

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

sense they had of duty to their officer and to the service, that those gallant fellows struggled on, preferring to brave death rather than to disobey orders. Almost in view of the goal they desired to win, little thinking, poor fellows, that the snow would be to them their "winding-sheet," they lost their path, and, after ineffectual attempts again to recover it, perished miserably in that snow-choked glen. I have often crossed that little valley since then, in pursuit of "lusty trout" or timid snipe, and then my mind never failed to wander back to those poor men and to their sad fate.

Their colonel was a gallant fellow, too, and fit to be the commander of such men. He and his regiment were sent afterwards to the Crimea, and were distinguished for gallant deeds and general efficiency. There was a mutual feeling of respect between man and officer, and every soldier in that regiment loved his colonel. Such a state of things, so creditable to both parties, could not but be productive of good results. The "Historian of the War" informs us, in his graphic manner, that poor Yea was shot during the disastrous attack upon the Redan. Speaking of that officer, he says: "The gallant old soldier, by voice and gesture, tried to form and compose his men, but the thunder of the enemy's guns close at hand, and the gloom of early dawn, frustrated his efforts; and as he rushed along the troubled mass of troops which were herding together under the rush of grape, and endeavoured to get them into order for a rush at the batteries, which was better than standing still or retreating in a panic, a charge of the deadly missile passed, and the noble soldier fell dead in advance of his men, struck at once in head and stomach by grape-shot."

"I saw," says Mr. Russell, "in one place, two of our men apart from the rest with melancholy faces. 'What are you waiting here for?' said I. 'To go out for the colonel, sir,' was the reply. 'What colonel?' 'Why, Colonel Yea, to be sure, sir,' said the good fellow, who was evidently surprised at my thinking there could be any other colonel in the world. And, indeed, the light division will feel his loss. Under occasional brusqueness of manner he concealed a most kind heart, and a more thorough soldier, one more devoted to his men, to the service, and to his country, never fell in battle than Lacy Yea. I have reason to know he felt his great services and his arduous exertions had not been rewarded as he had a right to expect. At the Alma he never went back a step, and there were tears in his eyes on that eventful afternoon as he explained to me, when the men had formed on the slope of the hill after the retreat of the enemy, 'There! look there! that's all that remains of my poor Fusiliers! A colour's missing, but, thank God, no Russians have it.' Throughout the winter his attention to his regiment was exemplary. They were the first who had hospital huts. When other regiments were in need of every comfort and almost of every necessary, the Fusiliers, by the care of their colonel, had everything that could be procured by exertion and foresight. He never missed a turn of duty in the trenches, except for a short time, when his medical attendant had to use every effort to

induce him to go on board ship and save his life. At Inkermann his gallantry was conspicuous. . . . Colonel Yea's body was found near the abattis on the right of the Redan; his boots and epaulettes were gone, but otherwise his clothing was untouched. His head was greatly swollen, and his features—and a fine manly face it had been—were nearly undistinguishable."

It is particularly gratifying to learn, on positive and undeniable testimony, that the colonel of such men as those whose melancholy fate on that dismal moor the tablet in the Prince Town Church records, was such a truly gallant and good man. It is not often that the exploits of Jones, Brown, and Robinson, are chronicled in print. Still less does it happen that the good deeds of such men are acknowledged by those set in authority over them—at least the acknowledgment they merit. Many a humble soldier, through the instrumentality of Mr. Russell during "the war," had his claims laid before the public in the first of newspapers. Experience has proved how dear to the soldier's heart are the praise and acknowledgment of his services by those under whom he serves. Soldiers, as in this instance, have often to maintain a struggle with foes even more terrible than stubborn and barbarous enemies; and if they fall as those fell, in the execution of a stern duty, they are as deserving of praise and remembrance, and have shown as great a contempt of death and love of country and of honour, as those who have fallen in the excitement of battle, or have perished in mid career of victory. Sculptors, however, are not numerous who care to score the names—fame does not adorn with greenest laurel the brows—of men so humble; and their magnanimity is too often attested by the Great Witness alone.

There was not much in the little tablet; it was not an elaborate work of art; it was not expensive; it was even rude and unsightly; but it served to strike a chord in the heart of every soldier of the gallant 7th; it told, in simple and unexaggerating language, its own unvarnished tale; and it commemorates an action, than which I cannot call to mind one more conspicuously gallant and melancholy, or one more gracefully and unobtrusively acknowledged.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON AT THE UNIVERSITY.—I am quite willing that you should sit for the scholarship, on the express condition of not over-reading, of not sitting up later than ten or eleven o'clock, of not neglecting your exercise, and of not going on a day longer if your health should begin to fail. My object is invariably the same—to make you a pious, useful, upright, humble servant of God. Learning is merely furniture—means—an appendage—a qualification. The END of life is to serve God, to save the soul, to do good in our generation, and to be prepared for heaven. The union of diligence and humility—this is what I would aim at myself, and impress on others, and especially on those whom I love best—my children.
—*Life of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta.*