hour will be ample time for finishing the sewing of a single volume. Several volumes may be sewn on one set of cords, but some attention is necessary that they be not sewn together, and that the cords be long enough for the subsequent purposes.

After sewing, the book is cut from the press, with about two inches of the cords protruding on each side. The back should now receive a coat of glue, and when that is dry, the ends of the cords are untwisted and scraped with a blunt knife till the fibres of the tow are well separated. Now is the time to insert ornamental end-papers, if any are desired; these may be either of marbled or coloured papers; the sheet is folded with the plain side outwards, one-half of it being pasted; it is then laid between the fly-leaves, with the fold of which it is closely worked; the other half is then pasted, and the outside fly-leaf rubbed down upon it. The back of the book has now to be rounded,

* Cloth cases or covers for the volumes of "The Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," (price 1s. 2d.) and most other periodicals, may be procured from the publishers, which will greatly facilitate the operations of the amateur bookbinder.

which is done by laying the volume with the fore-edge towards the operator, who, pressing the fingers of his left hand upon it, gently taps the back up and down with a hammer, changing the sides alternately until the back is beaten into a shape somewhat circular. The book is now placed between two backing-boards, the thick edges of which are ranged parallel with each other, within about the eighth of an inch of the back. The boards and book being tightly grasped with the left hand, are lowered into the cutting-press, until the boards are flush with the cheek of the press, which is then screwed as tight as possible. The back is then hammered gently and uniformly up and down each side, and a little in the middle, which causes it to spread over the boards so as to form the required projection. The book, thus backed, is now ready for the covers, which are of mill-board, and, being cut to the required size, either with shears or in the cutting-press, are pierced with holes pricked with a bodkin, two at each cord, one about half an inch from the edge, and the second as much beyond it. The frayed cords are then sodden with paste, drawn through the outer side of the board or cover, and then passed through the other hole to the outer side again. The book is then held in the left hand, while, with the right, the pasted cords are hammered on a smooth piece of iron (a flat-iron screwed into the press will do) into the substance of the mill-board covers. It should now be left to dry.

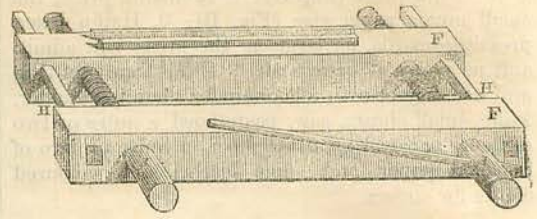
The next step is that of cutting the edges, which is rather a difficult process, and one which the amateur may omit with his first experiments in binding. Holding the book in the left hand, with the fore-edge upwards, the operator allows the covers to hang down on each side, and thrusts a paper-knife or a flat piece of metal between them and the back of the book. Then placing a cutting-board on each side, and opening the covers horizontally, he beats the back of the book against the press until it is perfectly flattened. A wedge-shaped cutting-board is then placed on the left-hand side of the book, so as to stand with its thick edge considerably higher than the course the knife will take; another board is then placed on the right side, exactly on the line which the knife is to follow, and which line must be previously marked with the point of a pair of compasses, and so measured that the edge when ploughed may fall about the sixth of an inch within the projection of the covers. When the boards are thus placed, the paper-knife or flat piece of metal is withdrawn, the covers allowed to hang down, and the volume is thus carefully lowered into the cutting-press, until the right-hand board is flush with the cheek, when the press must be screwed tight.*

As we are now about putting the cutting-press to its legitimate use, we will take a glance at that instrument before we proceed further. It is represented by the annexed figure.

It is seen to consist of two wooden cheeks, F F,

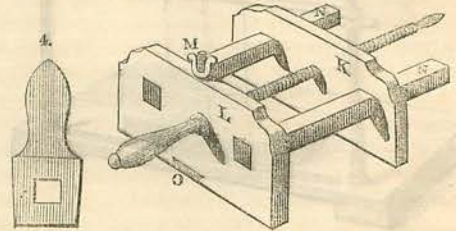
connected by two sliding bars, H H, and two wooden screws, I I. Upon one of the cheeks are

Fig. B.



two guides, or small raised rails, for the plough to work in.

Fig. B 2.



This, which is the cutting instrument, consists of two sides, K, L, connected by a screw with a handle, and by two slide bars, N N. A knife, 4, is fastened to the under side of cheek L by a strong bolt which perforates the cheek perpendicularly, and also the circumference of the lateral screw, and is kept tightly in its place by screwing down the nut M. The knife is worked by grasping both ends of the lateral screw, moving the plough backwards and forwards, and gradually turning the screw with the right hand, until the whole of the fore-edge is cut through.

The book is now taken out of the press, the covers folded in their place, and the back rounded as before, when the front edge, if the cutting is well done, will be elegantly concave, corresponding with the convexity of the back. The boards, being kept in the ledge or projection produced by backing, are now pulled down some eighth of an inch from their central position, and the head is ploughed by the knife in the same way as the fore-edge. Before ploughing the opposite end, the boards are pulled below the head as much again as it is intended they shall project; and this end also being ploughed, it will be seen, if the whole has been well done, that the projection of the covers is equal on the three sides, or, better still, that it is a little in excess on the fore-edge. The first lesson in bookbinding may end here.

LEBANON AND THE DRUSES.

WE have hardly a breath of air down here at Beyrout; and although the mountains behind us are snow-capped, and the blue calm Mediterranean looks cool, it is June! The breezes have deserted us; fever and sickness have taken up their abode in many of the narrower thoroughfares of this

* The cutting-press stands on a hollow frame some three feet in depth, which allows of large books being partially lowered into it, and also receives the paper shavings as they are ploughed off.

James Douglas, commendator in 1590, who took down a part of the mason-work, wherewith to build a house for himself. Many others subsequently found it convenient to use the Abbey as a quarry of building materials, which accounts for the disappearance of every particle of the monastery except the church and one side of the cloisters.

But now the rain has abated; the clouds are molten in the blue heavens; drops fall only when a vagrant gust shakes the ivy; a gleam of westerling sunlight gilds the mossed floor of the open nave. And so we left Melrose, with a sunset smile upon its ruins.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOOKBINDER.

NO. II.

AFTER cutting the edges of a book, the next process is that of ornamenting them. This may be done in a simple way by sprinkling them minutely with a brush dipped in a thin solution of umber, or any other colour that suits the fancy, ground fine and mixed with size. A more elaborate method is that of marbling the edges, for which purpose a trough must be provided of convenient size and depth, say two inches, which is filled with pure gum-water. Coloured pigments, spirit-ground and mixed with a little ox-gall, are then dripped on the surface of the fluid from a bunch of quills dipped in them—such colours of course being used as will float and not sink to the bottom. These are then combed with a coarse comb into a neat pattern, and the book being tied between two boards, the edges are applied to the floating colours, which are thus transferred to them. A dash of cold water over them fixes the colours, and heightens their brilliancy. Gilding the edges is a process which, however desirable in itself, we cannot recommend for experiment to the mere amateur, who would certainly fail in his attempts.

Head-banding comes next. These are of two kinds, *stuck on* and *worked*. Head-bands stuck on are formed by cutting a piece of striped linen about an inch deep and as wide as the thickness of the book, folding it over a piece of twine, and glueing it to the back so that the inclosed twine shall in a manner lap over the cut edge, the same being repeated at the opposite end. In well bound books, however, the head-bands are worked on in the following way:—A strip of string, prepared by rolling it tight in pasted paper, is chosen of a size suited to that of the book; stout silk thread of one or two colours is then taken; if two colours are used they are doubled and tied together by the ends, one of them being previously equipped with a needle. The book is then placed in the cutting-press with the back uppermost, the head being elevated towards the workman; the needle is then passed through the middle of the second section, on the left-hand side, just below the catch-stitch, and drawn out far enough to bring the knot joining the two silks close into the middle of the section; the needle is then brought up, and passed again through the same place, and the silk drawn nearly close; the round strip is placed in the loop thus formed, and the silk drawn tight with the left hand; the other

silk is brought over with the right, and passed under and over the head-band, when it is held tight with the left hand; the other silk is now put over that, and also under and over the head-band; they are thus worked alternately over each other, for about ten sheets or sections, when the needle is passed below the catch-stitch to keep the head-band in its place, and brought over it again, when the work is proceeded with as before; this weaving and frequent fastening to the catch-stitch goes on as far as the last sheet but one, when the needle is passed through the section and over the head-band twice, and fastened to the back. The ends of the head-band are then cut off, almost close to the silk at each end. The braiding produced by working one silk over the other should rest evenly on the leaves of the book, and forms the sole charm of the process. Both ends of the book being worked in this way, the glue-brush is drawn across the back of the bands, which retains them in their proper places.

After head-banding the book should receive a hollow back, which is formed by cutting a slip of cartridge-paper twice the width of the back and the same length; fold the paper in half, glue the back, and stick on one of the folded sides, leaving the other doubled upon it. The volume is now ready for covering with leather, or with leather and paper. For whole-bound volumes the leather is cut nearly an inch larger all round than the open book, and the edges are pared thin with a sharp knife. The inner side of the leather is now well soaked with strong paste, and a small slice being cut from the corners of the covers where they touch the back, the volume is laid on the pasted leather, care being taken that the covers are in the right position, and the two sides are first covered smoothly but not too tight. The folding over of the pasted leather inside the covers and outside the back, so as to give a handsome appearance to the ends of the volume, is a matter of some difficulty, which, however, a little practice will overcome. It should be done so that the leather in a manner embraces the head-band, which lies half concealed within it, and yet does not project beyond the proper projection of the covers. After the ends are finished, which operation will be materially assisted by a paper knife having one pointed end, the corners must be attended to; the superfluous leather meeting at the angle must be cut off, the head and foot must be first smoothed down, and then the fore-edge portion folded over them. This also is a rather puzzling process, and requires to be done carefully to look well, and before doing it the operator must see that the covers are lifted over the projecting ledges of the back into the position they ought to occupy. While the leather is soft and moist with the paste anything may be done with it, and by the help of the folder and a little patience it may be coaxed and moulded so as to form a good-looking head. The leather should be pressed in at the corners where the small pieces were taken off the boards, and the folder passed once or twice up and down the hinges of the covers to insure their opening easily. Lastly, a piece of thread may be tied round the indented corners of the back from end to end, and the whole left to dry.

For half-bound books, which are more easily managed, the back and covers are put on separately, the leather being pared in the same way, and small waste bits being used for the corners. We do not recommend the amateur to meddle with the leather-staining and ornamenting processes, as he may purchase leather of any tint he may prefer ready prepared for his use. When a volume has dried after covering, the ends must be pasted down, and it should remain a little space in the press. The forwarding process is now completed.

Last comes the finishing process, which, for the amateur, must needs be confined within narrow limits. It is here that bookbinding takes rank almost with the fine arts, and is capable of very great things; but we presume that all that our readers will look for is just as much information as will enable them to give their volumes a modestly neat appearance on the shelf. For this purpose the amateur will have to provide himself with a few new implements—namely, a book or two of gold leaf, a plain single bookbinder's fillet, a few alphabets of capital letters, a gold-cushion, which he may make by stretching a piece of calf leather rough side upwards over a pad of wadding on a board ten inches by eight, and some other small items the use of which will presently appear.

The first step towards finishing is to wash the cover with clear paste water (water in which a little paste is dissolved). Such parts as are to be gilded must then be coated twice with glaire or albumen, which is the white of eggs first whipped into froth and then suffered to subside into a clear liquid. Do not glaire the leather all over, as the bookbinders do, but apply it with a camel's hair pencil and ruler only on the parts where the fillet of gold is to appear. To gild with the fillet, spread a leaf of gold on the cushion with a knife and blow it flat, then cut it into strips about the sixth of an inch wide. Heat the fillet at the fire until it is just hot enough to fizz under the wet finger: if it sputters it is too hot and will burn the leather; touch its edge with a rag slightly moistened with sweet oil, and with the same rag rub over the part of the book to be gilt. Roll the fillet softly on the strips of gold, which will adhere to it; when enough is taken up roll it with a heavier pressure along the glaired lines, and the gold will be indelibly transferred to the leather, what is superfluous being easily wiped away with a soft rag. When the sides of the book are being filleted it may lie on clean paper on the cheeks of the press, or on a pressing-board; but when the back is being done it must be screwed in the press in a horizontal position, the back projecting an inch or two.

We mentioned above a few sets of capital letters. These are indispensable for lettering the volumes; but instead of purchasing bookbinders' alphabets, which would cost from thirty to forty shillings each, the amateur will do well to get printing types, which will not cost one twentieth of the money, and will do the work far better. It will be well to have two alphabets of each size type, with an extra supply of vowels. All that are required will hardly weigh a pound and a half, supposing them to include two alphabets of long primer, two of pica, and

two of great primer; and the cost of the whole should not exceed four shillings.

The lettering should be managed thus:—Place an open vessel half full of water on the fire, and let it boil, and set a small empty tin pot floating within it, loading the pot with some weight that it may sink low in the water. Arrange the types as a compositor would, in one of those brass frames with wooden handles, sold at the toy shops for the purpose, and often used for marking linen, and screw them tight in their place, taking care to have them all level with each other on the face. When that is done lay the face of the types in the tin pot, in which some simple contrivance should be placed to prevent their being damaged, and let them get as hot as they will, as in this situation they cannot get too hot. Meanwhile, cut a piece of real morocco leather larger than the size of the label wanted, breathe on it, and give it one coat of glaire; when the glaire is dry rub it slightly over with the oil-rag, and lay on the centre enough leaf gold to receive the impression of the types; place the label on a rather hard pad or an unused quire of paper, and stamp the types on the gold with a sharp even pressure. On wiping off the gold with the rag the impression of the type remains clear and full, and if well done is far more clear and distinct than anything which can be done by the most expert finisher with the brass letters of the bookbinder.

The label may now be cut to the proper size and pasted evenly in its proper place on the back of the volume; to look well it should be pared round the edges with a sharp knife until the extreme edge is as thin as paper. After it is dry a gold fillet may be passed over the juncture of morocco with the calf or other leather, by way of finish. The above is the easiest mode of lettering for the amateur, but it is practicable only on real morocco, the heat which can be imparted to printers' metal by hot water not being sufficient to burn the gold into ordinary leather. It is, however, a permanent method, the writer having volumes in use which he thus lettered thirty years ago, and which are still perfectly clear and legible.

The last thing to be done to the volume is to polish the edges of the leaves. This is done by screwing the book tight in the press between pressing-boards, and rubbing them briskly with an agate or a dog's tooth. It is important that the press should be tightly screwed, otherwise the leaves will cling together when the operation is over.

In the above directions we have endeavoured to be as clear and succinct as was compatible with our limits; it is possible, however, that the tyro in the art may sometimes miss our meaning, notwithstanding. To obviate this contingency, let us advise the beginner, before he sets to work, to go through the following ceremony for himself. Let him take some odd, worthless volume from the stall bookseller or the butterman—if well bound so much the better—and providing himself with a damp sponge and a sharp knife, set about dissecting it. Having first rubbed off the end-papers, let him soak and remove the leather covering, parsing his way, as it were, by minute examination, only using his knife where he cannot avail with the sponge,

until he has reduced the book to its primitive sheets. After he has done this with an observant eye, using this and the preceding paper by way of commentary as he goes—we defy him to misunderstand the directions here given.

THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES;
OR, THE STORY OF MASANIELLO.

THE history of Naples and Sicily is the history of turmoil and change. More than two hundred years ago there was a witty picture of the Neapolitan nation, as an ass devouring his old harness and looking back for new; under which was represented the constant revolutions it had seen. In two years it had five kings of different countries; in less than four hundred years, forty revolutions. The measure of order was never reached which, gradually established in the other parts of Europe, led to the formation of the Ten Kingdoms; and, the right owner never being able to occupy his own field, it has been left at the mercy of any who chose to take possession of it.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the south of Italy was under the rule of Lombard counts; the Normans succeeded the Lombards; the Germans drove out the Normans. For a time it was then governed by kings of French extraction; next came the Spaniards; after them the French for a little while; but the Spaniards took possession of the country again; and Naples and Sicily (which have always gone together) are now under the iron yoke of a Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon. Of this unhappy country's many rulers, none remained long enough to regard it otherwise than as a means of adding to the wealth and power of that from which they sprang. But of them all, the Spaniards have been the very worst; and the tyranny which our hearts have burned to know is practised in Naples and Sicily now, is but such as has been practised there for the last three hundred years.

The Neapolitans are hot-tempered as the rest of the children of the south, and indolent, from the warm climate and the natural fruitfulness of the soil. Both these evils in their character were fostered by their laws and constitution, such as they were. The country swarmed with nobility, not one-half of whom had more than empty titles. Pride and idleness going hand in hand, they never worked, and were always quarrelling. There is a story of three Neapolitan marquises eating figs off the same tree to keep themselves from starving. The lower orders for the most part lived upon the estates of such noblemen as owned them. Both parties were content with a state of things which easily maintained the one, and added to the consequence and dignity of the other.

Such being the state of things in the country, foreign conquerors found it an easy prey; and Naples being the very garden of Europe, it was probable that any king who had the chance of adding such a treasure to his possessions, would do it gladly. In the interior of the country are the rocky Abruzzi mountains, where the climate is cold;

yet even here the thick woods are full of game. But along the shores of the blue Mediterranean it appears as though man may live almost as did Adam in Paradise, by "dressing and keeping the garden." The soft delicious air is filled with the scent of roses, lilies, myrtles, and all sweet-smelling things, so that only to breathe it is a luxury. In the province of Calabria it is said that the birds sing all the year long, and the roses blow twice over. The slopes of the sunny hills are clothed with waving corn. There, too, clings the lovely vine, with its clusters, and there is the grey old olive. There, as their leaves glitter in the light, have the orange and lemon at once their silver blossoms and their golden fruit. There are the mulberry and the fig, with their purple store and their broad green leaves. There the strange yucca stands, like a bundle of swords, and sends up its pyramid of countless flowers. There rise cool, dark, shady pines, for rest in the heat of the day; and, in the midst of these, on a broad bay, stands the city itself, with the smoke of Vesuvius darkening its blue heaven—so fair, that the Italians say, "See Naples, and then die."

Nor have the hills such riches on their slopes alone, for out of their hearts are dug marble, and valuable minerals. The sea, that stretches out at their feet, yields all kinds of fish; even the juices of the trees give manna, and the very insects work to add to the land's treasures. The mulberry is covered with the yellow cocoons of the silkworm, and beneath the waves toil millions of tiny creatures to give the precious red coral.

The Spaniards became owners of this rich possession in the year 1505; and they began to govern it in a way which, for evil, has never been surpassed even in this evil world. Their rule, indeed, can hardly be called a government at all; a better name for it would be, "a system of tyranny." A Spanish nobleman was sent by the king to act as his deputy or viceroy. He was left pretty much to himself, his chief orders being to get as much treasure as he could out of the fruitful country. To carry out these orders, heavy taxes were laid upon every article of food. The more money the kings of Spain wanted, the more taxes the Neapolitans had to pay. The taxes were rented of the government by Spanish grandees, who, of course, to make their bargain profitable to themselves, ground down the people yet more, and thus they were under a three-fold bondage. Things reached their worst in the times of Philip III and Philip IV. When Philip III came to the throne in 1598, he found that his father had left large debts behind him, so he sent off with all haste to Naples, that more taxes were to be laid on. When Philip IV married the Princess Isabella of France, the wedding was a grand affair indeed; but the news of the gilt barge in which the Princess came, and the diamonds the king gave her, did not comfort the poor Neapolitans for the two millions they had as loyal subjects to send, with their congratulations, to the king on the happy occasion.

At this time the Duke of Ossuna was viceroy, and he was worse than any viceroy who had been before him; he was small in stature, but as great

wear spectacles, to be as foolish as one who purposely obscured his vision, and only took away the obstruction sometimes during the day; which is equivalent to the *occasional* use of spectacles by those who require them *constantly*."

"Bravo, Viewcourt!" cried the writer; "you have changed your ideas with a witness, and I quite agree with you. But as there are, to my certain knowledge, a good many people in the world who ought to wear spectacles to enable them to see what is going on around them, but for some reason—probably from false shame—still abstain, as you did, from applying the only remedy for their infirmity, and who may be the better of hearing your experiences upon the subject, will you allow me to make your narrative public, for the benefit of all whom it may concern?"

"Most certainly," said Viewcourt, "with the greatest pleasure; and mention my name too."

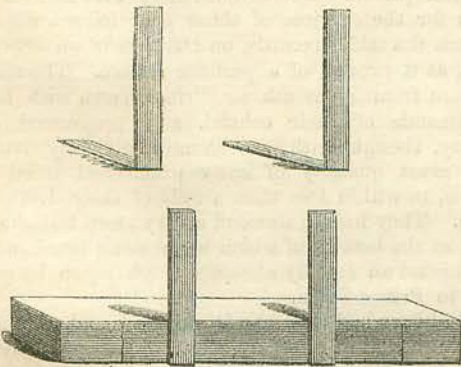
I have done so: and that is how Viewcourt came to wear spectacles.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOOKBINDER.

III.—HOW TO BIND A BOOK WITHOUT TOOLS.

Not without implements to work with, of course, but without any of those tools which are the exclusive property of the professional bookbinder. All that need be provided is a little melted glue, some paste, a needle and stout thread, some white and some coloured papers, and other trifling items which will be mentioned as we proceed.

Having arranged the sheets to be bound in their proper order, and beaten them even at the back and head, subject them to as heavy a pressure as you can between two flat surfaces, by piling weights upon them. If there is a linen-press in the house, press them in that, so as to make them lie as close as possible. Now take two pieces of tape half an inch wide, and each two inches longer than the width of the back of the book. Stiffen the tape by drawing it through paste, and let it dry with as little of the paste adhering to it as possible, before using. Fold the pieces of stiff tape in the form here given,



and place the sheets within them in such a position that the two tapes will divide the length of the back into three equal parts, or thereabouts.

Now with a lead pencil, while the sheets are pressed down firmly with the left hand, draw a line down each side of the tapes, and two other lines each one dividing that part of the back outside the tapes into equal portions. These lines, marking the place for the entrance of the needle, will serve to guide the beginner, who may dispense with them after one or two essays. The sheets of the book are now to be sewn on to the tapes precisely in the same way as directed in paper No. 1, where the book is sewn on to the cords; the substitution of tapes makes no difference in the process, but with tapes it is not quite so easy, as during the sewing of the first two or three sheets there is some difficulty in keeping the tapes in their places; and inasmuch as there are no cuts or grooves made with the saw, some force is required to get the needle through the paper. When the book is sewn, the threads fastening each sheet are seen outside the tapes. The back must now receive a coating of glue, not too thin, after which it may be left to dry. The glue being hard and set, the book may now be cut on the edges, if the operator is skilful enough to do that cleverly with a straight-edge and a sharp knife. With a thin volume the feat is easy enough, but with anything approaching an inch in thickness it may as well not be attempted. It will be better in such a case to clip any projecting leaves with the shears, and to be content with uncut edges.

The back must next be rounded with the hammer, an operation which may be helped by pulling gently at the tapes while tapping with the tool. As it is impossible to give the book a regular backing without a press to screw it in, that operation must be dispensed with.

For the covers use the thinnest millboard, or stout pasteboard not thicker than a shilling. Cut two pieces of this of the proper size, so that they shall project about the eighth of an inch over the head, foot, and fore-edge of the book, and glue them in their proper position on the projecting tapes, which will adhere to their inner sides. Over the tapes glue strips of coarse canvas an inch wide by six in length, and now glue on the open back in the manner directed in the previous paper. When all this glueing is dry, the volume may be covered with any material that may be preferred—paper, cloth, leather, or vellum—only, if vellum is used, that must be lined first with clean white paper firmly pasted on it. A cheap and handsome covering is dark roan leather; a still cheaper is coloured canvas; but preferable to that are perhaps the leather-papers lately introduced and sold by the London stationers. The mode of pasting on the covers has been already described; but we should add that, if cloth coverings are used, glue and not paste will be necessary to make them adhere.

If the novice finds it difficult to cover books with cloth in the way referred to, he may adopt another method. Instead of glueing the tapes to the boards, as above directed, before covering, let him cut a cloth cover large enough to allow for overlapping, and, allowing for the width of the back, let him glue the covers on the cloth parallel with each other, and turn in the cloth round the

edges; he will thus have prepared a cover ready to receive the volume. When this is dry, the book may be placed in the cloth cover, the tapes glued to the inner sides, the open back to the back of cloth, the strengthening canvas also being glued over the tapes; and finally, the end-papers being pasted down, the volume is finished. It will look but a homely affair, it is true; but it will cost little beyond the trouble, and it will effectually preserve the volume, which might else be wasted. For many volumes published in numbers, the publishers supply covers at the end of the year: these may be securely fastened on by this simple method, and in that case the volume will be splendid in golden ornaments.

This mode of sewing books on tapes has of late years been adopted by the best London binders for cloth-bound volumes. It is not, however, exactly a new invention, but a modification of an old one. There lies before us at this moment a volume of an Elzevir classic, printed in 1645, and bound, as we can tell by the "setting-off" of the print, in the same year, before the ink was dry. This volume is sewn on bands of parchments, similar to the tapes above recommended, and is fastened to its covers in a similar way, save that the bands, besides being glued, are passed through slits cut in the boards to receive them. There is also a peculiarity about the sewing—the needle bearing the thread, after entering at the catch-stitch, instead of coming out on the right-hand side of the band, comes out on its left-hand side, and enters again on the right before passing on to the next band, where it does the same; thus the thread encircles and embraces both bands, by which more than double strength is obtained, and even though the thread should break after the book is bound, the sheet does not come loose, as it invariably does in modern-bound books. Again, the head-band, which is still handsome and regular in the braid, after two hundred years' use, is not worked on the book itself, but was woven on some separate machine contrived for the purpose, and is securely fastened under the penthouse covering of the hollow back, with which it retires when the book is opened, and consequently is not subject to strain or fracture by sudden opening. These things are worth noticing, and the amateur may derive valuable hints from them when he has mastered the rudiments of the art.

In conclusion, we would recommend our friends not to be discouraged by the failure of a first attempt, but to persevere until they can put a couple of dozen volumes into neat covers in the leisure evenings of a single week—as they may easily do with method and practice. They will do well to be mindful of the old axiom, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, and make their first essays in binding on books of little or no value, or on blank sheets, which may serve for memorandum books in which they may record their experience.

A TALE OF DARTMOOR.

MANY parishes may, no doubt, be found whose populations exceed that of Lydford; but, compris-

ing as it does a vast portion of the great waste of Dartmoor, it will be found to occupy a wider expanse of territory than any other parish in England. To meet the exigencies of the increasing population of the thriving little colony of Prince Town, renowned for its *Convict Prison* and *Duchy Hotel*, a district church was some years ago built and consecrated. The legitimate residents, such as prison officials and others, and temporary visitors to the moor, have now an opportunity of attending Divine service at the expense of a walk of a few minutes over an excellent road, instead of, as in days of yore, wandering to Lydford Church, subject to the fierce assaults of a Dartmoor storm. Inclemency of weather as an excuse for absence from church can scarcely be urged now with any show of reason; and sanguine indeed must that person be who can hope that such an excuse shall prove satisfactory either to his fellow-man or to his own conscience. Convinced myself of its inefficacy, notwithstanding the morning was anything but an auspicious one, and having to walk from the outskirts of Prince Town, I once attended Divine service at the little church of the district. There was nothing in the interior deserving particular notice, except a small tablet placed immediately over the pew in which I was kindly accommodated with a seat. This tablet, however, struck me as being peculiarly worthy of consideration, though unimposing and very far from ornamental. It bore an inscription which I entered in my notebook, and which was as follows:—

"Sacred to the memory of Corporal Joseph Penton, 20, and Privates Patrick Carlien, 23, and George Driver, 27, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who lost their lives in a snow-storm on the neighbouring moor, Feb. 12, 1853, when in the execution of their duty.

"This tablet is erected in token of admiration of their conduct as soldiers in braving the danger in preference to disobeying orders, by their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Col. Lacy Yea, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers."

It appears that in the year 1853 the 7th Fusiliers were stationed at Plymouth, a *depôt* being in barracks at Prince Town, and on duty at the convict prison. The colonel, Lacy Yea, had occasion for the services of those poor fellows whose names the tablet records, on business of an urgent and, as it proved, of a perilous nature. The men set out from Plymouth for Prince Town with the commands of their colonel, and progressed in safety, though with considerable difficulty, from the great quantity of snow which had recently fallen, to within less than a mile of their destination. They had to descend a very steep but short hill, at the bottom of which was a small brook, and to ascend an equally abrupt though much longer hill to Prince Town.

So heavy had been the fall of snow, and so great the drift, that at this part of their journey the road had become quite hidden from sight, and was undistinguishable from the moor beyond. The slightest deviation, therefore, would be attended with considerable danger, from the precipitous nature of the ground. Still, so high was the