Printing Types

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THE

ROMAN AND ITALIC PRINTING TYPES

IN THE PRINTING HOUSE OF

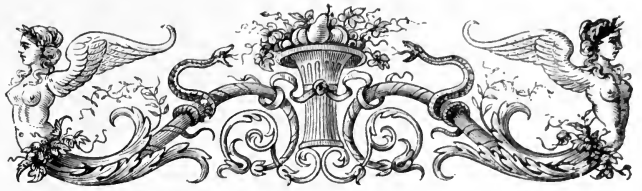
THEODORE L. DE VINNE & CO.

12 LAFAYETTE PLACE

NEW-YORK
THE DE VINNE PRESS
1891

Since honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve, that memorize
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds.

JOHN FLORIO. 1545–1625.



Office of the De Vinne Press,
12 Lafayette Place,
New-York, September, 1891.

WE take pleasure in presenting to our customers a complete Specimen Book of various sizes and faces of types suitable for books, magazines, pamphlets, catalogues, and circulars. An effort has been made to contrast the old style and modern cuts of letter on opposing pages. To facilitate a comparison of effects the sizes most frequently used are shown in three forms—solid, leaded, and double leaded. Initials have been inserted to show how an otherwise unattractive page may be brightened.

Of most of the sizes of types here displayed we have large fonts. Many are new, and all are in good condition, well fitted for the printing of fine book, pamphlet, and job work.

Electrotyping and cloth binding are done in departments of this establishment.

Head-bands and tail-pieces, and typographical book decorations from the leading European founders, can be supplied in great variety.

Theo. L. De Vinne & Co.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

NUMBER OF WORDS IN A SQUARE INCH.

In calculating the number of pages a manuscript will occupy, these figures may be used:

	Words to Square Inch.
Double small-pica, solid	4
Great-primer, solid	7
English, solid	11
Pica, solid	14
Pica, leaded	11
Small-pica, solid	17
Small-pica, leaded	14
Long-primer, solid	21
Long-primer, leaded	16
Bourgeois, solid	28
Bourgeois, leaded	21
Brevier, solid	32
Brevier, leaded	23
Minion, solid	38
Minion, leaded	27
Nonpareil, solid	47
Nonpareil, leaded	34
Pearl, solid	69
Pearl, leaded	50

Thus, suppose the size of book called medium octavo were selected for a manuscript of 80,000 words. The type page should measure about 3¾ x 6¾ inches, or 25¼ square inches. If small-pica type, leaded, were desired, the number of words in one page would average 353, and the number of pages in the book, exclusive of titles and other front matter, would be about 227. By following the same rules, these 80,000 words would make in long-primer 198 pages, in brevier 138 pages, in nonpareil 93 pages. These calculations are for close or compact composition. There must be added a fair allowance for chapter heads, blank pages, etc.

"Leaded," as here used, means a widening of lines with six-to-pica leads.

MAKE-UP OF A BOOK.

The customary order in the make-up of a book is: half-title and blank page, full title and blank page or copyright notice, dedication and blank page, preface, list of contents, list of illustrations, text, appendix, glossary, index. When the certificate of a limited edition is used it should precede the half-title. A sheet of errata may advantageously follow the list of illustrations, though it often forms the last leaf of the book. An advertisement facing the title-page is not in good taste.

To prevent a frequent occasion for misunderstanding, do not use leaf and page as synonymous. A direction to make the words in a piece of copy occupy eight leaves is an authorization to put it on sixteen pages. The word leaf can be properly given only to paper — never to print. A leaf has two sides: if printed on one side only it has but one page of print; if printed on both sides it has two pages of print. The word page can be correctly given only to the print on one side of a leaf.

RELATIVE SIZES OF TYPES.

BRUCE'S STANDARD.

A page that contains 1000 ems pica is equivalent to a page containing:

Small-pica	1260 ems.
Long-primer	1587 "
Bourgeois	2000 "
Brevier	2520 "
Minion	3175 "
Nonpareil	4000 "

RELATIVE VALUES OF BINDINGS.

Paper, boards, cloth, skiver, roan, calfskin, russia, turkey morocco, and levant morocco increase in price in the order here given. Parchment, vellum, and hogskin are exceptional bindings.

CUSTOMARY SIZES OF BOOKS.

	Sizes of the Untrimmed Leaf, in Inches.
Folio	12 × 19
Quarto	9½ × 12
Imperial 8°	8¼ × 11½
Super royal 8°	7 × 11
Royal 8°	6½ × 10
Medium 8°	6 × 9½
Demy 8°	5½ × 8½
Medium 12°	5⅛ × 7⅔
Medium 16°	4½ × 6¾
Cap 8°	4¼ × 7
Medium 18°	4 × 6⅓
Super royal 32°	3½ × 5½

Of these the medium 12° and medium 16° may be considered the most popular sizes. When the book is trimmed, the measurements given above will be slightly reduced. Books can be made of intermediate sizes and of different proportions; but the sizes here specified are regular and will be found the most economical. Intermediate and irregular shapes compel a waste of paper, or the extra delay and extra cost of paper made to order.

The margins of a page often consume three fifths of the space upon it, leaving a comparatively small portion to be occupied by the type.

ABOUT MANUSCRIPTS.

Untidy and illegible copy is always to the author's disadvantage—in unavoidable delays, in extra charges for alterations, and in the increased probability of vexatious misprints which the utmost vigilance may not discover. Typewritten copy, if on paper not too thin, is the most satisfactory; but when it is impracticable to furnish this, a final draft should be made for the printer in which all additions, interlineations, and corrections are inserted in proper order. Plain writing is always preferred: flourished letters confuse and retard the compositor.

Authors can materially assist the printer by furnishing with manuscript a rough draft of the card or circular or pamphlet they have in view, showing the dimensions of the print and prominence to be given each portion of the matter.

Punctuation may safely be left to the proof-readers of a printing office. It is part of their profession; they make a study of the subject, and are usually better qualified for this work than the inexpert.

TITLE-PAGE AND PREFACE.

Copy for title-page and preface is commonly neglected by authors until the rest of the book has been printed, and it not infrequently happens that the title-page is printed on a separate leaf when it should form part of a sheet or signature. This makes needless delay and expense. When possible, furnish complete manuscript for each consecutive page of a publication.

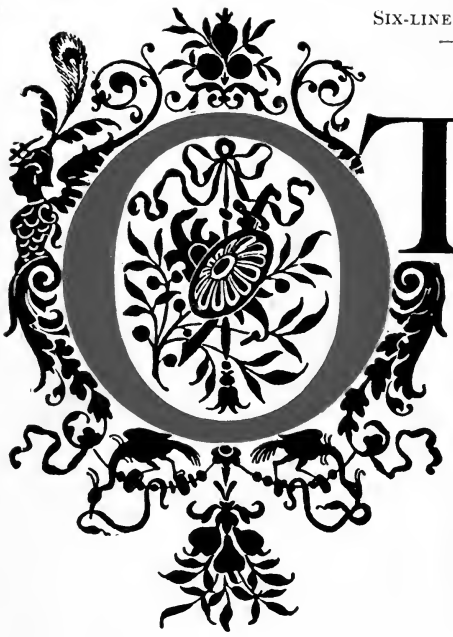
THE EXPENSE OF PRINTING A BOOK.

This can be determined only by a special estimate from a practical printer. Guesses and comparisons with the cost of other publications are of little value. Submit if possible your complete copy and plans to the printer to guide him in his calculations.

To prevent misunderstandings which occasionally arise from ambiguous directions as to size, it is recommended to those who are seeking estimates that a piece of blank paper be cut to the exact size of the leaf desired, on which can be penciled the width and length of the preferred page. This diagram will give the printer more exact instruction than that had from a specification in inches, or from a reference to the size of a page in another book.

ROMAN AND ITALIC PRINTING TYPES

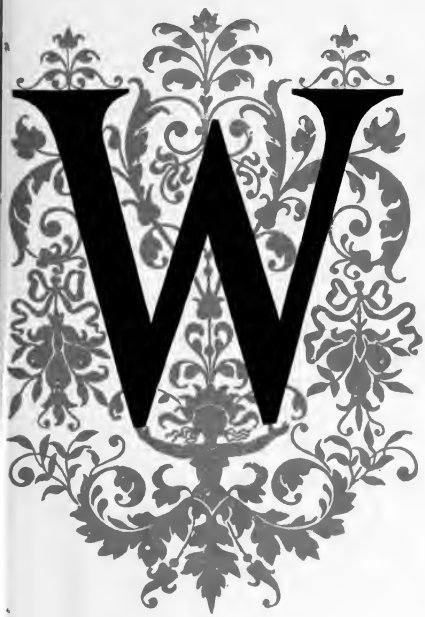
SIX-LINE PICA NO. 20. SOLID.



TIUM sine literis Mors est, et hominis vivi sepultura.

SENECA.

SIX-LINE PICA NO. 16. SOLID.*



HAT friend can be more helpful than a book that ennobles?

FIVE-LINE PICA OLD STYLE. DOUBLE LEADED.

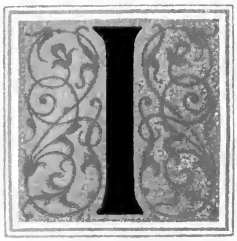
LEARN to wait for Time to bring what you desire. It is Time that ripens the corn!

FOUR-LINE PICA ROMAN. QUADRUPLE LEADED.*

HEN a proud man keeps me at my distance, it is comfort-ing to see him keep at his also.

SWIFT.

FOUR-LINE PICA OLD STYLE. LEADED.



BEGAN to think quite soberly of matrimony, and chose my Wife as she did her wedding gown—not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as wear.

GOLDSMITH.

FOUR-LINE PICA NO. 16. TRIPLE LEADED.

HEY well may fear fate who have any infirmity of purpose or aim; but the man that rests on what he is has a destiny.

EMERSON.

DOUBLE PARAGON OLD STYLE. LEADED.

OU dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, in the place also where I was born: I see it to be thus; and dying there,—sooner or later,—you will sink into the place that burns with fire and brimstone. BUNYAN.

FOUR-LINE PICA NO. 164. SOLID.*

FOR the other employments of life do not suit all times, ages, or places ; but literary studies employ the thoughts of the young, and are the delight of the old.

CICERO.

DOUBLE GREAT PRIMER OLD STYLE. LEADED.

HIS ultra mercantile animus which controls all the designs of publishers for the better pleasing of the light and capricious taste of the people is not favorable for fine printing. Limitations as to time and expense inevitably decrease the artistic worth of the printer's work.

CRAPELET.

DOUBLE GREAT PRIMER NO. 16. DOUBLE LEADED.

ORK, that's the great thing—the man who works is religious; he adds something to the world to make it better, richer, more complete; it is capital of which the interest will go on increasing incalculably. What I call "work" is a man giving his soul entirely to it.

STORY.

DOUBLE GREAT PRIMER NO. 13. LEADED.*

GUIDI'S (the Italian poet) end is stated to have been hastened by the misprints in his poetical paraphrase upon the Homilies of his patron, Clement XIth. But compositors by scores are annually worried into early graves by trying to decipher wretchedly poor manuscript.

DOUBLE GREAT PRIMER LIGHT FACE. LEADED.*

URING the nineteenth century bookbinding has been making rapid strides, not only as a manufacture, which is evident in a marvelous degree, but also in the beautifying of many thousands of private libraries with choice specimens of beautiful bindings and ornate finishing. WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

DOUBLE ENGLISH OLD STYLE. SOLID.

I DO not know a more heartless sight than a recent reprint of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? What hapless stationer could dream of Burton becoming popular? The wretched Malone could not do any worse when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakspere.

CHARLES LAMB.

DOUBLE GREAT PRIMER ORNAMENTED No. 1526. LEADED.

HEN there is no business or recreation for thee abroad, then thou may'st have a company of honest old fellows in their leathern jackets in thy study which will extend thee excellent divertisement at home. . . . Run to thy books; they presently hold thee to them, and divert troublesome fancies from thy mind.

DR. THOMAS FULLER.

DOUBLE ENGLISH No. 13. LEADED.

HERE is a fashion in reading as well as in dress, which lasts only for the season. One would imagine that books were, like women, the worse for being old; that they have a pleasure in being read for the first time; that they open their leaves more cordially; that the spirit of enjoyment wears out with the spirit of novelty; and that, after a certain age, it is high time to put them on the shelf.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

DOUBLE ENGLISH LIGHT FACE. SOLID.

LONZO of Arragon was wont to say, in commenting on age, that age appeared to be best in four things: old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read. And the wise man of the Persians once said, when asked by what means he had attained to so high a degree of knowledge: "What I did not know, I was not ashamed to inquire about. I inquire about everything!"

O man can comfortably get along without three copies of each book. One he should have for a show copy, which he will probably keep at his country house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which would be very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must have a third at the service of his friends.

The great point of view in a collector is to possess that not possessed by any other. It is said of a collector lately deceased, that he used to purchase scarce prints at enormous prices in order to destroy them, and thereby render the remaining impressions more valuable.

Heber.

DOUBLE PICA ORNAMENTED NO. 1526. LEADED.*

GREAT many valuable letters and other writings are in pencil. It has been discovered that the following simple process will render lead-pencil writing or drawing as indelible as though done with ink: Lay the writing in a shallow dish and pour skimmed milk upon it. Any spots not wet at first may have the milk placed upon them lightly with a feather. Take up the paper, let the milk drain off, and wipe away with the feather the drops which collect upon the lower edge. Dry it carefully, and the writing will be found to be perfectly indelible. It cannot be removed even with india rubber.

DOUBLE SMALL PICA OLD STYLE NO. 15. LEADED.

HAT a wonderful race the Americans have become! Every man has his newspaper. See that drayman there, sitting on his truck eagerly reading his newspaper; and that hackman, mounted on his perch, with his whip on his knee, diving into his newspaper; and yonder that laborer, stopping on the corner to buy his newspaper; and see that paver, repairing the street, with a newspaper sticking out of his pocket, where he has placed it for further reading when he has leisure. So it may be seen in every American town or city, in the booming mining settlements of the far West as well as the humming cities of the East. There is nothing like it in Europe. No other people, through all its ranks, is so well versed in the current information of the country and the world. GERMAN REFORM MESSENGER.

DOUBLE SMALL PICA NO. 20. LEADED.

THERE it was that one first came upon those pretty little books, the Elzevir classics, a sort of literary bantams, which are still dear to memory, and awaken old associations with their dwarfish ribbed backs and their exquisite, but now, alas! too minute, type. The eyesight that could formerly peruse them with ease has suffered decay, but they remain unchanged; and in this respect they are unlike many other objects of early interest. Children, homes, flowers, animals, scenery even, all have undergone mutation, but no perceptible shade of change has yet passed over these little reminders of old times—times we would like to see again.

DOUBLE SMALL PICA ALDINE. LEADED.*

T is one notable feature of the history of printing, that a large portion of those who have successfully prosecuted the art have been celebrated for their superior knowledge of and attention to press-work. It is too much the habit of apprentices to devote their attention exclusively to composition, and as a consequence compositors are usually plenty and good pressmen are comparatively scarce. All the money and labor spent in purchasing fonts of letter, and in setting up type correctly and elegantly, is well-nigh useless if bad press-work mars the product of the type foundry and the composing-room. The work that is well balanced in all its parts is a delight to the eye.

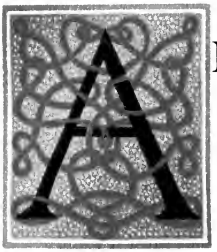
PRINTERS' CIRCULAR.

DOUBLE SMALL PICA LIGHT FACE. LEADED.

HEN some one of our relations was discovered to be a bad character, or a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like. Some of these visitors did us no great honor by their claims of kindred, as we had the blind, the maimed and the halt among the number. However, my wife always insisted that they should sit with us at the same table.

GOLDSMITH.

GREAT PRIMER No. 20. SOLID.



ND let us, after all, acknowledge that there are few men who are entirely above the influence of binding. No one likes sheep's clothing for his literature, even if he should not aspire to russia or morocco. Adam Smith, one of the least showy of men, confessed himself to be a beau in his books. Poets, however, are apt to be ragamuffins. It was Thomson, I believe, who used to cut the leaves with his snuffers. Perhaps an event in his early career may have soured him. It is said that he had an uncle, a clever, active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated James's indolent, dreamy, "reckless" character with impatient disgust. When the first of "The Seasons"—"Winter" it was, I believe—had been completed at press, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's skepticism, and to propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round with his fingers in gratified admiration, exclaimed—"Come, is that really our Jamie's doin' now? Weel, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to do the like!" BURTON.

GREAT PRIMER No. 16. SOLID.

"  O you know that all Grub-Street was dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I worked it very close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers of my own, besides some of other people's; but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny tribute to the queen. The 'Observator' is fallen; the 'Medleys' are jumbled together with the 'Flying Post'; the 'Examiner' is deadly sick; the 'Spectator' keeps up and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? I think the stamping alone is worth a halfpenny." The stamp mark upon the newspapers was a rose and thistle joined by the stalks, and inclosing between the Irish shamrock; the whole three were surmounted by a crown. It was also enacted "that one printed copy of every pamphlet, printed or published within London or Westminster, or the weekly bill of mortality, shall within six days after the printing be brought to the head office, and the title thereof, with the number of sheets, and the duty hereby charged, shall be entered; which duty shall be paid to the receiver-general, who shall give a receipt for the same, etc."

SWIFT.

GREAT PRIMER NO. 20. LEADED.

UBSCRIBERS for one copy of the "Arizona Kicker" will be presented with a box of Patent Petroleum Paste Blacking. This is a superior article. It blacks boots or stoves, and may be used as a hair dye.

Subscribers for two single copies will receive a box of French-American sardines.

Subscribers for five copies at the same time will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles with real glass eyes, warranted to suit one age as well as another.

Subscribers for ten copies simultaneously will be entitled to a patent adjustable boot-jack which can also be used as a corkscrew, a coffee-mill, or an inkstand.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies, as above, will receive a marble bureau with a mahogany top, custom made.

Subscribers for fifty copies, like condition, will receive a seven-octave sewing machine with the Agraff attachment.

If any person should desire to subscribe for a larger number of copies, and is prepared to pay for the same at sight, he may address this office for a special inducement.

GREAT PRIMER NO. 16. LEADED.

THE pages of a book or a magazine should never be cut open with anything but a paper-cutter. A finger is too blunt, and tears the edges. A knife is too sharp, and may cut the edges unequally. The best paper-cutter is a thin slip of ivory. Wood and bone are nearly as good, but metal is not. Never deface books in any way. Never scribble on them needlessly, or disfigure them with unnecessary stamps, or with stamps in inappropriate places. A good book is a good friend, and ought to be treated with the respect due to a friend. Never wet your fingers to turn over a leaf. Never turn down a corner of a page to hold your place. Never put in a soiled playing-card, or a stained envelope, or a bit of dirty string, or a piece of damp newspaper. Always use a regular book-mark. The simplest, and one of the best, is a card as large as a small visiting card. By cutting this card twice longitudinally from one end almost to the other, you will have a three-legged book-mark which rides a-straddle of the page —one leg on the page below and two on the page you wish to open at.

ARTHUR PENN.

ASTES in color seem to be limited geographically. In Italy books are bound mostly in white parchment; in France, in red morocco; in England royal purple was the prevailing tint, and in America it is brown. There are many exceptional instances. The founder of the great Harleian Library, now a part of the British Museum, clad all the volumes he collected in red morocco. Beckford, a superb bibliophile, used unvaryingly an olive-colored binding. Dr. Cogswell, who organized the Astor Library, insisted on having quite a considerable number of volumes bound in blue skiver backs and corners. Thomas P. Barton, to whom Richard Grant White dedicated his Shakespeare, went to enormous expense, risk, and trouble to rebind his Shakespearean collection, which was very large, uniformly in red morocco. He often purchased a rare work at some celebrated library in Europe, and found it gorgeously finished in purple or green; but in order to carry out his whim the beautiful cover had to be torn off and the volume rebound to match his collection. George T. Strong, a gentleman of very quiet but elegant taste, had a preference for sober browns.

GREAT PRIMER LIGHT FACE. LEADED.

A TORN page of a book may be neatly mended in the following manner: Procure paper similar to the original leaf, cut it to correspond exactly with the missing portion, adjust it precisely to the torn edge and touch the line of junction very lightly with paste made from rice flour; then place a strip of tissue paper on each side of the leaf and smooth out carefully with a folder. Close the volume and allow it to dry thoroughly; remove the tissue paper with a delicate touch, and the portions that remain adhering to the seam or line of junction will prove sufficient to secure the new patch to the leaf. In supplying the wanting text, an imitation of the original adds much to the appearance of the page. Ventilation and light will prevent books from suffering from mold and weather-stain; dusting and use preserve them from insects. RINGWALT.

GREAT PRIMER ORNAMENTED NO. 1526. LEADED.

WHAT are called specialties in publishing, as school books, law books, medical and technical works, are usually most successful, for they are based upon demands the extent of which can be gauged with more or less accuracy. On the other hand, the publication of books in literature proper is speculative in character, since the demand is governed by laws which from their nature cannot be, or at any rate are not, properly determined. It is possible to know about how many engineers there are in a community, and the number of copies they will take of a handbook for their profession; it is impossible to form more than the merest guess as to how many readers in the community will respond to a poem which has just been created.

As in all other kinds of speculation, the outside public hears of the grand successes, and takes little account of the miserable failures. The author whose book fails can find some satisfaction in drawing and quartering the critics —in a private circle of friends. But the publisher is like the insurance company after a fire—nobody wastes any pity on him. This is the recompense of all who serve mankind.

RIVERSIDE BULLETIN.

TWO-LINE PEARL OLD STYLE CONDENSED. QUADRUPLE LEADED.

DANTE one day went to the house of a bookseller, from one of whose windows he had been invited to witness a public show exhibited in the square below; taking up by chance a book, he soon became so absorbed in it that on returning home he solemnly declared he had neither seen nor heard anything whatever of all that had taken place before his eyes. Virgil was so fond of salt that he seldom went without a box full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time as men of the present day use tobacco. Thomas Hood was born, married, and died in the month of May. A curious calculation has been made, resulting in the statement that the single word "[laughter]" in the "Congressional Globe," as it occurs in the speeches of Congressmen, has during the last thirty years cost the government about fifteen hundred dollars, while the word "[applause]" has cost twice that sum. An editor's loaded pistol having been purloined by some daring scamp, he advertises that if the thief will return it he will give him the contents and no questions asked. A Western editor met a well educated farmer recently, and said to him that he would like to have something from his pen; the farmer sent him a pig, and charged him $9.75 for it. A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, wrote to another editor similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has made most fame as a writer, but most money as a very successful physician and surgeon. .

ENGLISH NO. 20. SOLID.

MANY people, besides politicians, are of opinion that they ought to be able easily to make their living in journalism. We know men who have an idea that because their clever, off-hand critiques of authors and their bright, descriptive sketches have moved the admiration of the home circle, therefore they are fully equipped to "write for the newspapers." We may inform these persons that journalism is work, unostentatious drudgery, a profession which exacts of its votaries the most constant labor—dry, hard, and not infrequently repulsive labor. To read a book at one's leisure, and then sketch the features in it for a friend or relative in the familiar style of personal intercourse, is one affair. To cram a volume down one's mental throat in a half-hour, and be able to show up the points most representative of its merits and defects, requires years of training added to rare adaptability for the work.

The journalist, if fit to be so designated, must daily go patiently over at least one representative newspaper of each party from every section of the country.

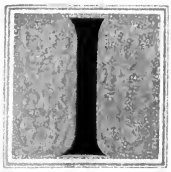
An editor, or a contributor of the higher order, must be "up" in all that concerns his own constituency, and well posted in all that goes forward of the large events in the civilized world. Writing is but a small part of his labor. To know what to write, when to write it, and just how much to write—like Dogberry's reading and writing—these instincts come largely by nature. Editors of the very highest order "are born, not made."

Editors and publishers who succeed are those not merely adapted by mental structure to the business, but they are also the men or women who work systematically and spare not themselves, regardless whether the great public smiles or frowns upon the fruits of their labors.

ENGLISH No. 16. SOLID.

THERE is no safer property in which to invest money than in good books and good pictures, provided, of course, they are bought with good judgment and a knowledge of their real value, which, in the case of books, depends largely upon their rarity. Turner's drawing of Bamborough Castle was purchased in 1858 for £400; it was sold in 1859 for £450, and in 1872, at Mr. Gillott's sale, for £3,307. His picture of the Grand Canal, for which he received £300, brought at auction, in July last, £7,350, the largest sum ever paid for a picture in this way. David Cox painted his picture of Rhyl for 160 guineas; it was sold four years ago for £2,300. His Hayfield, for which he received about the same price, sold in July last for £2,950. Müller painted his Chess Players in 1843 for £25; it was sold in 1874 for £4,053. A copy of the Mazarin Bible on vellum brought, at the Perkins sale, £3,500. When next offered for sale it will probably bring £5,000. Eliot's Indian Bible could be bought a few years ago for $500. A copy is now offered for sale in London, on Quaritch's catalogue, for the quotation of $1,500 in gold. A copy of the first English translation of the Bible by Coverdale fetched £360. A Latin Bible, printed by Jenson in 1476, on vellum, was sold recently for £370; a first edition of the Bible in German, for £75; and another, without date or printer's name, but supposed to have been printed *circa* 1473 at Augsburg, for £32. An early Latin Psalm, on vellum, with miniatures in the Anglo-Saxon style, has just brought £79. Boccaccio's Decameron, first edition of Valdarfer, 1471, was transferred from the Duke of Roxburghe to the Duke of Marlborough for £2,260. In the year 1300 some books bequeathed to Merton College, Oxford, were thus valued: a Concordentia, 10 shillings; the Four Great Prophets, 5 shillings; a Psalter, 10 shillings; St. Augustine on Genesis, 10 shillings. What amounts do you think these could be made to fetch in a modern auction room?

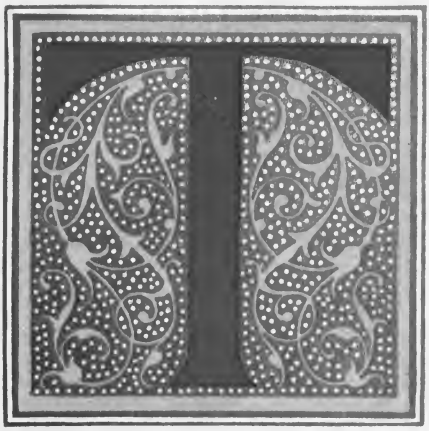
AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST.



N printing, it seemeth that China ought to have the precedence of other nations, for according to their books they have used it there sixteen hundred years; but it is not, as I said before, like unto ours in Europe, for their letters are engraved on tables of wood. The author of the book ordereth what letter he will have, either great, little, or middle-sized; or, rather, he giveth his manuscript to the graver, who maketh his tables of the same bigness with the sheets that are given him, and, pasting the leaves upon the tables with the wrong side outwards, he engraveth the letters as he findeth them, with much facility and exactness, and without making any errata. Their writing is not upon both sides the paper, as among us, but on one side only; and the reason that their books seem to be written on both sides is, because the white side is hidden within the fold.

They print likewise with tables of stone, with this difference, that the paper is made all black and the letters remain white, because when they print thus, they lay the ink upon the superficies of the stone; but in the tables of wood they put it only in the hollow of the engraving. This printing serveth only for epitaphs, pictures, trees, mountains, and such like things, whereof they do desire to have the memories preserved, and they have very many prints of this kind. Any work which they print, as they do in great numbers, remaineth always entire in the print on the tables, to be repeated as often as they please, without any new expense or trouble in setting for the press as there is in our printing.

English No. 16. Leaded.



HE first time a man looks at an advertisement he does not see it. The second time, he does not notice it. The third time, he is dimly conscious of it. The fourth time, he faintly remembers having seen something of the kind before. The fifth time, he half reads it. The sixth time, he turns up his nose at it. The seventh time, he reads it through and says, "Pshaw!" The eighth time, he ejaculates, "Here's that confounded thing again!" The ninth time, he wonders if "there's anything in it." The tenth time, he thinks it might possibly suit some one else's case. The eleventh time, he thinks he will ask his neighbor if he has tried it or knows anything about it. The twelfth time, he wonders how the advertiser can make it pay. The thirteenth time, he rather thinks it must be a good thing. The fourteenth time, he appears to think it is what he has wanted for a long time. The fifteenth time, he resolves to try it as soon as he can afford it. The sixteenth time, he examines the address carefully and makes a memorandum of it. The seventeenth time, he is painfully reminded how much he needs that particularly excellent article. The eighteenth time, he counts his money to see how much he would have left if he bought it; and the nineteenth time, he frantically rushes in a fit of desperation and buys it. Moral: The successful tradesman keeps his name before the public by persistent advertising.

PICA NO. 20. SOLID. 41 LINES, 395 WORDS.

EVEN logic has not succeeded as yet in discovering the means of framing a title-page which shall be exhaustive, as it is termed, and constitute an infallible finger-post to the nature of a book. From the very beginning of all literature it may be said that man has been continually struggling after this achievement, and struggling in vain; and it is a humiliating fact that the greatest adepts, abandoning the effort in despair, have taken refuge in some fortuitous word, which has served their purpose better than the best results of their logical analysis. The book which has been the supreme ruler of the intellect in this kind of work stands forth as an illustrious example of failure. To those writings of Aristotle which dealt with mind his editing pupils could give no name, therefore they called them the things after the physics—the *Metaphysics;* and that fortuitous title the great arena of thought to which they refer still bears, despite the efforts of critical students to supply an apter designation in such words as Psychology, Pneumatology, and Transcendentalism.

Writhing under this nightmare kind of difficulty, men in later times tried to achieve completeness by lengthening the title-page; but they found that the longer they made it, the more it wriggled itself into devious tracks, and the farther did it depart from a comprehensive name. Some title-pages in old folios make about half an hour's reading. One advantage, however, was found in these lengthy titles—they afforded to controversialists a means of condensing the pith of their malignity towards each other, and throwing it, as it were, right in the face of the adversary. It will thus often happen that the controversialist states his case first in the title-page; he then gives it at greater length in the introduction; again, perhaps, in a preface; a third time in an analytical form, through means of a table of contents; after all this skirmishing, he brings up his heavy columns in the body of the book.

Busy men of the present day look to the title-page to help them in deciding what books to read, just as the headlines in their favorite newspapers inform them of current events and invite or repel further research. It is better to spend half an hour on an exhaustive title-page than to waste several hours upon an uninstructive book.

PICA NO. 11. SOLID. 41 LINES, 388 WORDS.

INDEED, volumes are in their varied external conditions much like human beings. There are some stout and others frail, some healthy and others sickly; and it happens often that the least robust are the most precious. The full, fresh health of some of the old folio fathers and schoolmen, ranged side by side in solemn state on the oaken shelves of some venerable repository, is apt to surprise those who expect mouldy decay: the stiff, hard binding is as angular as ever; there is no abrasion of the leaves, not a single dog-ear or a spot, nor even a dust-border upon the mellowed white of the margin. So, too, of those quarto civilians and canonists of Leyden and Amsterdam, with their smooth white vellum coats, bearing so generic a resemblance to Dutch cheeses that they might easily be supposed to represent the experiments of some Gouda dairyman on the quadrature of the circle. An easy life and an established position in society are the secret of their excellent preservation and condition. Their repose has been little disturbed by intrusive readers and unceremonious investigators, and their repute for solid learning has given them a claim to attention and careful preservation. It has sometimes occurred to me to penetrate to the heart of one of these solid volumes and find it closed in this wise: As the binder of a book is himself bound to cut off as little as possible of its white margin, it may take place, if any of the leaves are inaccurately folded, that their edges are not cut, and that, as to such leaves, the book is in the uncut condition so severely denounced by impatient readers. So have I sometimes had to open with a paper-cutter the pages which had shut up for two hundred years that knowledge which the ponderous volume pretended to be distributing abroad from its place of dignity on the shelf. Sometimes, also, there will drop out of a heavy folio a little slip of orange-yellow paper covered with some cabalistic-looking characters, which a careful study discovers to be a hint, conveyed in high or low Dutch, that the dealer from whom the volume was purchased would be rather gratified than otherwise should the purchaser be pleased to remit to him the price of it.

PICA NO. 20. LEADED. 35 LINES, 325 WORDS.

DR. JOHNSON published the following curious advertisement in order to suppress the piratical practice of inserting his *Idlers*, without any acknowledgment, in other publications:

"London, January 5th, 1759.—(Advertisement.)

"The proprietors of the papers entitled *The Idler*, having found that those essays are inserted in the newspapers and magazines with so little regard to justice or decency that the *Universal Chronicle*, in which they first appear, is not always mentioned, think it necessary to declare to the publishers of those collections that, however patiently they have hitherto endured these injuries, they have determined to endure them no longer. They have seen essays for which a very large price is paid transferred with the most shameless rapacity into the weekly or monthly compilations, and their right, at least for the present, alienated from them before they could themselves be said to enjoy it. But they would not willingly be thought to want tenderness even for men by whom no tenderness hath been shown. The past is without remedy, and shall be without resentment. But those who have been thus busy with their sickles in the fields of their neighbours are henceforward to take notice that the time of impunity is at an end. Whoever shall, without our leave, lay the hand of rapine upon our papers, is to expect that we shall vindicate our due. We shall lay hold, in our turn, on their copies, degrade them from the pomp of wide margin and diffuse typography, contract them into a narrow space, and sell them at an humble price; yet not with a view of growing rich by confiscations, for we think not much better of money got by punishment than by crimes: we shall, therefore, when our losses are repaid, give what profit shall remain to the magdalens: for we know not who can be more properly taxed for the support of penitent prostitutes, than prostitutes in whom there yet appears neither penitence nor shame."

PICA NO. 11. LEADED. 35 LINES, 353 WORDS.

BOOKS I consider as spirits walking abroad on the face of the earth. A book is a voice to which one seems compelled to listen—a voice which addresses itself to you; it is the living thought of a person separated from you only by space of time; it is a burning intellect. The books collected in a library, viewed with the eyes of the mind, represent to us the master spirits of every country and of every age, who are there present with us to speak, to instruct, and to console us. Note that books alone endure; men pass away, monuments crumble into dust; but what remains, what survives, is human thought. I am told that Molière is dead; I deny it. Is he not present? When I entertain myself with him, is he not there? Madame de Sevigné, they say, was buried in 1696. I maintain that yesterday I was in communion with her. I know her just as I know Coulanges, Madame de Grignon, La Rochefoucauld, and all her friends. For me all that world lives, and I live with them. The book, or rather the intelligence preserved in the book, is society which one can enjoy either in prosperous or in adverse days. Do we wish for amusement? Let us take up our "Don Quixote"; we shall laugh as we never laughed before. Or are we in sorrow? Read the "Imitation of Christ." In whatever state we may be books are ever welcome. On the eve of departure, is it not to a book we turn for consolation? Is it not the "Evangelists" that teach us how to endure suffering by telling us of words of Him who endured long misery and every suffering? Everywhere and at all times a book is of use, and he who can read has more enjoyment at his command than many a monarch, for he has a court of faithful friends who ever surround and minister to him. Our friends often weary us; but if a book fatigues us we put it aside without any fear of its being offended, and take up another.

M. LABOULAYE.

PICA NO. 15. LEADED. 35 LINES, 374 WORDS.

PRINTERS are often asked in what way various kinds of paper obtained the peculiar names they bear. Here is the answer: In ancient times, when comparatively few people could read, pictures of every kind were much in use where writing is now employed. Every shop, for instance, had its sign, as well as every public house, and those signs were not then, as they often are now, only painted on a board, but were invariably actual models of the thing which the sign expressed—as we still occasionally see some such sign as a bee-hive, a tea-canister, a doll, or the like. For the same reason printers employed some device, which they put upon their title-pages and at the end of their books. And paper-makers also introduced marks by way of distinguishing the paper of their manufacture from that of others. These marks, becoming common, naturally gave their names to different sorts of paper. A favorite paper-mark between 1540 and 1560 was the jug or pot, and would appear to have originated the term pot paper. The fool's cap was a later device, and does not seem to have been nearly of such long continuance as the former. It has given place to the figure of Britannia, or that of a lion rampant supporting the cap of liberty on a pole. The name, however, has continued, and we still denominate paper of a particular size by the title of "foolscap." Post paper seems to have derived its name from the post-horn, which at one time was its distinguishing mark. It does not appear to have been used prior to the establishment of the General Post Office (1670), when it became the custom to blow a horn; to which circumstance, no doubt, we may attribute its introduction. Bath post is so named after that fashionable city. Demy is from the French *demi*, signifying an intermediate size. Royal and crown explain their origin, and many other names, such as commercial and packet note, check folio, medium, super-royal, imperial, elephant, columbier, atlas, double medium, and double elephant, were invented to denote some early peculiarity of size, use, or mark, which, though the name remains, has now nearly or quite disappeared.

LONDON PRINTERS' REGISTER.

PICA LIGHT FACE. LEADED. 35 LINES, 293 WORDS.

 OR Bookes are not absolutely dead things, but they doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a violl the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous Dragons teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand unlesse warinesse be us'd, as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book; who kills a Man kills a reasonable creature, Gods Image; but hee who destroyes a good Booke, kills reason it selfe, kills the very Image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but a good Booke is the pretious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life. Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great losse; and revolutions of ages doe not oft recover the losse of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole Nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of publick men, how we spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Books; since we see a kinde of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdome, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kinde of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elementall life, but strikes at that ethereall and fift [first] essence, the breath of reason it selfe, slaies an immortality rather than a life.

JOHN MILTON, "The Areopagitica."

ELZEVIR, BODY 14. LEADED. 29 LINES, 253 WORDS.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of the first Being, and that those ideas which are in the mind of man are a transcript of the world. To this may be added, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words. As the Supreme Being has expressed and as it were printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which by this great invention of these latter ages may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. . . . There is no other method of fixing those thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of man, and transmitting them to the last periods of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas and preserving the knowledge of any particular period, when his body shall for ages have been mixed with the common mass of matter and his soul retired into the world of spirits.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn. Knowledge of books in a man of business is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to prosperity and welfare.

JOSEPH ADDISON, "The Spectator."

PICA EXPANDED. TREBLE LEADED. 27 LINES, 121 WORDS.

HAT delightful reading I found in the literature of those times! There was no "Philadelphia Ledger," but we regaled ourselves with Joseph R. Chandler's "Letters from my Armchair" in the "United States Gazette." There was no "New-York Tribune," but we became inspired by the splendid typography and nervous Saxon of Horace Greeley's "Weekly New-Yorker." There was no "Atlantic" or "Harper's," but we revelled in the pages of Waldie's Library. We had no Macaulay or Bancroft, but we had Hinton and Hildreth. We had no Dickens, or Thackeray, or Charles Reade, or Wilkie Collins, or Oliver Wendell Holmes, or Alfred Tennyson, but we lived in the gorgeous world of Walter Scott, made musical with the enchanting melodies of Thomas Moore.

JOHN W. FORNEY.

PICA NO. 20. DOUBLE LEADED. 31 LINES, 301 WORDS.

HOW paradoxical a character a man may become, is described in the autobiography of Solom Maimon, one of the most learned men and sharpest casuists of the Hebrew race. He was, according to a reviewer of the work, a "skeptical rabbi, a great Talmudist who despised the Talmud, an omnivorous reader of all such science as in the last century a Polish Jew could get hold of, a genuine idler in literature, who, although he could dash off a considerable spell of work in a short time, had no work in him, had no method in him, and always preferred slipshod effort to steady industry; a man whom want and misery had reduced into spasmodic fits of intemperance, which rather grew upon him toward the end." With all this he spent a half year of his life as a regular professional beggar—adopting apparently all the habits and feelings of a beggar. "None the less he was a man of remarkable acquirements, being a learned Talmudist, for those times at least a considerable mathematician, and having in middle life mastered Latin, German, French, and English, besides the various Eastern dialects of which his Hebrew knowledge was the foundation. He had evidently a very great turn for physics as well as for mathematics, and a wonderful capacity for the acquisition of languages without the slightest communication with those who could speak them, so that he knew a language fairly well of which he could not properly pronounce a single sentence." He so criticized Kant's greatest work as to excite the admiration of the author. In character "he was candid, grateful, generous, and full of kindly feelings. But he was conceited, irreverent, passionate, intolerant of the influence of others, and never really at ease among the class for which his knowledge fitted him."

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

PICA NO. 11. DOUBLE LEADED. 31 LINES, 297 WORDS.

SHALL I tell you what, reader? But first I should call you gentle, courteous, and wise; but 'tis no matter, they're but foolish words of course, and better left out than printed: for if you be so, you need not be called so; and if you be not so, then were lawe against me for calling you out of your names. By John of Powles churchyard I sweare, and that oath will be taken at any haberdasher's, I never wisht this booke a better fortune than to fall into the hands of a true spelling printer, and an honest stitching bookseller; and if honestie could be soulde by the bushell, like oysters, I had rather have one bushell of honestie than three of monie.

Why I call these *Father Hubbard's Tales*, is not to have them called in againe as the tales of *Mother Hubbard;* the worlde would shewe little judgment in that yfaith, and I should say then *plena stultorum omnia.* For I entreat here neither of rugged beares nor apes; no, nor the lamentable downefal of the olde wives' platters; I deale with no such mettall. What is mirth in mee is harmlesse as the Quarter Jack in Powles, they are up with their elbowes foure times an houre, and yet misuse no creature living. The verie bitterest in mee is but a physical frost, that nips the wicked blood a little, and so makes the whole bodie the more wholesomer. Then to condemn these tales following, because Father Hubbard tells them in the small syze of an ant, is even as much as, if these two wordes *God* and *Devil* were printed both in one line, to skip it over, and say that line were naught, because the Devil were in it; *Sat Sapienti.*

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE.

SMALL PICA NO. 20. SOLID. 46 LINES, 512 WORDS.

THERE are thousands of mole-eyed people who count all passion in print a lie,—people who will go into a rage at trifles, and weep in the dark, and love in secret, and hope without mention, and cover it all under the cloak of what they call—propriety. I can see before me now some gray-haired old gentleman, very money-getting, very correct, very cleanly, who reads the morning paper with unction, and his Bible with determination,—who listens to dull sermons with patience, and who prays with quiet self-applause; and yet there are moments belonging to his life when his curdled affections yearn for something that they have not,—when his avarice oversteps all the commandments,—when his pride builds castles full of splendor; and yet put this before his eye, and he reads with the most careless air in the world, and condemns as arrant fiction what cannot be proven to the elders. . . . The trouble has been, that those who have believed one passage have discredited another; and those who have sympathized with me in trifles have deserted me when affairs grew earnest. . . .

I have only one thing more to say before I get upon my story. A great many sharp-eyed people, who have a horror of light reading,—by which they mean whatever does not make mention of stocks, cottons, or moral homilies,—will find much fault with my book for its ephemeral character. I am sorry that I cannot gratify such: homilies are not at all in my habit; and it does seem to me an exhausting way of disposing of a good moral, to hammer it down to a single point, so that there shall be only one chance of driving it home. For my own part, I count it a great deal better philosophy to fuse it, and rarefy it, so that it shall spread out into every crevice of a story, and give a color and a taste, as it were, to the whole mass.

I know there are very good people, who, if they cannot lay their finger on so much doctrine set down in old-fashioned phrase, will never get an inkling of it at all. With such people, goodness is a thing of understanding more than of feeling, and all their morality has its action in the brain. God forbid that I should sneer at this terrible infirmity which Providence has seen fit to inflict; God forbid, too, that I should not be grateful to the same kind Providence for bestowing upon others among his creatures a more genial apprehension of true goodness, and a hearty sympathy with every shade of human kindness.

But in all this I am not making out a case for my own correct teaching, or insinuating the propriety of my tone. I shall leave the book, in this regard, to speak for itself; and whoever feels himself growing worse for the reading, I advise him to lay it down. It will be very harmless on the shelf, however it may be in the hand.

IK MARVEL, Preface to "Dream-Life."

SMALL PICA NO. 11. SOLID. 46 LINES, 485 WORDS.

THERE is no treasure in this life like a love for books, for they are safe guides in youth and a solace in age. A book is your best companion at all times. In choosing a book, as in choosing a dictionary, we ought to follow the advice of the advertisements and Get the Best. In literature as in life we should keep the best company we can. Life is short and libraries are big; and precious time is lost in reading feeble writing which unfits us for stronger food. Emerson's three rules for reading were: 1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any books but what you like. That these were sound rules for Emerson himself we need not doubt, but they are a little too rigid and restricting for most of us. Mr. F. B. Perkins, in his interesting notes on "Courses of Reading," suggests that Emerson's rules would be perfect if to each were added the clause, "unless you choose." The advice of Goethe is the advice of Emerson. "Do not read your fellow-strivers, your fellow-workers," said Goethe. And Mr. Matthew Arnold adds, "Of the contemporary rubbish which is shot so plentifully around us, we can, indeed, hardly read too little." This is a hard saying for the man or woman who seeks in books temporary rest and relief after the toil and harass and stress of daily life. Most of us have not the high and cultivated taste which finds more enjoyment in Homer, or Dante, or Milton, than in a light and lively tale of to-day. And for most of us, therefore, the advice of Goethe, Emerson, and Mr. Arnold is too severe, and must be broadened and brightened. Yet there can be no doubt that they are right in the main, and that the nearer we come to the attainment of this ideal, the better it will be for us. The man who has grasped the inner beauty of the Greek and Roman classics has laid hold of a noble thing, for they are among the best that has been thought and said in the world. There are many classics—Greek and Latin, Italian and French, English and American. "Robinson Crusoe" is as genuine a classic as "Paradise Lost." Homer, Dante, and Goethe are classics truly, but they are not more truly classic than Benjamin Franklin, Walter Scott, or Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. "A classic," says Lowell, "is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form which consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new, and incapable of growing old."

THE HOME LIBRARY.

SMALL PICA NO. 20. LEADED. 39 LINES, 385 WORDS.

ROPOSALS for the Printing of a large Bible, by William Bradford, January 14, 1688. These are to give Notice, that it is proposed for a large house-Bible to be Printed by way of Subscriptions [a method usual in England for the printing of large Volumns, because Printing is very chargeable]. Therefore to all that are willing to forward so good a Work, as the Printing of the holy Bible, are offered these Proposals, viz.:

1. That it shall be printed in a fair Character, on good Paper, and well bound.

2. That it shall contain the Old and New Testament, with the Apocraphy, and all to have useful Marginal Notes.

3. That it shall be allowed (to them that subscribe) for Twenty Shillings per Bible: [A Price which one of the same volumns in England would cost.]

4. That the pay shall be half Silver Money, and half Country Produce at Money price. One half down now, and the other half on the delivery of the Bibles.

5. That those who do subscribe for six, shall have the seventh gratis, and have them delivered one month before any above that number shall be sold to others.

6. To those which do not subscribe, the said Bibles will not be allowed under 26 *s.* a piece.

7. Those who are minded to have the Common-Prayer, shall have the whole bound up for 22 *s.*, and those that do not subscribe 28 *s.* and 6 *d.* per Book.

8. That as encouragement is given by Peoples subscribing and paying down one half, the said Work will be put forward with what Expedition may be.

9. That the Subscribers may enter their Subscriptions and time of Payment, at Pheneas Pemberton's and Robert Hall's in the County of Bucks. At Malen Stacy's Mill at the Falls. At Thomas Budd's House in Burlington. At John Hasting's in the County of Chester. At Edward Blake's in New-Castle. At Thomas Vvood-rooff's in Salem. And at William Bradford's in Philadelphia, Printer and Undertaker of the said Work. At which places the Subscribers shall have a Receipt for so much of their Subscriptions as paid and an obligation for the delivery of the number of Bibles (so Printed and Bound as aforesaid) as the respective Subscribers shall deposit one half for.

HUDSON'S JOURNALISM.

SMALL PICA NO. 11. LEADED. 39 LINES, 438 WORDS.

IT is not easy to advise exactly as to the best way of buying books, since so much depends on circumstance and situation. In general, it is best to make a friend of the most active and intelligent bookseller within reach. Decide on the sum you can afford to spend this year. Make out a list of the books you want. Take this to the bookseller and ask him to get you the books, and to allow you a fair discount proportionate to the size of the order. After these books have come, keep on good terms with the bookseller. Form the habit of dropping into his store now and again to see what he has likely to suit you. Lay aside a fixed sum annually to be spent in books. Consult with the bookseller as to the best means of laying this out to advantage. Remember that in general it is best to deal directly and regularly with an established bookseller. Beware of the itinerant book-peddler; most of his books are made to sell, and are not worth reading. Beware of the canvassing agent, unless he represents a reputable house. Never buy at auction unless you have had an opportunity previously to examine the goods to see that they have no defects, and are in every way in good condition. Remember that the highest-priced books are not necessarily the best, or the lowest-priced necessarily the cheapest. Choose good type, and good paper, and good ink, even if they cost a little more; it is false to spare the pocket and spoil the eyes. A book that is worth buying at all is worth buying in good condition and in a good edition. When in doubt between two editions of the same standard book, choose that which has the fullest index. In buying second-hand books—and many, if not most, standard works can best be had second-hand from a dealer in old books—it costs but little more to get a copy well bound in morocco, in half roan, or even in half calf. A second-hand book sells on its own merits independent of its binding, and by biding your time and looking about you can generally pick up a neatly bound copy for the price you would pay for a copy in cloth or in boards; and even if it is second-hand, there is twice the satisfaction to be got out of a book you own than is to be got out of a book only borrowed. Own all the books you can, and use all the books you own.

THE HOME LIBRARY.

SMALL PICA NO. 20. DOUBLE LEADED. 33 LINES, 368 WORDS.

N Books we find the dead as it were living; in Books we foresee things to come; in Books warlike affairs are methodized; the rights of peace proceed from Books. All things are corrupted and decay with time. Saturn never ceases to devour those whom he generates; insomuch that the glory of the world would be lost in oblivion if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in Books. Alexander, the ruler of the world; Julius, the invader of the world and of the city, the first who in unity of person assumed the empire in arms and arts; the faithful Fabricius, the rigid Cato, would at this day have been without a memorial if the assistance of Books had failed them. Towers are razed to the earth, cities overthrown, triumphal arches mouldered to dust; nor can the king or Pope be found upon whom the privilege of a lasting name can be conferred more easily than by Books. A Book made, renders succession to the author: for as long as the book exists the author cannot perish. The Truth written in a book, being not fluctuating, but permanent, shows itself openly to the sight, passing through the spiritual ways of the eyes, as the porches and halls of common sense and imagination; it enters the chamber of intellect, reposes itself on the couch of memory, and there congenerates the eternal Truth of the mind. Consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in Books, how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you. You only, O Books, are liberal and independent. You give to all who ask, and enfranchise all who serve you assiduously. You are golden urns in which manna is laid up, rocks flowing with honey, or rather indeed honey-combs; udders most copiously yielding the milk of life; store-rooms ever full.

RICHARD DE BURY, Bishop of Durham.

SMALL PICA NO. 11. DOUBLE LEADED. 33 LINES, 350 WORDS.

HE Commerce of Books comforts me in my age and solitude: it eases me of a troublesome weight of idleness, and delivers me at all hours from company that I dislike; and it blunts the point of griefs, if they are not extreme, and have not got an entire possession of my soul. To divert myself from a troublesome fancy, 'tis but to run to my Books; they presently fix me to them, and drive the other out of my thoughts; and do not mutiny to see that I have only recourse to them for want of other more real, natural, and lively conveniences; they always receive me with the same kindness. I never travel without Books, either in peace or war; and yet sometimes I pass over several days, and sometimes months, without looking into them. I will read by and by, say I to myself, or to-morrow, or when I please, and time steals away without any inconvenience. I rest content in this consideration, that I have them by me, to divert myself with them when I am so disposed, and to call to mind what an ease and assistance they are to my life. They will not flee from me. I may neglect them, but they do not turn away. I forget their teachings, and they inform me again. Patient and faithful servants of a fickle master! whose changing moods are but occasions for proving anew your unvarying friendship. Your affections, are sure and lasting. Books have very many charming qualities to such as know how to choose them. But every good has its ill; 'tis a pleasure that is not pure and clean, no more than others: it has its inconveniences, and great ones too. The mind indeed is exercised by it, but the body, the care of which I must withal never neglect, remains in the mean time without action, and grows heavy and melancholy. I know no excess more prejudicial to me, nor more to be avoided in this my declining age, than the nourishment of the mind at the body's expense.

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

LONG PRIMER NO. 20. SOLID. 51 LINES, 610 WORDS.

THE manufacture of paper of any description was not established in any of the colonies until full fifty years after the introduction of printing, the first paper mill having been erected in the vicinity of Philadelphia by one William Rittenhousen, a native of Germany, about the year 1690. The first paper mill in New England was established in the town of Milton, near Boston, in 1730. In 1732 the following advertisement appeared in the "Rehearsal," of Boston:

"Richard Fry, Stationer, Bookseller, Paper-maker, and Rag Merchant, from the city of London, keeps at Mr. Thomas Fleet's, printer, at the Heart and Crown, in Cornhill, Boston, where said Fry is ready to accommodate all Gentlemen, Merchants and Tradesmen with setts of Account books after the most acute manner for twenty per cent. cheaper than they can have them from London. I return the Public Thanks for following the Directions of my former Advertisement for gathering rags, and hope they will continue the like Method, having received upward of Seven thousand weight already."

The early scarcity of paper in the colonies is illustrated by the following curious advertisement, which appeared in the Boston "Post" in 1748:

"Choice Pennsylvania Tobacco paper is to be sold by the publisher of this paper at the Heart and Crown, where may be also had the Bulls or Indulgencies of the present Pope, Urban VIII., either by the single Bull, Quire or Ream, at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased of the French or Spanish priests."

The explanation of this was that several bales of "indulgencies," printed upon very good paper and only on one side, had been captured by an English cruiser from a Spanish vessel, and being offered at a very low price, had been purchased by the Boston printer, who saw an opportunity for profit by printing ballads or other matter for his customers upon the backs of the pontifical documents in question. It is also to be noted that about this time Robert Saltonstall was fined five shillings by the General Court of Massachusetts for presenting a petition on a small and bad piece of paper.

In 1768 Colonel Christopher Leffingwell erected at Norwich the first paper mill in the colony of Connecticut, under the promise of a bounty from the General Assembly. Two years after he was accordingly awarded two-pence a quire on 4020 quires of writing paper, and one penny each on 10,600 quires of printing paper. This mill attained a high degree of success.

In Pennsylvania the Dunkers, who settled in Lancaster county, very early gave their attention to the manufacture of paper, and also set up a printing press. During the Revolution, and just previous to the battle of the Brandywine, messengers were sent to their mill for a supply of paper for cartridges. The mill happening to be out of unmanufactured paper, the fraternity, who held their property in common, sent back to the Continental army as a substitute several wagon loads of an edition of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and from the paper supplied by the pages of this work cartridges used in the battle were in part manufactured.

About the year 1770 the number of paper mills in the provinces of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware was reported to be forty, this department of manufacturing industry having especially developed in the vicinity of Philadelphia, which was at that time the center of literary activity for the colonies. It was a business, moreover, in which Dr. Franklin was greatly interested; and he told De Warville, a French traveller who visited America in 1788, that he had himself established as many as eighteen mills.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

LONG PRIMER NO. 11. SOLID. 51 LINES, 431 WORDS.

HE modern subscription book has curiously shown the revival of ancient custom in the matter of title-pages. The plausible book agent who, at the proper point, opens his book at the title, smooths it down with his broad hand and proceeds to read it, underscoring the lines with his fore-finger, knows well the virtue of a full, descriptive, and eloquent title. To be sure he has committed it to memory, the better to aid his tongue, but he allows his customer to enjoy with him the unctuous feast which the title by foretaste gives. His eye, his finger, and his tongue travel slowly and with due emphasis down the meandering stream, and the book must be a meager one indeed that cannot thus spread its tempting bill of fare before the reader. Compare with such a title-page any one of the ordinary title-pages of modern fashion, and how reserved is the latter. "Verses," it may be, at the head of the page, "A. B." in the middle, and the publisher's modest imprint at the foot.

The printer who has an eye for typographic display, if a true master of his art, does not take refuge in fantastically cut type, or seek variety by the use of many kinds of letter, but depends for the effect he is to produce upon the proportions of his page and the proper breaking up of his lines. He likes, moreover, to study the color of his page, and selects his type with reference to its harmony of tone and the gentle emphasis which may now and then be attained by a bolder face. Especially he is glad if it warrants the use of a line of rich Caxton type, shining, so to speak, like a black diamond, lighting the page.

The basis of a good title-page is no doubt in the selection of type and the adjustment of lines, but upon this groundwork may be built very beautiful and ornate effects. The use of red ink is one of the most common and effective appliances, and where the ink is a brilliant carmine there is a boldness and beauty which captivate the eye, if only it is properly used. It is not enough that two red lines should avoid proximity; it is important that the type used for taking the red should give a clear, full impression. A choice means of securing pleasing effect is in the use of a vignette, coat of arms, or monogram. Of these three the vignette allies the page most closely to decorative art, and is unquestionably the most attractive. It may be said that with rare exceptions a confined vignette is better on a title-page than a free one. The use of type above and below necessarily gives the page a geometrical form, and the introduction of a flowing design in the center is apt to destroy the harmony. A head-piece has sometimes been well used, especially when the lines beneath form a pendant to it, and some of Whittingham's books, which are notable for the beauty of their title-pages, show a deep arabesque border inclosing the entire page, which is very suitable to books whose general characteristic is quaintness.

N. Y. TRIBUNE.

LONG PRIMER NO. 20. LEADED. 42 LINES, 520 WORDS.

AT the head of all the pleasures which offer themselves to the man of liberal education may confidently be placed that derived from books. In variety, durability, and facility of attainment no other can stand in competition with it, and even in intensity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it!—how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well furnished library we in fact possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dullness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone. It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters by persons who had free access to every other source of gratification. Instead of quoting Cicero to you, I shall in plain terms give you the result of my own experience on this subject. If domestic enjoyments have contributed in the first degree to the happiness of my life (and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have), the pleasures of reading have beyond all question held the second place. Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction: with them, no day has been so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. By the easy provision of a book in my pocket, I have frequently worn through long nights and days in the most disagreeable parts of my profession, with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience. Reading may in every sense be called a cheap amusement. A taste for books, indeed, may be made expensive enough; but that is a taste for editions, bindings, paper, and type. If you are satisfied with getting at the sense of an author, in some commodious way, a crown at a stall will supply your wants as well as a guinea at a shop. Learn to distinguish the difference between using books and owning books. Socrates once administered a sarcastic rebuke to a young man who was ambitious to be considered deeply learned, and thought to gain that end by boasting of his extensive and valuable collection of manuscripts. "Have you read them?" asked he.

No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is necessary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midst of bustle and business you may, in an instant, by the magic of a book, plunge into scenes of remote ages and countries, and disengage yourself from present care and fatigue. Happy the man who has found in books a peaceful retreat.

DR. JOHN AIKIN.

LONG PRIMER NO. 11. LEADED. 42 LINES, 500 WORDS.

OF all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him to a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there he forgets the evils of the present moment. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, it gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, and human friends forsake me, it would be a taste for reading.

I recollect an anecdote told me by a late highly respected inhabitant of Windsor as a fact to which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book, but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing. Now let any one say whether it is easy to estimate the amount of good done in this simple case. Not to speak of the number of hours agreeably and innocently spent, not to speak of the good-fellowship and harmony promoted, here was a whole rustic population fairly won over to the side of good—charmed, and night after night spell-bound within that magic circle which genius can trace so effectually, and compelled to bow before that image of virtue and purity which (though at a great expense of words) no one knew better how to body forth than the author of that commendable work.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

LONG PRIMER NO. 15. LEADED. 43 LINES, 587 WORDS.

CHARLES LAMB writes of books which are not books. In the same way there are readers who are not readers—they read with the eye alone, while the brain is inert. This is a class far harder to deal with than that other class which has never made any use of the power of reading which was hammered into them in the primary school. The man who has rarely opened a book may be induced to do so; and he may be so gratified with his discovery of the pleasure and profit which he finds in reading that he will never give it up. There is a well-known story of a man who, after a very slight schooling, had been obliged to earn his own living; he was possessed of the combination of powers which make for success, and he gained a large fortune in California before he was forty. He built him a fine house, in which the architect put a "library," so the owner sent a five-thousand-dollar check East to a bookseller for books to fill it. The books went to California, and the new millionaire, having now time on his hands, took to reading. A few months later he wrote East to the bookseller, saying that the books he had sent were thoroughly satisfactory, especially the plays of a man called Shakespeare. He had enjoyed these very much. They were the real thing, and if this Shakespeare should ever write anything more, please forward it to him at once by express, C. O. D. This story, which I have seen cited as characteristic stupidity on the part of a self-made man, strikes me, on the contrary, as highly to his credit. That he, without any literary culture whatever, should be able to appreciate Shakespeare's work, in spite of the archaisms and other things which tend to veil its beauty and its strength from us, is as good proof of his native intelligence as one could wish. If that man had spent his spare time reading cheap fiction, in all probability he would never have made his fortune; and of a certainty he would never have been able to enjoy Shakespeare if his appreciation of what is good had been lowered by trash.

Those who do not read can best be got to read by giving them something which will interest them sufficiently to make them want to read it through when they have once begun. And what will interest a man depends altogether on the man. In literature, as in dietetics, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. You cannot cure a boy of reading "The Bold Brigand of Dead Gulch" by giving him "The Student's Hume"—one of the driest books which ever made a boy thirsty—or any of the ordinary old fashioned text-books of history. But you might get him to give up "Lone-eyed Jim, the Boy Scout," to read one of Mayne Reid's stories; and from those the transition is easy to the sea-tales of Cooper and Marryat.

The one essential thing to do, when you are trying to change a man who does not read into a man who does read, is to put yourself in his place. What is his business? What are his tastes? What are his surroundings? Study the man or the woman or the child, and put before him or her the book he or she is most likely to begin, and, having begun, most likely to finish.

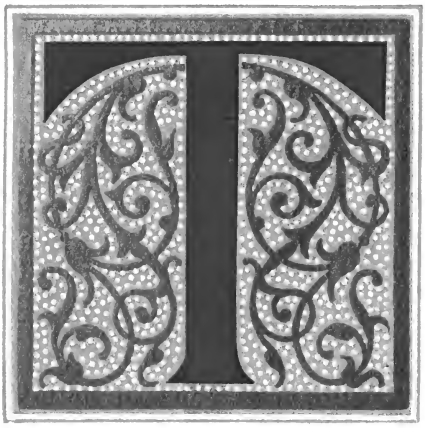
ARTHUR PENN.

LONG PRIMER LIGHT FACE. LEADED. 43 LINES, 383 WORDS.

AT last Maggie's eyes glanced down on the books that lay on the window shelf, and she half forsook her reverie to turn over listlessly the leaves of the "Portrait Gallery," but she soon pushed this aside to examine the little row of books tied together with string: "Beauties of the Spectator," "Rasselas," "Economy of Human Life," "Gregory's Letters"—she knew the sort of matter that was inside all these; the "Christian Year"—that seemed to be a hymn-book, and she laid it down again; but "Thomas à Kempis"?—the name had come across her in her reading, and she felt the satisfaction, which every one knows, of getting some ideas to attach to a name that strays solitary in the memory. She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity: it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned from leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed: "Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. . . If thou seekest this or that, and wouldst be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care: for in every thing somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. . . Both above and below, which way soever thou dost turn thee, every where thou shalt find the Cross: and every where of necessity thou must have patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown." A strange thrill of awe passed through Maggie while she read, as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. She went on from one brown mark to another, where the quiet hand seemed to point, hardly conscious that she was reading—seeming rather to listen while a low voice said: "I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same, Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. Then shall immoderate fear leave thee, and inordinate love shall die."

GEORGE ELIOT, "Mill on the Floss."

ELZEVIR BODY 10. LEADED. 39 LINES, 383 WORDS.



HE actual interest of Mr. Gladstone's article on books in the "Nineteenth Century" is not perhaps in its mechanical discussion of the housing of them, but in what he says of books themselves. At times he speaks of books with something of the enthusiasm of the true collector, or if it be not really enthusiasm it sounds like sympathy. But it is, nevertheless, always open to doubt whether he cares very much for books otherwise than for the purposes of reading. There is not much in this article, or in any writing of his which I recall to mind, to show that he possesses any special knowledge of books from the collector's point of view. Curiosities like the diamond editions of the late Mr. Pickering or the miniature prayer-books of Mr. Froude amuse him. Nay, he makes a remark on one of them which almost savors of humor. Pickering's Dante, says Mr. Gladstone, weighs less than a number of "The Times." With these exceptions, his thirteen pages might have been written by one to whom books are precious only for what they contain, and not for their rarity, or for their beauty, or for having belonged to famous owners, or for being original editions, or for the printer's mark, or for any other of the many reasons which make many volumes dear to the true lover of books, in addition to, and sometimes independently of, their literary worth.

Mr. Gladstone is a utilitarian, but he never could have regarded books as Darwin did. There is a horrible passage in one of Darwin's letters, in which he describes himself as tearing in two a volume which he found inconveniently heavy. The book was not rent asunder with any thought of its parts being recruited or bound; it was left in fragments, its dismemberment was forever, and there was no instigating circumstance in the barbarity of the act of the great naturalist. Yet even Mr. Gladstone is capable of proposing to pack his books upon shelves constructed as to allow neither light nor air. He says "twelve inches is a fair and liberal depth for octavos," and he allows but nine inches for the average height of 8vo shelving. This is to construct, not a library, nor even a warehouse for books, but a prison.

G. W. SMALLEY, in "New-York Tribune."

LONG PRIMER EXPANDED. TREBLE LEADED. 31 LINES, 236 WORDS.

HILE I am with my books I enjoy the best solitary company in the world. In this particular chiefly they excel all other company, that in study I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but it is impossible abroad for me to avoid the society of fools. Here, without traveling so far as Endor, I can call up the ablest spirits of those times, the learnedest philosophers, the wisest counselors, the greatest generals, and make them serviceable to me. I can make bold with the best jewels they have in their treasury with the same freedom that the Israelites borrowed of the Egyptians, and, without suspicion of felony, make use of them as mine own. I can here, without trespassing, go into their vineyards, and not only eat my fill of their grapes for my pleasure, but put up as much as I will in my vessel, and store it for my profit. Lord, teach me so to study other men's works as not to neglect mine own; and so to study thy Word, which is thy work, that it may be my candle to work by. Take me off from the curiosity of knowing only to know; from the vanity of knowing only to be known; and from the folly of pretending to know more than I do know: and let it be my wisdom to know thee who art life eternal.

SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

LONG PRIMER NO. 20. DOUBLE LEADED. 36 LINES, 456 WORDS.

THE inhabitants of the earth in remote times were divided into small states or societies, often at enmity among themselves, and whose thoughts and interests were confined within their own narrow territories. In succeeding ages men joined themselves into larger communities, as when the English heptarchy became united, or later when England, Scotland and Ireland became one; but still distant kingdoms and quarters of the world were of no interest to them, and often were totally unknown. Now, however, a man feels that he is a member of one vast civilized society which covers the face of the earth, and no part of the earth is indifferent to him. Even a journeyman mechanic who is honest, sober, and intelligent may say with truth and exultation: "I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts which some centuries ago even a king could not command. Ships are crossing the seas in every direction to bring to me what is useful from all parts of the earth; in China men are gathering the tea leaf for me; in the West India Islands and elsewhere they are preparing my sugar and my coffee; in the South they are cultivating cotton for me; elsewhere they are shearing the sheep to give me abundance of warm clothing; at home powerful steam engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery, and pumping the mines that minerals useful to me may be procured. My patrimony was small, yet I have railway trains running day and night on all the roads to carry my correspondence and to bring the coal for my winter fire; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to render secure my enjoyments and repose. Then I have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, among these people who serve me. And in a corner of my house I have *books* — the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian tales, for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times. By my books I can conjure up before me to a momentary existence many of the great and good men of past ages, and for my individual satisfaction they seem to act again the most renowned of their achievements; the orators declaim for me, the historians recite, the poets sing." This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended; such being the goodness and providence which devised this world, that each individual of the civilized millions that cover it, if his conduct be prudent, may have nearly the same happiness as if he were the single lord of all.

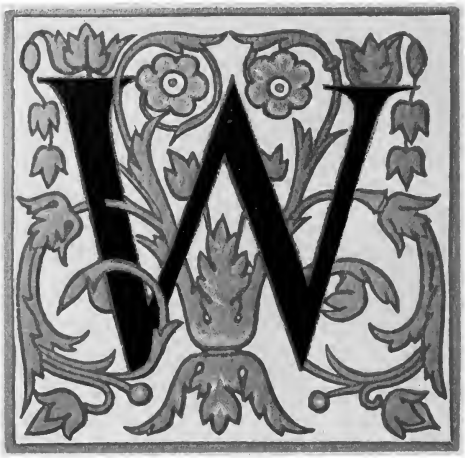
DR. ARNOTT.

LONG PRIMER No. 11. DOUBLE LEADED. 36 LINES, 447 WORDS.

I DO not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books,—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense,—he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books. Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted, or ill-acquainted, with this plain fact; but I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question; I even venture to deny that. It would be much safer and better for many a reader, that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful. But an ingenious reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people; not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry, do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls—divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward; calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class of books, my young friends. Learn to be good readers, which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things you have a real interest in,—a real, not an imaginary,—and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it with all his might. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BOURGEOIS NO. 20. SOLID. 57 LINES, 654 WORDS.



E form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. In earlier years when traveling in the West, where taverns were very scarce, and in some places indeed unknown, and every settler's house was a house of entertainment, it was a matter of some importance and experience to select where you should put up. And we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no bright patch of flowers in the yard, we became suspicious of the place. But no matter how rude the cabin, or how rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a little trough for flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log cabin. In a new country, where the people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers unless the love of them is pretty strong; and this taste, blossoming out of uncultivated people, is like a clump of harebells growing out of the seams of a rock. We were very seldom misled. Flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread.

But in other states of society other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy *books* unless they want them. If on visiting the dwelling of a man in slender means we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborate étagère or sideboard. Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting on luxuriant chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs? We know of many and many a rich man's house, where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English Classics. A few garish Annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock religious books of his "persuasion," and that is all! No poets, no essayists, no historians, no travels or biographies, no select fiction or curious legendary lore. But the wall paper cost three dollars a roll, and the carpet cost four dollars a yard!

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them! Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices. Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price which his tobacco and his beer would cost him. A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a man's history.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BOURGEOIS NO. 11. SOLID. 57 LINES, 660 WORDS.

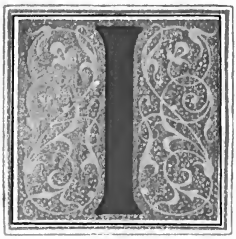
GREAT library cannot be constructed—it is the growth of ages. You may buy books at any time with money, but you cannot make a library like one that has been a century or two a-growing, though you had the whole national debt to do it with. I remember once how an extensive publisher, speaking of the rapid strides which literature had made of late years, and referring to a certain old public library, celebrated for its affluence in the fathers, the civilians, and the medieval chroniclers, stated how he had himself freighted for exportation, within the past month, as many books as that whole library consisted of. This was likely enough to be true, but the two collections were very different from each other. The cargoes of books were probably thousands of copies of some few popular selling works. They might be a powerful illustration of the diffusion of knowledge, but what they were compared with was its concentration. Had all the paper of which these cargoes consisted been bank-notes they would not have enabled their owner to duplicate the old library, rich in the fathers, the civilians, and medieval chroniclers.

This impossibility of improvising libraries is really an important and curious thing; and since it is apt to be overlooked, owing to the facility of buying books, in quantities generally far beyond the available means of any ordinary buyer, it seems worthy of some special consideration. A man who sets out to form a library will go on swimmingly for a short way. He will easily get Tennyson's Poems, Macaulay's and Alison's histories, the Encyclopædia Britannica, Buckle on Civilization—all the books "in print," as it is termed. Nay, he will find no difficulty in procuring copies of others which may not happen to be on the shelves of the publisher or of the retailer of new books. Of Voltaire's works—a little library in itself—he will get a copy at his call in London, if he has not set his mind on some special edition. So of Scott's edition of Swift or Dryden, Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson, and the like. One can scarcely suppose a juncture in which any of these cannot be found through the electric chain of communication established by the book-trade. Of Gibbon's and Hume's histories, Jeremy Taylor's works, Bossuet's Universal History, and the like, copies abound everywhere. Go back a little and ask for Kennet's Collection of the Historians, Echard's History, Bayle Moreri, or Father Daniel's History of France; you cannot be so certain of immediately obtaining your object, but you will get the book in the end—no doubt about that. They are not yet excessively rare.

Everything has its caprices, and there are some books which might be expected to be equally shy, but in reality, by some inexplicable fatality, are as plentiful as blackberries. Such, for instance, are Famianus Strada's History of the Dutch War of Independence—one of the most brilliant works ever written, and in the very best Latin after Buchanan's. There is Buchanan's own history, very common even in the shape of the early Scotch edition of Arbuthnot's printing. Then there are Barclay's Argenis, and Raynal's Philosophical History of the East and West Indies, without which no book-stall is to be considered complete, and which seem to be possessed of a supernatural power of resistance to the elements, since, month after month, in fair weather or foul, they are to be seen at their posts dry or dripping.

So the collector goes on, till he perhaps collects some five thousand volumes or so of select works. If he is miscellaneous in his tastes, he may get on pretty comfortably to ten or fifteen thousand, and then his troubles will arise. And woe betide him if he sets his heart upon obtaining the original editions of rare prints, for after the search of a lifetime he may go to his grave a disappointed man.

BOURGEOIS NO. 20. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 50 LINES, 688 WORDS.



SAY first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a biblio-maniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch as compared with the contents of its wine cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which once in their lives cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich and great nation, and yet we are filthy enough and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

Nevertheless I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful and strong, and thorough as examples of binder's work; and that these libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

I could shape for you other plans, for art galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious, many, it seems to me, needful, things; but this book plan is the easiest and the needfulest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors; doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BOURGEOIS NO. 11. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 50 LINES, 637 WORDS.

FOR the knowledge that comes from books I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses; and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no overstatement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations—if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul; and the train of Idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler pleased him most, he said, because he bit the naked hook. To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and the stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless among a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him; and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced who reads these lines, let me inform you that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible society, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds. We should any of us esteem it a great privilege to pass an evening with Shakespeare or Bacon, were such a thing possible. But, were we admitted to the presence of one of these illustrious men, we might find him touched with infirmity or oppressed with weariness, or darkened with the shadow of a recent trouble, or absorbed by intrusive and tyrannous thoughts. To us the oracle might be dumb, and the light eclipsed. But when we take down one of these volumes we run no such risk. Here we have their best thoughts embalmed in their best words. Here we find the growth of the choicest seasons of the mind, when mortal cares were forgotten, and mortal weaknesses were subdued, and the soul, stripped of its vanities and passions, gave forth its highest emanations of truth and beauty. We may be sure that Shakespeare never out-talked his Hamlet, nor Bacon his Essays.

Great writers are indeed best known through their books. How very little, for instance, do we know of the life of Shakespeare; but how much do we know of him!

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

BOURGEOIS NO. 20. LEADED. 47 LINES, 623 WORDS.

"I SAY, then, that books, taken indiscriminately, are no cure to the diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is a world of science necessary in the taking them. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about. In a great grief like that, you cannot tickle and divert the mind; you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb—bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning—counter-irritation. Bring the brain to act upon the heart! If science is too much against the grain (for we have not all got mathematical heads), something in the reach of the humblest understanding, but sufficiently searching to the highest—a new language—Greek, Arabic, Scandinavian, Chinese, or Welsh! For the loss of fortune the dose should be applied less directly to the understanding—I would administer something elegant and cordial. For, as the heart is crushed and lacerated by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of money. Here we find the higher class of poets a very valuable remedy. For observe that poets of the grander and more comprehensive kind of genius have in them two separate men, quite distinct from each other—the imaginative man, and the practical, circumstantial man; and it is the happy mixture of these that suits diseases of the mind, half imaginative and half practical. If you take them gently and quietly, they will not, like your mere philosopher, your unreasonable stoic, tell you that you have lost nothing; but they will insensibly steal you out of this world, with its losses and crosses, and slip you into another world, before you know where you are!—a world where you are just as welcome, though you carry no more earth of your lost acres with you than covers the sole of your shoe. Then, for hypochondria and satiety, what is better than a brisk, alterative course of travels—especially early, out-of-the-way, marvelous, legendary travels! How they freshen up the spirits! How they take you out of the humdrum, yawning state you are in. Then, for that vice of the mind which I call sectarianism—not in the religious sense of the word, but little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your next-door neighbor because he has his eggs roasted when you have yours boiled; and gossiping and prying into people's affairs, and backbiting, and thinking heaven and earth are coming together, if some broom touch the cobweb that you have let grow over the window-sill of your brains—what like a large and generous, mildly aperient course of history! How it clears away all the fumes of the head!—better than the hellebore with which the old leeches of the middle ages purged the cerebellum. There, amidst all that great whirl and *sturmbad*, as the Germans say, of kingdoms and empires, and races and ages, how your mind enlarges beyond that little, feverish animosity to John Styles; or that unfortunate prepossession of yours, that all the world is interested in your grievances against Tom Stokes and his wife! . . .

"How little a space one sorrow really makes in life; and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it!"

LORD LYTTON (BULWER), "The Caxtons."

BOURGEOIS NO. 11. LEADED. 47 LINES, 572 WORDS.

WHEN work is offered by an entire stranger, without settled or known place of business, prepayment should be requested. This is a delicate duty, but it may be done courteously, and without giving offense. An honest and reasonable customer will readily see the necessity of the rule, and will as readily comply with it. If the necessary precaution is omitted, the office must look for many losses.

Credit is frequently requested. This is an application that no clerk has a right to entertain, even from persons of known responsibility. In all cases such a request should be referred to the proprietor or manager for his decision. It is a matter in which there is much conflicting local usage, and for which no positive rules can be given. There are cases in which credit is beneficial to both parties, but upon most applications it should be declined. The apparent value of printed work, and the disposition to pay for it, is never greater than it is on its first receipt. It will be found judicious to avoid all running accounts, and to secure at least monthly settlements with all customers. Cash should be the rule; credit the exception.

To persons of an enthusiastic and speculative temperament, printing promises great advantages in the prosecution of business. Their proclivity to run in debt should not be encouraged by any printer. If the applicant has not the money to hazard in an advertising experiment, it is more than probable that he never will earn it. There are certain kinds of printing for which credit should never be given. All kinds of election work, the publishing of a newspaper or a book, or the establishment of an invention or patent medicine, are as full of hazard as any form of gambling. The party intending to reap the reward should take the sole risk, and pay any loss.

Probably no class of tradesmen suffer more severely from the failure of adventurers than printers. A thrifty printer, who wishes to maintain his own credit, must be inexorable in refusing credit to all new and unendorsed publishing enterprises. Work should stop when pay stops. Cases will occur where the application of such a rigorous rule will appear both harsh and injudicious. But it is the experience of all old printers, that it is much the wiser course to lose an apparently valuable customer and profitable work, rather than take risk with him. To break friendly business relations on grounds of distrust with an estimable man is always an unpleasant duty, and one that will require some nerve on the part of the young printer, especially if the customer is already somewhat in debt, and refusal to trust him further is probably equivalent to a certain loss of the indebtedness that has been already incurred. This disagreeable task can be materially lightened by advising the customer before the work is accepted, that under no circumstances can there be any credit; that a failure to make weekly payments from any cause whatever will stop the work. A customer who declines to accede to such arrangements is not desirable. When credit is given, it should be given with a limit as to amount, but fully and heartily in form. Pay no attention to evasive or conditional promises. Accept no equivocation or division of responsibility. If the person who is expected to pay the bill will not give a positive order, decline the work.

BREVIER NO. 20. SOLID. 64 LINES, 1011 WORDS.

THERE came into my hands by chance the other day a copy of the first edition of the works of John Hookham Frere, published by Mr. B. M. Pickering, son of that William Pickering whose name has long been honored by lovers of fine books. This copy—and I hope not to scare off the general reader by the phrase—is on large paper, and of such copies only 25 in all were printed. Of those on ordinary paper the whole number, if I recollect rightly, did not exceed 750. The book became a scarce one soon after its publication, for when it went out of print copies filtered back into the market very slowly. Both the Pickerings have shown courage in giving to the public editions of great writers whom other publishers would not touch. The public prove sometimes grateful and sometimes ungrateful. In other words, these issues were not always profitable, but scholars and literary men and bibliophiles of all grades reaped the benefit of Mr. Pickering's enterprise. In the end, I may add, the public has been made to pay handsomely. Many books which the late Mr. Pickering sold off at a fourth of the cost have of late years been bringing more than four times their published price. It is a pity that this appreciation of them came too late to be of help to him. In the case of Mr. Frere's works, the demand proved to be so unexpectedly great that a second edition was finally called for. This has been printed in a style slightly less luxurious than the first, but is, in point of elegance, superior to most of the books of the day.

As there is still here and there a publisher who aims at excellence in book-making, he will perhaps allow me to suggest to him that he could not do better than examine with some care the work that has been done on the large paper Frere of the first edition. The paper is hand-made, and of a texture just suited to take a good impression: not too hard in surface, as the best Whatman paper sometimes is; not too rough, as some of the best of the Van Gelder and other Dutch papers are. It certainly would not answer for ordinary books, being too costly, too stiff for easy folding, and otherwise ill-adapted to the hurried processes of book-binding by machinery. I notice that in this copy, though it is not bound in the proper sense of the word, but has been put into cloth boards, the binder has taken the precaution to cut up every alternate leaf, with the gratifying result that no creases are to be seen. The necessity for all this care is rather an advantage than otherwise, for excellence in no art can be attained without difficulties to overcome. And in treating of book-making as an art, what we want to know is, not the best average work that can be done, but the best absolutely. There will be no danger of its influence on the habits of the trade proving too great. The paper is white, with just the suggestion of a yellowish tint to keep it from being glaring—by no means what American publishers at one time were so fond of under the name of tinted paper, which was of a positive color, and almost worse than the blue tint which is so common a fault in the Dutch papers.

A practical printer would be the first to admire the typography of the book. Its various contents required a great variety of type. More than a dozen different sorts of letter may be counted sometimes on a single page, yet there is an evenness of appearance throughout which is the best proof of good taste in selection. The face of the type is almost always thin, and the whole of it is at once elegant and clear. The vignettes, initial letters, fleurons and culs-de-lampe are carefully designed and artistic. The press-work has been done with considerable care. It is too seldom that one sees in a modern book so distinct an impression, or a more exact register. And the ink is black—not quite uniformly so, but as a rule, and has a real luster. This is the greater merit, because in no particular does modern book-making—even the best—more commonly fail. In cheap books it must be expected to fail, for good ink fetches a good price. This is the weak point of the modern French printers. Mame's otherwise fine series of French classics offers you a page which is positively weak from the paleness of the ink. Some of Jouaust's work has the same fault; so has Scheuring's and Claye's, though an exception in favor of the latter must be made in the case of the Bida Gospels which he printed for Messrs. Hachette. It must be said that Whittingham is capable, like other mortals, of using gray ink, and that ink may be black without being brilliant. The Chiswick press, like all others, must do cheap work for profit, and occasional good work for the glory of the printer's art. In accuracy it leaves something to be desired. The page of errata at the end of the first volume shows careless proof-reading. The most beautiful books have not always been the most accurate. Many of the *incunabula* swarm with errors; the best sixteenth century books, the best Aldines excepted, are far from immaculate; the Elzevirs in the next age are of every degree of merit; and when we get down to Bodoni we find in a single volume the extreme of typographical luxury combined with scandalous carelessness. If this is the practical age we proclaim it to be, how happens it we make so little progress in an art which in no other age was ever used so extensively as now? Our mechanical improvements have been marvelous, but our real gains are limited to speed and cheapness of production.

G. W. SMALLEY, in "New-York Tribune."

BREVIER NO. 11. SOLID. 64 LINES, 913 WORDS.

HERE is a practice among publishers which, at first blush, seems an insult offered to good literature. When sending out a traveler to make sales to booksellers of some forthcoming book, they will frequently provide him, not with a copy of the book itself, but with a dummy made up of blank paper, trimly clad in the cloth case which is finally to hold the book, duly stamped and lettered in black and gold, black alone, or gold alone, or simply stamped in blind. By this sample he is to recommend the book to the dealer, and on this to take his orders. It is better to find the rationale of this custom than to denounce it as a slight put upon literature. The cover sells the book to the dealer, because the dealer himself sells the book to his customer in turn very largely by means of its outside dress. Many a book which has doggedly refused to move from the bookseller's shelf has refused in the most lively manner to stay there when newly set out in some jaunty fashion of bookbinding. The book agent, too, lets his victim feast his eyes on the fool's gold that displays itself upon the broad expanse of the subscription book, knowing the charm that lies in it.

It is not to be expected that the bookbinders and the public will ever keep very far apart in their taste, but it is nevertheless possible to bind books in accordance with sound taste, and to catch the public eye also. Moreover, it only needs a little courage on the part of a publisher to make him a reformer in good taste, in a modest way, and there will always be a long suffering minority who will hail with rejoicing any recognition of their very reserved rights. The first consideration and the last is that every book should have a cover which bears some relation to the contents of the book. A cook book and a theological treatise ought not to make the same appeal to the eye. No one who stops to think would deny this proposition. But there are more subtle distinctions which are constantly overlooked. A book in pure literature should not be mistaken for a book in science, yet any prevailing fashion, as for instance that of gold lettering and black arabesque printing, will probably display itself in both cases without discrimination.

To begin at the bottom, the board used in cloth covers should be graded in its thickness according to the weight of the book which it has to sustain; it is a piece of deception and of vulgarity to put heavy boards with beveled edges upon thin books. It is done to make them look more substantial, and so warrant a higher price. The cloth again is likely to run upon some fancy pattern or color, which is merely novel and not in itself good. The pattern and color should be determined by two considerations, the nature of the book and the character of the decoration to be used on this ground. A dark brown is suited to historical works, and in general to books of dignity; blue might fairly be used for romance and poetry, but, unfortunately, blue is not in favor, because it is said to fade; this may be true of the lighter shades, but we have seen smooth blue cloth-bound books that look as delightful to the eye as they did years ago. Red, especially in its deeper tones, suits scientific and military books and books relating to the mechanic arts. Black the human mind instinctively refers to theology, and it is curious to see how the books which of late years have undertaken to make theology popular have invariably dressed themselves in the more sociable brown cloth. White, or the lightest shades of yellow, belongs to the fine arts, but for the lightest of gay reading it may well be used if covered boldly with a black stamp that only lets the light through here and there. Novels and easy-going literature generally should be allowed the buffs and grays, while travel and natural history claim green. The mineral colors as a rule are detestable. We hold that the grain of the cloth should obey the general law, that the daintier the book the smoother it should be, books that require a firmer grasp being entitled to rough grain.

When it comes to the matter of lettering and decoration it is more difficult to lay down specific rules. Yet here also there are certain canons which ought not to be disregarded. The lettering on our books is almost always bad. A condensed letter is too much used, owing to the endeavor to make narrow backs carry broad titles. We would simplify the titles in the first place, then use as round a letter as possible, and avoid imitation of fancy types. When a title, however, forms part of some general scheme of decoration, the artist ought to make the lettering also picturesque. The decoration of a book cover most certainly ought to be intrusted to a special artist, and that artist ought not to be the die-sinker, but a workman in the bindery. The greatest evil we have to contend against is the inveterate habit of our Western eye, when not cultivated, to call for formal symmetry. It is necessary now, when a good design is to be procured, to go outside of the craft.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

BREVIER NO. 20. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 55 LINES, 834 WORDS.

BOOKS are our household gods; and we cannot prize them too highly. They are the only gods in all the mythologies that are ever beautiful and unchangeable; for they betray no man, and love their lovers. I confess myself an idolator of this literary religion, and am grateful for the blessed ministry of books. It is a kind of heathenism which needs no missionary funds, no Bible even, to abolish it; for the Bible itself caps the peak of this new Olympus, and crowns it with sublimity and glory. Amongst the many things we have to be thankful for, as the result of modern discoveries, surely this of printed books is the highest of all; and I, for one, am so sensible of its merits that I never think of the name of Gutenberg without feelings of veneration and homage.

I no longer wonder, with this and other instances before me, why in the old days of reverence and worship the saints and benefactors of mankind were exalted into a kind of demi-gods, and had worship rendered to their tombs and memories; for this is the most natural, as well as the most touching, of all human generosities, and springs from the profoundest depths of man's nature. Who does not love John Gutenberg?—the man that with his leaden types has made the invisible thoughts and imaginations of the soul visible and readable to all and by all, and secured for the worthy a double immortality? The birth of this person was an era in the world's history second to none save that of the Advent of Christ. The dawn of printing was the outburst of a new revelation, which, in its ultimate unfoldings and consequences, are alike inconceivable and immeasurable.

I sometimes amuse myself by comparing the condition of the people before the time of Gutenberg with their present condition, that I may fix the idea of the value and blessedness of books more vividly in my mind. It is an occupation not without profit, and makes me grateful and contented with my lot. In these reading days one can hardly conceive how our good forefathers managed to kill their superfluous time, or how at least they could be satisfied to kill it as they did. A life without books, when we have said all we can about the honor and nobility of labor, would be something like Heaven without God—scarcely to be endured by an immortal nature. And yet this was the condition of things before Gutenburg made his far-sounding metallic tongues, which reach through all the ages that have since passed away, and make us glad with their eloquence.

Formerly the ecclesiastics monopolized the literature of the world; they were indeed in many cases the authors and transcribers of books, and we are indebted to them for the preservation of the old learning. Now every mechanic is the possessor of a library, and may have Plato and Socrates, as well as Chaucer and the bards, for his companions. I call this a heavenly privilege, and the greatest of all known miracles, notwithstanding it is so cheap and common. Plato died above two thousand years ago, yet in these printed books he lives and speaks forever. There is no death to thought, which, though it may never be imprisoned in lettered language, has nevertheless an existence and propagative vitality as soon as it is uttered, and endures from generation to generation, to the very end of the world. I think we should all of us be grateful for books: they are our best friends and most faithful companions. They instruct, cheer, elevate, and ennoble us; and in whatever mood we go to them, they never frown upon us, but receive us with cordial and loving sincerity: neither do they blab, or tell tales of us when we are gone, to the next comer; but honestly, and with manly frankness, speak to our hearts in admonition or encouragement. I do not know how it is with other men, but I have so much reverence for these silent and beautiful friends that I feel in them to have an immortal and divine possession, which is more valuable to me than many estates and kingdoms. The noise and babble of men disturb me not in my princely domain, enriched by the presence of so many high and royal souls. We make too little of books, and have quite lost the meaning of contemplation. Our times are too busy, too exclusively outward in their tendency, and men have lost their balance in the whirlpools of commerce and the fierce tornadoes of political strife. I want to see more poise in men, more self-possession; and these can only be gained by communion with books. I lay stress on the word communion. If an author be worth anything, he is worth bottoming. It may be all very well to skim milk, for the cream lies on the top; but who could skim Lord Bacon?

"JANUARY SEARLE."

BREVIER NO. 11. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 55 LINES, 777 WORDS.

IF a man with a fondness for books has also money enough to build a special room to hold them, as did the late William E. Burton to contain his fine theatrical library, he ought to consult those learned in the law of book-protecting. He would be told that the library should have very thick walls, to exclude the damp of spring, the heat of summer, and the cold of winter. He would be informed that the library should have windows only on one side, and that these windows should be recessed, that the sun may not shine in too violently, to the increase of moths and worms, and to the destruction of bindings. He would learn that the library should not be a corner, and that it should be protected, if possible, by other rooms on three sides. There are those who advocate a library wholly without windows, and lighted only by a skylight; but this is too severe and cheerless an arrangement for a true book-lover. There should be no carpet on the floor, for carpets hold dust, and dust is a great danger to books. Rugs, which may be shaken frequently, are sufficient covering for the floor. The heating arrangements, an open fire-place if convenient, should be ample enough to warm the room without making it hot; the ordinary hot-air furnace is very injurious to books, and should be the last resort.

These, however, are prescriptions for those who carry a long purse. The ordinary American is well satisfied if he can give up any corner of his house to his books. As often as not it is an odd room, useless for any other purpose, and cheerless at all times. Now this ought not to be. The library should be a room into which every member of the family may feel glad to go. It ought to be bright and cheerful. It ought to be easily accessible. It ought to be warmed in winter, and protected from the glare of the sun in summer. If the only room which can be devoted to holding books is too small to hold all the volumes the family is fortunate enough to own, or if no room at all can be given up to them exclusively, then by all means let the books overflow the house. Some authors have had books in almost every room of their residence. Southey had his even down along the staircase, lining its walls, and Shelley declares that Southey did not like his venturing to take down a volume as he descended the steps.

There are book-cases and book-cases, just as there are books and books. There is the richly-carved cabinet, with its inlaid panels, its elaborate brass, its silken curtains, its beveled glass, its chamois-covered shelves, its tough back carefully protected against damp, all uniting to perfect a fit tabernacle for priceless volumes, so old, so rare, so beautifully bound, as to be absolutely too precious for human creatures' daily food. There is the single board held against the side of a shanty by a bit of string and a nail or two, and supporting a worn Emerson, an old copy of Franklin, a cheap Shakespeare, and two or three volumes of Cooper, Scott, or Longfellow, battered and worn. And between these two extremes are numberless intermediate varieties. There is the sober row of books filling the top of the mantel-piece—a bad place for books, as the warped backs and cracking covers reveal only too soon. There is the first attempt at a book-case, the box once filled with soap or wine, now planed and stained and divided in two by a transverse partition, which serves as a shelf, and with the bottom and top gives accommodation for three rows of books; this primitive device is not to be despised, for it will afford shelf room for quite fifty volumes, two-thirds of which are inside the box, and are thus always ready to move and easy to handle. In a country with a population as nomadic as ours, any book-case, however elementary, which holds books as well in one place as another, and as well when moving from one place to another as when settled, and which saves all trouble of packing before transport and of rearrangement afterward, is not without its good points; and there are many worse ways of providing for books than a combination—by means of a few screws—of half a dozen such boxes into a large stand. A Massachusetts author keeps his entire library of several thousand volumes in these boxes.

BREVIER NO. 15. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 54 LINES, 729 WORDS.

E not only set before ourselves a service to God in preparing volumes of new books, but we exercise the duties of a holy piety if we first handle so as not to injure them, then return them to their proper places and commend them to undefiling custody, that they may rejoice in their purity while held in the hand and repose in security when laid up in their repositories. Truly, next to the vestments and the vessels dedicated to the body of the Lord, holy books deserve to be most decorously handled by the clergy, upon which injury is inflicted as often as they presume to touch them with a dirty hand. Wherefor, we hold it expedient to exhort students upon various negligences which can always be avoided.

In the first place, then, let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing of volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with precipitous haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed; for it is necessary that a book should be much more carefully preserved than a shoe. But school folks are in general perversely educated, and, if not restrained by the rule of their superiors, are puffed up with infinite absurdities; they act with petulance, swell with presumption, judge of everything with certainty, and are unexperienced in anything.

You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth, lounging sluggishly in his study, while the frost pinches him in winter time; oppressed with cold, his watery nose drops, nor does he take the trouble to wipe it with his handkerchief till it has moistened the book beneath it with its vile dew. For such a one I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He has a nail like a giant's, with which he points out the place of any pleasant subject. He distributes innumerable straws in various places, with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the mark what his memory cannot retain. These straws, which the stomach of the book never digests, and which nobody takes out, at first distend the book from its accustomed closure, and being carelessly left to oblivion, at last become putrid. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his empty cup from side to side upon it; and because he has not his alms-bag at hand, he leaves the rest of the fragments in his books. He never ceases to chatter with eternal garrulity to his companions; and while he adduces a multitude of reasons void of physical meaning, he waters the book, spread out upon his lap, with the sputtering of his saliva. What is worse, he next reclines with his elbows on the book, and by a short study invites a long nap; and by way of repairing the wrinkles, he twists back the margins of the leaves, to the no small detriment of the volume. He goes out in the rain, and now flowers make their appearance upon our soil. Then the scholar we are describing, the neglecter rather than the inspector of books, stuffs his volume with firstling violets, roses, and quadrifoils. He will next apply his wet hands, oozing with sweat, to turning over the volumes, then beat the white parchment all over with his dusty gloves, or hunt over the page, line by line, with his forefinger covered with dirty leather. Then, as the flea bites, the holy book is thrown aside, which, however, is scarcely closed in a month, and is so swelled with dust that it will not yield to the efforts of the closer.

And impudent boys are to be specially restrained from meddling with books, who, when they are learning to draw the forms of letters, if copies of the most beautiful books are allowed them, begin to become incongruous annotators, and wherever they perceive the broadest margin about the text, they furnish it with a monstrous alphabet, or their unchastened pen immediately presumes to draw any other frivolous thing whatever that occurs to their imagination. There are also certain thieves who enormously dismember books by cutting off the side margins for letter-paper (leaving only the letters or text), or the fly-leaves put in for the preservation of the book, which sort of sacrilege ought to be prohibited under a threat of anathema.

RICHARD DE BURY.

BREVIER LIGHT FACE. LEADED. 50 LINES, 497 WORDS.

THERE is some comfort for those who, like the essayist Henry Rogers for example, look with despair upon the accumulation of books, and with hopefulness in some overruling fate which disposed of the Alexandria library. There is an enormous mass no doubt of books in the world, but when we subtract the books to be read from the books which simply serve some temporary purpose, the remainder is small enough to restore cheerfulness, and when again we divide, setting apart those books which are themselves the origin and cause of other books, there is hope even for the man of business, that in his leisure moments he may read and enjoy them all.

The practical use to which every student or reader may put this discovery, is in the right he may claim to select his reading. Since the mere fact of something being in print lays no compulsion upon him to read it, for there is a splendid impossibility of his reading everything, he may have the most dense ignorance of the great mass of what goes by the name of literature, and retain his self-respect. Some idle reader of advertisements and book-notices saunters along with us as we go to our work and speaks of this or that new book, and we may bravely admit our utter ignorance of it. We need give ourselves no more concern about it than we do about the young women who comb their hair and shake bottles in advertisements of hair oil. Yet it requires oftentimes no small courage to be ready with our ignorance. It is like the mention of a name to us in conversation with a friend, who appeals to us for a sort of moral support as he is about to tell a story: You know——? We gently incline our head, trying not to commit ourselves to a plump acknowledgment. It is not of the slightest consequence to the story, but we are so anxious to oblige a friend. And in discourse of many books we are apt to give tacit admission of an acquaintance with them. Yes, we have merely seen it, we say, and bow—on the counter, we mentally explain, but it sounds as if we had glanced through it at least.

The dispersion of literature by the manifold instruments of books, magazines, and papers, and the universal spread of a common-school education, have conspired to cheapen not the real value of literature, but its apparent value. Every one reads—nearly every one writes. Books that have cost labor are condensed into a review article, strained into a weekly journal, scattered in short paragraphs through the daily papers. Gossip about authors, tattle about their work, vulgar comparisons, and the easy praise of good-natured, hard-worked noticers, help to make the act of reading an indolent diversion. Printing caused writing, and the awakening of human thought, which was contemporaneous with the invention of printing, found other forms of activity also.

ELZEVIR BODY 8. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 49 LINES, 707 WORDS.

UT books have the advantage in many other respects: you may read an able preacher, when you have but a mean one to hear. Every congregation cannot hear the most judicious or powerful preachers; but every single person may read the books of the most powerful and judicious. Preachers may be silenced or banished, when books may be at hand: books may be kept at a smaller charge than preachers: we may choose books which treat of that very subject which we desire to hear of, but we cannot choose what subject the preacher shall treat of. Books we may have at hand every day and hour, when we can have sermons but seldom, and at set times. If sermons be forgotten, they are gone. But a book we may read over and over until we remember it; and, if we forget it, we may again peruse it at our pleasure, or at our leisure. So that good books are a very great mercy to the world.

As for play-books, and romances, and idle tales, I have already shewed in my "Book of Self-Denial" how pernicious they are, especially to youth, and to frothy, empty, idle wits, that know not what a man is, nor what he hath to do in the world. They are powerful baits of the devil, to keep more necessary things out of their minds, and better books out of their hands, and to poison the mind so much the more dangerously, as they are read with more delight and pleasure: and to fill the minds of sensual people with such idle fumes and intoxicating fancies as may divert them from the serious thoughts of their salvation, and (which is no small loss) to rob them of that precious time which was given them for more important business, and which they will wish and wish again at the last that they had spent more wisely.

Reading, with most people, doth more conduce to knowledge than hearing doth, and with very many it doth more than hearing to move the heart; because lively books may be more easily had than lively preachers.

The truth is, it is not the reading of many books which is necessary to make a man wise or good; but the well-reading of a few, could he be sure to have the best. And yet the reading of as many as is possible tendeth much to the increase of knowledge, and were the best way, if greater matters were not that way unavoidably to be omitted; life therefore being short, and work great, and knowledge being for love and practice, and no man having leisure to learn all things, a wise man must be sure to lay hold on that which is most useful. And the very subjects that are to be understood are numerous, and few men write of all. And on the same subject men have several modes of writing; as one excelleth in accurate method, and another in clear, convincing argumentation, and another in an affectionate, taking style: and the book that doth one cannot well do the other, because the same style will not do it.

Great store of all sorts of good books (through the great mercy of God) are common among us: he that cannot buy, may borrow. But take heed that you lose not your time in reading romances, play-books, vain jests, seducing or reviling disputes, or needless controversies. A course of reading Scripture and good books will be many ways to your great advantage. It will, above all other ways, increase your knowledge. It will help your resolutions and holy affections, and direct your lives. It will make your lives pleasant. The knowledge, the usefulness, and the variety to be found in these works will be a continual recreation to you, unless you are utterly besotted or debauched. The pleasure of this will turn you from your fleshly pleasures. You will have no need to go for delight to a play-house or a drinking-house. It will keep you from the sinful loss of time, by idleness or unprofitable employment or pastimes. You will cast away cards and dice when you find the sweetness of youthful learning.

RICHARD BAXTER.

BREVIER EXPANDED. TRIPLE LEADED. 36 LINES, 295 WORDS.

"IDLENESS is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good." A young man should read five hours in the day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge. . . .

He then took occasion to enlarge on the advantage of reading, and combated the idle, superficial notion that knowledge enough may be acquired in conversation. "The foundation," said he, "must be laid by reading." General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus are at such a distance from each other that he never attains a satisfactory view. . . .

He said that for general improvement a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though to be wise, if a man have a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. He added, "What we read with inclination works a much stronger impression." If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention; so there is but one-half to be employed on what we read. He told us he read Fielding's "Amelia" through without stopping. He said, "If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may not feel again the inclination."

BOSWELL'S "SAMUEL JOHNSON."

BREVIER NO. 20. LEADED. 50 LINES, 734 WORDS.

POET so full of zest as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is wont to live his life, rather than to scorn delights in service of the thankless muse. Dr. Holmes's easy-going method, and a sensible estimate of his own powers, have defined the limits of his zeal. His poetry was and is, like his humor, the overflow of a nervous, original, decidedly intellectual nature; of sparkling life, no less, in which he gathered the full worth of heyday experiences. See that glimpse of Paris, a student's pencilled sketch, with Clemence tripping down the Rue de Seine. It is but a bit, yet through its atmosphere we make out a poet who cared as much for the sweets of the poetic life as for the work that was its product. He had through it all a Puritan sense of duty, and the worldly wisdom that goes with a due perception of values, and he never lost sight of his practical career. His profession, after all, was what he took most seriously. Accepting, then, with hearty thanks, his care-dispelling rhyme and reason, pleased often by the fancies which he tenders in lieu of imagination and power, we go through the collection of his verse, and see that it has amounted to a great deal in the course of a bustling fifty years. These numerous pieces divide themselves, as to form, into two classes — lyrics and poetic essays in solid couplet-verse; as to purpose, into the lighter songs that may be sung, and the nobler numbers, part lyrical, part the poems, both gay and sober, delivered at frequent intervals during his pleasant career. In the years that followed his graduation, while practicing in Boston and afterward a lecturer at Dartmouth, he was summoned, nothing loath, whenever a dinner-song or witty ballad was needed at home, and calls from transpontine and barbaric regions came fast upon him as his popularity grew. Here are some forty printed poems, which cheered that lucky class of '29, and how many others went before and after them we know not. He is among college poets the paragon, and is surely the ideal civic bard.

The Autocrat is an essential part of Boston, like the crier who becomes so identified with a court that it seems as if Justice must change her quarters when he is gone. The Boston of Holmes, distinct as his own personality, certainly must go with him. Much will become new, when old things pass away with the generation of a wit who made a jest that his State House was the hub of the solar system, and in his heart believed it. The time is ended when we can be so local: this civic faith was born before the age of steam, and cannot outlast, save as a tradition, the advent of electric motors and octuple-sheets. Towns must lose their individuality, even as men — who yearly differ less from one another. Yet the provincialism of Boston has been its charm, and its citizens, striving to be cosmopolitan, in time may repent the effacement of their birth-mark.

A phantasmagory of the songs, odes, and rhymed addresses of so many years; collegiate and civic glories; tributes to princes, embassies, generals, heroes; welcomes to novelists and poets; eulogies of the dead; verse inaugural and dedicatory; stanzas read at literary breakfasts, New England dinners, municipal and bucolic feasts; odes natal, nuptial, and mortuary; metrical delectations offered to his brothers of the medical craft to which he is so loyal — bristling with scorn of quackery and challenge to opposing systems — not only equal to all occasions, but growing better with their increase. The half of his early collections is made up from efforts of this sort, and they constitute four-fifths of his verse during the last thirty years.

Now, what has carried Holmes so bravely through all this, if not a special kind of masterhood, an individuality, humor, touch, that we shall not see again? Thus we come, in fine, to be sensible of the distinctive gift of this poet. The achievement for which he must be noted is, that in a field the most arduous and least attractive he should bear himself with such zest and fitness as to be numbered among poets, and should do honor to an office which they chiefly dread or mistrust, and which is little calculated to excite their inspiration.

E. C. STEDMAN, "Poets of America."

BREVIER NO. 11. LEADED. 50 LINES, 673 WORDS.

A REASONABLE number of good books for boys is not to be had. Many of the old tales are out of point. Most of the new ones are trash. Some of the trash is religious in tone. Much more of it is of the "Old Sleuth" variety of reading. A part of it follows the "Jack Harkaway" style of impossible schoolboy feats. But all of it is useless from a literary, teaching, or amusing standpoint.

Some years ago counterfeit bank notes were common throughout the country. People looked on every note they received with great suspicion. Many of these notes were accepted at a heavy discount. Only legal tender notes passed without question at the full standard of value. It is a pity that there is no way of distinguishing good books from bad ones, like the old tests employed to find out which bank notes were good and which were bad. If there were, books might be stamped at their face value and readers might buy them accordingly. As it is, counterfeits of books are very plentiful, and only the practiced eye can detect the fraud that lies under the respectable cover.

In former days, readers were much fewer than at present. The writer found that publishers would only accept his work after the most careful scrutiny. Good fiction, especially, was not buried under a mass of rubbish as it is at present. It is impossible for even a man whose sole business in life is to write about novels, to keep track of all the stories, good and bad, now annually published.

Much of this superabundance of fiction is due to the financial needs of a few writers of stories who have turned their profession into a trade. After writing a few books with care, and receiving public appreciation for the doing of it, they began to use their names as a kind of trade mark and to prostitute their talents to rehashing their own first and best work. So far have such schemes been developed that several catch names are owned by New-York publishers of cheap fiction, and any modern Grub-street hack may be employed to write under such titles; the real author receives remuneration for his work, and waives the "glory."

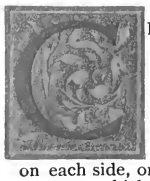
The primary object of books in a boy's hands is amusement. He does not care a peanut for the instruction a book may contain. If he is informed that it will do him good, he will most probably cease reading it at once. But while the dime-novel variety of reading induces a morbid craving for more that is never satisfied, good books are like a healthy meal that comes in its due season. A boy may have his good impulses increased by reading good books, just as they will be depraved by reading bad ones. All kinds of seed grow in a boy's fertile mind.

Modern writers make a great mistake to suppose that boys are not, in their way, as great critics as grown persons. They know a good book when they read it. Witness Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." Indeed, the latter story seems nearer to the genuine universal American boy's heart than any other book written. Just as the Viking blood of British boys makes them like "Robinson Crusoe" and wish to be sailors, so the "Story of a Bad Boy" impels the American boy to "do things."

Boys will have good books when their parents exercise an intelligent supervision in the selection of them. The Free Circulating Library and its branches and the Mercantile Library have done excellent work in this direction. But boys want healthier, stronger food than the libraries will grant them without their parents' coöperation. Any one who takes an interest in boys' reading should examine the catalogue of the juvenile department of the Mercantile Library. It is excellent, no doubt, but the omissions and retentions are a chart of what the average parent thinks a boy should read.

NEW-YORK SUN.

MINION NO. 20. SOLID. 71 LINES, 1118 WORDS.



HARLES LAMB left us many bright paragraphs helpful to book-lovers. In an essay on "The Two Races of Men" is this passage: "To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon: I mean your borrowers of books — those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out — (you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader) — with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side, once held the tallest of my folios, 'Opera Bonaventuræ,' choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters showed but as dwarfs. That Comberbatch [Coleridge] abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that 'the title to property in a book [my Bonaventure, for instance] is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same.' Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe? The slight vacuum in the left-hand case, two shelves from the ceiling, — scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser, — was whilom the commodious resting-place of Brown on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first of the moderns to discover its beauties; — but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified than himself to carry her off. Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is. The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector. Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, in sober state. There loitered the Complete Angler; and in yonder nook John Buncle, a widower volume, with 'eyes closed,' mourns his ravished mate."

From "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" these extracts are taken: "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without,' the Histories of Flavius Josephus, and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

"I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what 'seem its leaves,' to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find — Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed Encyclopedias set out in an array of russia or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

"I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow-hill, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a bread basket would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

"There is a class of street-readers whom I can never contemplate without affection — the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls; the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they 'snatch a fearful joy.' Martin B——, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of Clarissa, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition by asking him whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares that under no circumstances of his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches."

From "Old China": "Do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare — and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late — and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures — and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome — and when you presented it to me — and when we were exploring the perfectness of it ('collating' you called it) — and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum which you had lavished?"

MINION NO. 11. SOLID. 71 LINES, 1094 WORDS.

WILLINGLY concede all that you say against fashionable society as a whole. It is, as you say, frivolous, bent on amusement, incapable of attention sufficiently prolonged to grasp any serious subject, and liable both to confusion and inaccuracy in the ideas which it hastily forms or easily receives. You do right, assuredly, not to let it waste your most valuable hours, but I believe also that you do wrong in keeping out of it altogether. The society which seems so frivolous in masses contains individual members who, if you knew them better, would be able and willing to render you the most efficient intellectual help, and you miss this help by restricting yourself exclusively to books. Nothing can replace the conversation of living men and women; not even the richest literature can replace it.

The solitude which is really injurious is the severance from all who are capable of understanding us. Painters say that they cannot work effectively for very long together when separated from the society of artists, and that they must return to London, or Paris, or Rome, to avoid an oppressive feeling of discouragement which paralyzes their productive energy. Authors are more fortunate, because all cultivated people are society for them; yet even authors lose strength and agility of thought when too long deprived of a genial intellectual atmosphere. In the country you meet with cultivated individuals; but we need more than this, we need those general conversations in which every speaker is worth listening to. The life most favorable to culture would have its times of open and equal intercourse with the best minds, and also its periods of retreat. My ideal would be a house in London,—not far from one or two houses that are so full of light and warmth that it is a liberal education to have entered them,—and a solitary tower on some island of the Hebrides, with no companions but the sea-gulls and the thundering surges of the Atlantic. One such island I know well, and it is before my mind's eye, clear as a picture, while I am writing. It stands in the very entrance of a fine salt water loch, rising above two hundred feet out of the water and setting its granite front steep against the western ocean. When the evenings are clear you can see Staffa and Iona like blue clouds between you and the sunset; and on your left, close at hand, the granite hills of Mull, with Ulva to the right across the narrow strait. It was the dream of my youth to build a tower there, with three or four little rooms in it, and walls as strong as a lighthouse. There have been more foolish dreams, and there have been less competent teachers than the tempests that would have roused me and the calms that would have brought me peace. If any serious thought, if any noble inspiration might have been hoped for, surely it would have been there, where only the clouds and waves were transient, but the ocean before me, and the stars above, and the mountains on either hand, were emblems and evidences of eternity.

Let me recommend certain precautions which taken together are likely to keep you safe. Care for the physical health in the first place, for if there is a morbid mind the bodily organs are not doing their work as they ought to do it. Next, for the mind itself, I would heartily recommend hard study, really hard study, taken very regularly but in very moderate quantity. The effect of it on the mind is as bracing as that of cold water on the body, but as you ought not to remain too long in the cold bath, so it is dangerous to study *hard* more than a short time every day. Do some work that is very difficult (such as reading some language that you have to study out *à coups de dictionnaire*) two hours a day regularly, to brace the fighting power of the intellect, but let the rest of the day's work be easier. Acquire especially, if you possibly can, the enviable faculty of getting entirely rid of your work in the intervals of it, and of taking a hearty interest in common things, in a garden, or stable, or dog-kennel, or farm. If the work pursues you,—if what is called unconscious cerebration, which ought to go forward without your knowing it, becomes conscious cerebration, and bothers you, then you have been working beyond your cerebral strength.

The reading practised by most people, by all who do not set before themselves intellectual culture as one of the definite aims of life, is remarkable for the regularity with which it neglects all the great authors of the past. The books provided by the circulating library, the reviews and magazines, the daily newspapers, are read while they are novelties, but the standard authors are left on their shelves unopened. We require a firm resolution to resist this invasion of what is new, because it flows like an unceasing river, and unless we protect our time against it by some solid embankment of unshakable rule and resolution, every nook and cranny of it will be filled and flooded. An Englishman whose life was devoted to culture, but who lived in an out-of-the-way place on the Continent, told me that he considered it a decided advantage to his mind to live quite outside of the English library system, because if he wanted to read a new book he had to buy it and pay heavily for carriage besides, which made him very careful in his choice. For the same reason he rejoiced that the nearest English newsroom was two hundred miles from his residence.

For literary men there is nothing so valuable as a window with a cheerful and beautiful prospect. In years gone by, I had only to look up from my desk and see a noble loch in its inexhaustible loveliness, and a mountain in its majesty. It was a daily and hourly delight to watch the breezes play about the enchanted isles, on the delicate silvery surface, dimming some clear reflection, or trailing it out in length, or cutting sharply across it with acres of rippling blue. It was a frequent pleasure to see the clouds play about the crest of Cruachan and Ben Vorich's golden head, grey mists that crept upwards from the valleys till the sunshine caught them and made them brighter than the snows they shaded.

PHILIP G. HAMERTON.

MINION NO. 20. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 61 LINES, 659 WORDS.

UST how watchful and painstaking the proof-readers in large printing establishments are required to be, may be understood from the following extracts from the Instructions to Proof-readers in the Office Manual of the De Vinne Press:

The spelling, capitalizing, and pointing of a writer who is educated and methodical must not be changed without order from editor or the office. If the writer be educated but not methodical, the reader must make his work uniform in style according to what he believes is the writer's neglected standard. If the copy has been very carelessly written, or is clearly the work of an undisciplined writer, the reader will correct the proof according to the standard of the editor or of the office, as may be directed.

Bad spelling and bad grammar for which there is no authority must be corrected where they have obviously been made through ignorance or thoughtlessness. Exception must be made to this rule in dialect and quotations intended to be literally exact. Dialect must be made uniform in spelling, even if irregular in copy; different abbreviations of the same word by the same writer should not be passed.

Strange proper names, either of places or people, of history or fiction, must always be verified by reference to a biographical or geographical dictionary. A reader is in fault if he allow to be misspelled any word which can be found in the reference books of the office. The same observation will apply to quotations from the Bible, to ordinary proverbs, quotations or phrases in foreign languages, and to the ordinary nomenclature of science.

The time to be spent and the care to be given to a piece of reading must be determined by its importance. Ordinary work should be made correct to copy and yet done with reasonable dispatch. Writings of value should always be read critically, with a view to the discovery of more serious errors than those of spelling and punctuation.

When the reader discovers a plain error of statement, obviously made by the writer through lapse of memory or slip of the pen, he should correct. He does so, however, at his peril. He must know, and not suspect, it to be an error, and must be prepared to vindicate the soundness of his correction, not by his own belief, but by recognized authority. Wherever he only suspects error, he must query.

Whenever he makes a change in a quotation, date, or statement, he must, without exception, note upon the author's proof the change he has made.

In every writing of value, the reader should query faulty construction in a sentence, a bad metaphor, an inconsistent statement, the misuse of a word, and all faults of similar character; but in no case will he be allowed to correct these faults when the author will follow his reading. He must stop with the query. Only in extreme cases will he be warranted in suggesting to the author a proper correction. The reader must not overstep his duty, which is to correct and not to edit. He must not spend unnecessary time in the consultation of reference books to make up the deficiencies of a careless writer, nor should he worry an author with suggested emendations, or pedantic niceties.

Every paragraph containing an alteration in a proof that makes one or more overruns must be re-read as first proof. It must be read aloud by copy-holder, from last altered proof, or must be collated, word for word, to the end of the paragraph. Revising the alteration only, and re-reading the paragraph without copy-holder or collation, will not be permitted.

The second reader must not remodel the punctuation of the first, nor make any serious change in the work he has done, unless the matters to be corrected are of unmistakable importance. If he thinks it necessary to make great changes, he should submit the changes proposed to the foreman for his decision.

MINION NO. 11. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 61 LINES, 828 WORDS.

FROM the same Manual are selected these Rules for Compositors:

As a general rule, follow the fairly prepared copy of an educated writer, in spelling, punctuation, and use of capitals. If you find some words spelled contrary to prevailing usage,—such as Kikero, honour, Havannah, almanack,—or if pointing and capitalizing violate office rules, follow copy without question. It is the author's undoubted right to go before the public in his own way. But make sure that these peculiarities are his way—that they are of set purpose and not pen-slips.

This rule will not apply to magazines, in which the methods of spelling, pointing, and capitalizing adopted by the editor, for the sake of uniformity, must be observed in preference to the wishes of the author.

You must not follow copy that has been carelessly prepared, without system in the use of points and capitals, and by a writer who spells badly, either through carelessness or ignorance. You must correct faults of spelling and of grammar; but you must not transpose clauses, nor disconnect sentences that are too long, nor change words that have not been properly selected. Editing must be done in the manuscript, not at ease, nor even in the proof.

Reprint copy, when inserted in a text, in the form of extracts from old books, or letters or quotations intended to be literally exact, must be scrupulously followed in every detail of spelling, abbreviation, pointing, or bad grammar. All the peculiarities of the writer must be preserved, without regard to the method of composition observed in the text.

The text must be uniform in spelling, pointing, and capitalizing, according to the standard selected, which will, as here specified, sometimes be that of the office and, at others, that of editor or author.

In standard book-work, when capitalizing according to the rules of the office, use capitals sparingly. The pronouns he, his, and him, when referring to Deity, will always begin with lower-case h, as is done in the Bible. On catalogues and general job-work, capitals should be more freely used as a means of emphasis.

Divisions of words are not so objectionable as uneven spacing. Do not avoid them at the expense of uniform spacing.

The violent planing-down of a form will be regarded as evidence of the ignorance of the workman who does it. The same remark will apply to unnecessary force in beating a proof.

Follow, as closely as you can, the directions on your copy concerning display, as may be indicated by underscoring or otherwise. If copy is underscored too much, give the leading lines full prominence, and reduce the size of the minor lines of display.

Set the matter as writer directs, so as to make the most show, even if the direction is in violation of established typographical rules.

Never select ornamented letter for advertisements, or for books, or legal or mercantile work.

You may use the plainer faces of black-letter and pointed texts for the display of law and church work, but they must be used sparingly and with discretion.

Even in ornamental work use ornaments and ornamental letter sparingly. They are not ornamental when used in excess or inappropriately.

As a rule, legibility is wanted oftener than ornament. Plain faces have more admirers than fancy letters.

If you have liberty to choose, never set a solid text type in a measure of more than fifty ems of that text type. Long lines are hard to read.

If you can do so, select for the body of the text a type that can be leaded. A dozen lines of leaded long primer are more readable than fifteen lines of solid small pica.

The monotony of a large piece of plain text, in which or over which there can be little or no display, can be relieved by a large initial letter.

For plain book-work, or for matter like it, in its avoidance of display, a plain two-line letter is large enough. For a circular, or a large quarto page, an initial of three or four lines is permissible. Plain initials of same cut as the text are, as a rule, the ones most approved.

Avoid fantastic arrangements of types and ornaments. Do not try to show your skill by eccentric fancies in composition, but try to show up the subject-matter in the simplest manner.

Never make ornamentation or ornamental letter the feature of your work. Use ornaments only to grace the letter, not to draw the eye away from the reading matter. Observe the architect's rule: You may ornament construction; you must not construct ornament.

Business Cards should be in very plain and readable types, and the lines should be arranged in the simplest manner. Do not use curved lines or ornamental letters without order. Avoid also extra condensed, script, and black letters.

If practicable, set the card in one style only, making display by different sizes of that style.

MINION NO. 20. LEADED. 55 LINES, 895 WORDS.

THE old theory of a book was, that if it were good enough to print it was good enough to bind, so as to preserve it permanently to be read over and over again. But since no book is sufficiently dry, nor is the type *set* on the paper for this purpose, it was necessary to place it in some kind of wrapper to serve a temporary end. The most elementary covering is that paper wrap known and cursed by all purchasers of German and French books — the lightest sewing, the flimsiest cover, so that the book is in rags before it is read through. But the miraculous thing is, that Continental students not only seem willing to endure this, but, whether it is that they read their books laid flat on the table and less at the fireside than we do, they certainly tear their books less apart, and actually keep them on the shelves for years, referring to them now and again in that condition. The amazement was great when, on first making his acquaintance many years ago, the writer gazed on the library shelves of that great scholar and charming writer, M. Renan, nearly all of which were filled to overflowing with books in paper covers, which, because he wanted them so often for reference, he had never had the time to send to the binders.

The old boarding of the last century, as practiced among ourselves, was pleasant, pretty, and useful. It was simply two sheets of stiff cardboard united by the back, the sides covered with blue or gray paper, and the name of the book on a pasted label. It served its purpose till the book could be bound; it was neat and cheap, and there was no pretense that it imitated anything beyond itself. Yet it had its disadvantages: it caught the dirt easily and soon became shabby; while, unquestionably, there are many books not good enough to deserve a leather binding, which are yet worth preserving as long as we are likely to need them. Hence has sprung up what are called cloth bindings, more or less ornate, fairly inoffensive in the hands of a person of taste, but also frequent vehicles for pretension, vulgarity, and imitation. There is little to be said in reference to this matter, except that in the case of really good books "boards" should always be regarded as temporary, inadequate coverings. And in reference to future bindings, all faces should be set like flints against a detestable habit lately introduced of using wire instead of thread to fasten the sheets together. When a book stitched in this fashion is sent to be really bound, the difficulty of removing the wire is so great that the book is almost sure to be torn; and, moreover, this again introduces into books what we should so eagerly strive to eliminate, the merely mechanical, non-human labor.

Readers are much divided on the question whether books should or should not be cut. Some people are angry with the publishers that books to be read are not issued like Bradshaw's Guides, Bibles, Prayer-Books, and the like, with cut edges. The reason is that, when a volume is bound, the edges, being thrown out of the level smoothness they have acquired from the first cutting, will need a second trimming, and the margin will be sensibly reduced, so that the broad type will have a miserably inadequate setting, as though you should put a picture in a frame too narrow for it. Those who care for the future of our well-bound books will see that there is reason for refusing to give in to the unreasonable cry for books with cut edges. But when the paper-knife is used, it should be done thoroughly. Some people never cut a book humanely; they tear it, or maltreat it, as though they had a special enmity toward it.

When a book worth preserving is really to be bound, the binding should be suitable, and done by a good workman. The early bindings were most costly. In the British Museum and other great collections, are to be seen covers in gold or silver, or carven wood, with bosses of precious stones, or of the metal itself wrought into special ornament on velvet or leather. But of bindings which were to be used and handled daily, the earliest fine specimens, which even now cannot be outdone, date from the first half of the sixteenth century. Many of the bindings executed for Jean Grolier are still extant, and fetch very high prices when they come into the market; they are remarkable in another way than their beauty, in showing the large and liberal spirit of a man, for they are inscribed, "Of the books of Jean Grolier and his friends." His notion of a book was that it should be used, and indeed if books are to be valued men must be trusted with them, and allowed access even to those which are the most precious. Whoever will have his books really cared for must learn to take in them an intelligent interest, must consult with, instruct as well as defer to, the artist, and spend at least as much pains about the clothing of his books as about that of his own person or that of his wife and daughters.

MINION NO. 11. LEADED. 55 LINES, 838 WORDS.

DR. JAVAL in the "Revue Scientifique," goes very thoroughly into the question of what constitutes legibility of type, commencing by glancing at the general progress of type and printing; then noticing the particular form of each letter; thereafter going into the question of thin lines or up-strokes, and thick lines or down-strokes, and concluding with the sizes it has been found advisable to adopt both as regards type and leading.

He contends that the eye, while reading, has not time to thoroughly examine each letter in all its parts, but that it follows a strictly horizontal line, intersecting all the short letters at a point a little below the top, and in proof of this he suggests the following trial, viz.: having read a dozen lines or so of a broad-faced, but not leaded, type, to close your eyes suddenly — the result is that one sees reflected in the field of vision "horizontal flutings" alternately light and dark, which are the reproduction of the printed matter. This he considers is sufficient to prove, at all events, that the eye travels horizontally while reading. Again, the eye confines itself to gliding horizontally for the purpose of avoiding complicated and useless movements, and the horizontal position is dictated by the structure of our typographical characters. Thus, if you cover over the upper half of a line of type, it is with some difficulty that you can make out the words of which only the lower half is visible; while if you cover up the lower half, you will be able to read almost as easily as if the whole were entirely exposed.

Dividing the alphabet into four classes, viz., superior long letters, such as b, d, h, &c.; inferior long letters, like g, j, p, &c.; short straight letters, such as m, n, &c., and short round letters, such as a, c, e and s, Dr. Javal points out how much more legible some letters will always be than others — no matter what you do to them. He condemns the practice of sacrificing everything to regularity in appearance, and proposes rather to enlarge the heads without altering the lower part of the letters; and in this he would be guided by ancient precedent. He is strongly in favor of the retention of the "terminal lines" which end the down-strokes, which he considers corresponds to the apices of the ancient Romans, and are not for the sole purpose of ornament, or merely the result of tradition; but he at the same time suggests their being made heavier, in order that they may not suffer injury when being distributed, or doing correction on the stone, and moreover that they should be reduced somewhat in length. He considers that the perfection of form is a rounded base.

Dr. Javal would distinguish between type to be used for children and that to be used for adults, for the latter read looking to the general appearance of the letters or even of whole words, whereas a child looks carefully at each part of a letter, and for children he would, therefore, make the up as well as the down strokes heavy. He attaches the greatest importance to spacing, and considers that the white space at the sides of letters, as well as between words themselves, has a very important bearing upon the question of legibility, and for that reason he holds up as an example works printed in English, which he deems owe much of their legibility to the shortness of the words in our language, which has the effect of multiplying the white spaces. Absence of leads, our authority considers a matter of no consequence, and would recommend that type founders should direct their attention to increasing the width, and not touching — or if anything, reducing — the depth of the letters. As Dr. Javal says, if paper cost nothing, the question would lose a deal of its interest, one would lead matter heavily, using a heavy broad-faced type, &c., as it is not a difficult thing "to live well when money is no object." The exaggerated length of the lines in type is held to be one of the causes of the increase of short sight in Germany; and in explanation and support of this view we are given a somewhat elaborate diagram showing the length lines should be, and applying the argument to both short and long-sighted people.

Dr. Javal brings his excellent paper to a close with the expression of a regret that at present he is unable to lay down precise rules respecting the employment of the typographic characters actually in use; but he considers he has proved that legibility is not dependent on leading, or on the height of the letters, but on their breadth, and also on the spacing; it is only by fixing the number of letters to be allowed laterally, that a useful result can be accomplished. The length of the lines of type will at the same time have to be limited.

MINION NO. 16. LEADED. 54 LINES, 909 WORDS.

EXTRACTS from the letters and writings of Thomas Carlyle:

"Excepting one or two individuals, I have little society that I value very highly; but books are a ready and effectual resource. May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books! I may not detain you with the praises of an art that carries the voice of man to the extremity of the earth and to the latest generations; but it is lawful for the solitary wight to express the love he feels for those companions so steadfast and unpresuming, that go or come without reluctance, and that, when his fellow animals are proud or stupid or peevish, are ever ready to cheer the languor of his soul, and gild the barrenness of life with the treasures of bygone times."—Letter to Robert Mitchell, 1818.

"Do not fear that I shall read you a homily on that hackneyed theme—contentment. Simply I wish to tell you that in days of darkness—for there are days when my support (pride, or whatever it is) has enough to do—I find it useful to remember that Cleanthes, whose memorable words may last yet another two thousand years, never murmured when he labored by night as a street-porter that he might hear the lectures of Zeno by day; and that Epictetus, the ill-used slave of a cruel tyrant's as wretched minion, wrote that 'Enchiridion' which may fortify the soul of the latest inhabitant of the earth."—Letter to Robert Mitchell, 1818.

"I thank Heaven I have still a boundless appetite for reading. I have thoughts of lying buried alive here [Craigenputtock] for many years, forgetting all stuff about 'reputation,' success, and so forth, and resolutely setting myself to gain insight by the only method not shut out from me—that of books. Two articles (of fifty pages) in the year will keep me living; employment in that kind is open enough. For the rest, I really find almost that I do best when forgotten by men, and nothing above or around me but the imperishable heaven."—Journal, 1832.

"On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them—from the daily newspaper to the sacred Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing! For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a book? It is the *thought* of man, the true thaumaturgic virtue, by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does, and brings to pass, is the vesture of a thought. This London city, with all its houses, palaces, steam engines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a thought, but millions of thoughts made into one—a huge, immeasurable spirit of a thought, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, palaces, Parliaments, hackney coaches, Katherine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to *think* of the making of that brick. The thing we called "bits of paper with traces of black ink" is the purest embodiment a thought of man can have. No wonder it is, in all ways, the activest and noblest."—Lectures on Heroes, 1840.

"I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books,—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense,—he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books. Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted or ill-acquainted with this plain fact; but I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question; I even venture to deny that. It would be much safer and better for many a reader that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful. But an ingenious reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people, though not a very great number. In short, as I think I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls: divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward: calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching, in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class of books, my young friends."—Inaugural Address as Rector of the University at Edinburgh, 1866.

NONPAREIL NO. 12. LEADED. 60 LINES, 904 WORDS.

HORACE WALPOLE'S gothic romance, "The Castle of Otranto," was begun in June, 1764, and finished on the 6th August following. It occupied eight nights of this period from ten o'clock at night until two in the morning, to the accompaniment of coffee. In a letter to Cole, the Cambridge antiquary, with whom Walpole commenced to correspond in 1762, he gives some further particulars, which because they have been so often quoted can scarcely be omitted here: "Shall I even confess to you what was the origin of this romance! I waked one morning in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with gothic story), and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armor. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands and I grew fond of it—add that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed by my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph."

The work of which the origin is thus described was published in a limited edition on the 24th December, 1764, with the title of "The Castle of Otranto, a Story, translated by William Marshal, Gent, from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto." The name of the alleged Italian author is sometimes described as an anagram for Horace Walpole—a misconception which is easily demonstrated by counting the letters. The book was printed not for Walpole, but for Lownds of Fleet Street, and it was prefaced by an introduction in which the author described and criticised the supposed original, which he declared to be a black-letter printed at Naples in 1529. Its success was considerable. It seems at first to have excited no suspicion as to its authenticity, and it is not clear that even Gray, to whom a copy was sent immediately after publication, was in the secret. "I have received the 'Castle of Otranto,'" he says, "and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here [at Cambridge], makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights." In the second edition, which followed in April, 1765, Walpole dropped the mask, disclosing his authorship in a second preface of great ability, which, among other things, contains a vindication of Shakespeare's mingling of comedy and tragedy against the strictures of Voltaire—a piece of temerity which some of his French friends feared might prejudice him with that formidable critic. But what is even more interesting is his own account of what he had attempted. He had endeavored to blend ancient and modern romance—to employ the old supernatural agencies of Scuderi and La Calprenède as the background to the adventures of personages modeled closely upon ordinary life. These are not his actual illustrations, but they express his meaning. "The actions, sentiments, conversations, of the heroes and heroines of ancient days were as unnatural as the machines employed to set them in motion." He would make his heroes and heroines natural in all these things, only borrowing from the older school some of that imagination, invention, and fancy which, in the literal reproduction of life, he thought too much neglected.

His idea was novel, and the moment a favorable one for its development. Fluently and lucidly written, the "Castle of Otranto" set a fashion in literature. But like many other works produced under similar conditions, it had its day. To the pioneer of a movement which has exhausted itself, there comes often what is almost worse than oblivion—discredit and neglect. A generation like the present, for whom fiction has unraveled so many intricate combinations, and whose Gothicism and Mediævalism is better instructed than Walpole's, no longer feels its soul harrowed up in the same way as did his hushed and awestruck readers of the days of the third George. To the critic the book is interesting as the first of a school of romances which had the honor of influencing even the mighty "Wizard of the North," who—no doubt in gratitude—wrote for "Ballantyne's Novelist's Library" a most appreciative study of the story. But we doubt if that many-plumed and monstrous helmet, which crashes through walls and cellars, could now give a single shiver to the most timorous Cambridge don, while we suspect that the majority of modern students would, like the author, leave Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph, but from a different kind of weariness. Indeed, Walpole's friend, Gilly Williams, wrote to Selwyn upon the appearance of the book, that it was "such a novel that no boarding school miss of thirteen could get through without yawning." *Autres temps, autres mœurs*—especially in the matter of Gothic Romance.

AUSTIN DOBSON, "Memoirs of Horace Walpole."

NONPAREIL NO. 20. SOLID. 162 LINES, 1442 WORDS.

NOT long ago a delivery wagon of the Adams Express Company stopped at the distinctly dingy front door of 64 Madison Avenue. If Mr. Terence Corrigan, the short-haired but accomplished driver, had known the contents of the somewhat heavy box that he lugged into the house and gave into the care of a dark-eyed gentleman with a pleasant voice, who met him in the hall, it is not unlikely that he would have opened his blue eyes, scratched his hard head, and perhaps have sworn a gentle oath or two as he reflected upon the number of fools in the world hitherto undiscovered by himself. The box did not contain either snakes or dynamite—only a single book. But that book was worth $16,000.

It came from Mr. Theodore Irwin of Oswego, N. Y., and was sent to the Grolier Club, to be shown in one of the club's occasional exhibitions of rare, curious, and antique books. It was a Gutenberg Bible, of which seven copies are known to be in existence. Mr. Brayton Ives has one, for instance, but he does n't keep it in his pew in church. Being the first book printed with movable types, he is afraid it might become a type of movable books, and that he might not find it when he wanted to follow the lesson for the day.

The Grolier Club, as many people know, was founded in 1884 by a few gentlemen interested in such matters. It is a gathering of those who love books for their external beauty—for the choice quality of the paper, for the graceful firmness of the type, for the even clearness of the presswork, for the harmonious elegance of the illustrations, and for the decorative skill bestowed on the binding. Its constitution declares that "its object shall be the literary study and promotion of the arts pertaining to the production of books." That is to say, the Grolier Club is interested in books not as literature but as works of art. It is with the art and mystery of the book-maker, the printer, the engraver, and the binder, and not with the secrets of authorship, that the members of the Grolier Club concern themselves, although many of them are scholars and students of literature. They are true book-lovers, and not mere book-hoarders; they are bibliophiles, not bibliomaniacs; they love a book for its intrinsic beauty, they cherish a volume because of its charming vignettes or its vigorous presswork. Its resident membership of 250 is now full. Its non-resident membership is spread from London to Oregon.

The club is named for Jean Grolier de Servier, Viscount d'Aguisy, Treasurer-General of France, statesman and lover of books. He was born in 1476, and during the eighty-six years of his life he was the friend of kings and of artisans, of popes and of bookbinders. He helped struggling literary men by asking them to dinner and setting before them, with the medieval walnuts, "gloves, in each of which was a considerable sum of gold."

In his wonderful library were to be found only such books as were remarkable for their literary value and their beauty of form. He selected the best copies he could find, and often had several copies of a book printed especially for himself on fine paper, and bound in the richest manner possible. The finest copy he kept for himself and distributed the others among his lucky friends. He had the frontispieces and the initials painted in gold and in colors, and the covers were ornamented by the most skilful workmen in the world. He permitted himself the exquisite extravagance of having new margins carefully added to leaves which had been left too short in folding, so that all the margins might be uniformly and exceptionally wide. Some people believe that he was so generous as to consider his books the "common property of his friends and himself." If this be true, none of his descendants have inherited his open heart.

His library was sold and scattered in 1675, and books bound by Grolier and bearing his motto on the side are sought for to-day by the greatest public libraries and the richest collectors as unimpeachable treasures. A simple octavo volume from his library has been sold for $750. Columbia College owns examples of Grolier, so does the Astor Library, and so do several private collectors of this city.

Such was the amiable gentleman whom the Grolier Club has taken for its patron saint. And as the lady in Du Maurier's picture urged her Philistine husband to try and live up to the early English teapot she had just bought as an ornament for her drawing-room, so does this society of enthusiastic gentlemen endeavor to preserve the truest traditions of artistic book-making in its own publications. Of these, perhaps the most attractive up to the present time is the "Knickerbocker History of New York," in two volumes, which was issued from the press of De Vinne last year.

The type from which this book was printed was made abroad expressly for the work, and, by the way, was afterward used in printing J. S. of Dale's charming "Sentimental Calendar."

But the Grolier Club never rests content. It made arrangements for the publication of another book, and even Jean Grolier himself, should he come down, or up, or out (as the reader may prefer) from his present abode, and visit 64 Madison Avenue, would have to confess that the "Philobiblon" of Richard de Bury as reprinted by the Grolier Club, even in this later and more careless day, is something that does really resemble a book. The black-letter types are drives of punches believed to have been cut in France in the first half of the sixteenth century. There are rubricated initials, of a full-bodied vermilion not often seen nowadays; and there is the very perfection of presswork, both in impression and in register—indeed, such registry as this would be absolutely accidental, not to say impossible, on the hand-presses of the early printers.

Richard de Bury was Bishop of Durham, and Chancellor of England under Edward III. He collected rare manuscripts, and used to gobble up all the best bargains of the day, having a strong backing of both church and state, and none of the other bishops could boast such a library as his. But since even bishops have to die, the astute prelate of Durham made the drawing of his will an occasion for writing an elaborate treatise on the value of books in general, of his own in particular, and of his singular munificence in leaving them all to the University of Oxford as the foundation of a library; and the "Philobiblon" is this ingenious testament.

It is written in fourteenth century Latin, which is somewhat below the average Latin prose of a third-term freshman at Columbia; but he said his say with pompous force, and evidently meant to floor the lazy monks with the weight of his learning. It possesses marked qualities of wit and strong sense, however, and is probably the most valuable contemporary picture extant of early fourteenth century habits and ideas.

Prof. A. F. West of Princeton College went abroad to visit several foreign libraries and carefully edit the various texts of the book. In 1856 only fourteen manuscripts were known to exist. Prof. West has dug out twenty-two more; and all these old parchments are scattered over the length and breadth of Europe. He personally examined twenty-five of them.

The mechanical work on this book is also unique. The type was made in England from matrices which had lain dusty for over 200 years. Its title-page and initials are rubricated after the best antique models, and the cover is adorned with the seal of Richard de Bury. The patriotism of the club was vented upon the paper, which was made here by American hands from purely American rags picked under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

In sober earnest, where but in America does a book club exist that sends a scholar, at its own expense, to pass months in collating the most perfect text possible of a book to be published for private circulation in the cause of the printer's and book-maker's art?

This is not a state library, it is a private club; and its devotion to the "exquisite frenzy of the bibliomania" must win it the wreath—one might almost say the belt—that goes with the ground-floor apartments in the temple of fame.

NEW-YORK SUN.

NONPAREIL NO. 22. SOLID. 162 LINES, 1353 WORDS.

THE most useful information on the subject of the preparation of manuscript for the press could probably be got from the conjoint evidence of a publisher or publisher's taster, a compositor, and a printer's reader. Failing these, a few notes from one who has had a somewhat varied experience as journalist and editor, as well as writer of books, may not be found unacceptable.

Good, clear manuscript is not only a comfort to the person who has to decide upon its acceptance for publication, and a convenience to the compositor and printer's reader, but to the publisher or whomever is responsible in a pecuniary sense it is a great saving in the cost of production. The cost of correcting the press often amounts to a fifth, and even a fourth, of the cost of typographical composition. In the case of some authors it is a positive saving, after the proofs have been revised by them, to set the whole of the work over again. The printers of Balzac's works invariably did this. To young authors who desire to gain a footing with publishers, a legible handwriting is indispensable. A popular author whose works are sure to be profitable to a publisher can doubtless be indifferent to the character of his handwriting, though whether his carelessness is on any grounds justifiable is open to doubt. It is an especial wrong to the compositor in those printing-offices where the work done is paid for by the piece; nor is it fair to the publisher, who, in such cases, has to bear a heavy outlay for corrections.

It is on record that the two worst writers of manuscript for the "Edinburgh Review" in its earlier and palmy days were Jeffrey, the editor, and his most industrious contributor, Sydney Smith. The latter compared his own handwriting to the hieroglyphics of a swarm of ants escaping from an ink bottle, and walking over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs; and when his wife inclosed him an illegible passage from one of his letters from London, and asked for an interpretation, he replied that "he must decline ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after he had written it." It is amusing to find that this owner of a wretched caligraphy was compelled to ask Jeffrey to dictate his letters and not write them himself. Referring to one of Jeffrey's epistles, he says: "I have tried to read it from right to left, and Mrs. Sydney from left to right, and we can neither of us decipher a single word." The printers had to guess their way through Jeffrey's manuscript. Lord Cockburn complained of his illegible hand, and of his aversion to new paragraphs, and says that he wrote whole volumes, and even an entire play, with the full complement of acts and scenes, without a new line.

The manuscripts of both Wordsworth and Byron were almost illegible, and the revision of their proofs was a work of immense labor. Byron made a fearful mess of his proofs, scrawling corrections on the margins till Murray and his printers were almost driven out of their senses. His additions were generally greater than the original text. The "Giaour," for example, as sent to the printer, contained 400 lines. A thousand more were added in the proof. Sir Walter Scott's proofs, again, were a terror to his printers. Dr. Lardner states that the MS. of the "History of Scotland" was full of slips, of incomplete sentences, of repetitions, bad grammar, and clumsiness, so that when it came to be corrected in proof, the printers had a prolonged and complicated task. The doctor, therefore, had the rest of the copy rewritten by a competent clerk, "to make it read," before it was given to the compositors. It is reported that the Laureate has for a long time adopted the practice of having his poems set up in type, and he corrects and rearranges them at leisure—a plan which is only possible, as a rule, in the case of a rich and indulgent publisher or a magnate in the world of letters. Macaulay's first drafts were written in a small hand, with many interlineations and erasures; but he always wrote out the whole for the press in a large and perfectly clear hand. Doubtless many authors do the same, but the mechanical work of copying is a drudgery which others absolutely decline to undertake. Cowper could not have been a very good penman, for he wrote to Lady Hesketh regarding one of his poems that had been published in the "Gentleman's Magazine": "It is enough to craze a poor poet to see his verses so miserably misprinted, and, which is worse if possible, his very praises in a manner annihilated by a jumble of the lines out of their places, so that in two instances the end of the period takes the lead of the beginning of it." Cowper's Memoirs, too, were apparently printed from an ill-written MS. Of this there is a whimsical proof where the Persian Letters of Montesquieu are spoken of, and the compositor, unable to decipher that author's name, converted it into "Mules Quince"!

This wretched scrawling might well be called the "whichever you please" style, something as Ruskin has cleverly noticed scratchy drawing and painting. "If there were a creature in the foreground of a picture," says he, "of which he could not decide whether it were a pony or a pig, the critic would probably affirm it to be a generalization of pony and pig, and consequently a high example of 'harmonious union and simple effect.' But I should call it simple bad drawing."

There are differences in the right mode of preparing the manuscript of a book and the copy intended for a newspaper, but one practical requirement is the same in both cases. The manuscript must occupy one side of the page only. The chief reasons for this are, first, to enable the author to make additions on the opposite page, or at the back of the page, and, second, to facilitate the work of the compositor. Copy for newspapers or the periodical press should not entirely cover the sheet. A margin should be left at the top of each page or slip, and another down the left-hand side. These are necessary for the marks which the editor may deem it necessary to make for the guidance of the printer. All proper names and unusual and foreign words should be written with careful distinctness, as near like print as possible. Especially is this requisite in cases where the author is not likely to have a proof for revision, as in most newspaper work.

Apart from the question of handwriting—which, of course, is all-important—there are two things which many regular writers and still more occasional or infrequent writers for the press neglect: punctuation and paragraphing. These may be thought to be indifferent matters, but they are not so. The sense frequently depends upon accurate punctuation; and if the work makes any pretensions to style, nicety of pointing is indispensable. Paragraphing, again, is an art in its way, which appears to be little studied. Articles of a couple of columns in length are not infrequently written without a single break, and, on the other hand, there are some writers who make a paragraph of every sentence. It is hard to say which is the more distressing.

Study the make-up of your book as you study the architecture of your house. Have all your plans legible and neatly laid out, so that the builders of books as well as the builders of houses may not be obliged to hesitate in uncertainty. Many times the reading of a book has made the fortune of a man, has decided his way of life. It makes friends, it awakens responsive feelings in strangers, it is a tie between men who have been delighted with the same book. Dr. Johnson, hearing of a man who had reveled in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," said, "If I had known that I should have hugged him."

J. H. NODAL, in "Manchester Quarterly."

NONPAREIL NO. 20. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 134 LINES, 1199 WORDS.

NO one who has lived for years in companionship with the old masters of the art of wood-engraving can look with complacency on the boasts of modern wood-engravers that they have brought that art to such perfection that they are entitled to be regarded as its masters. Nor is it fair in the history of Art to allow the statement to continue unchallenged before the world that the art which now furnishes a large part of the illustration of our magazines and periodicals is that old art whose triumphs are famous.

Let us begin at the beginning. Babylonian seals, four thousand years ago, impressed signatures on written documents. Men wrote in those days and in that country with the corner of a style which had a rectangular end, and the corner made cuneiform, wedge-shaped, impressions in clay tablets, they using clay as we use paper. The seal was then a cylinder, to be rolled over the clay. It was the first roller printing-press, and it printed letters, and pictures of men and of gods. The art of thus printing pictures from engraved surfaces was used, with color, in later times. We have no specimens of color-printing, but we have some Roman stamps for printing, and these suffice to prove the survival of the art down to the fifteenth century after Christ. In the early fifteenth century (if not in the thirteenth and fourteenth, as is possible) there were in Europe, especially in Germany, so many men employed in cutting stamps of wood, with which to print color, that guilds of form-schneiders, model-cutters, existed. The stamps were used to print patterns on playing-cards, as we know by specimens. I have a few before me as I write. It is probable also that they were used to print forms for religious pictures. In all cases the stamp only printed a form, which was afterward filled out with colors by hand.

The oldest specimen we have of a form for a picture printed from a wood block (except on playing-cards) is a St. Christopher, which bears the date 1423. Perhaps it is, perhaps it is not, the date of the work. About that time such prints were known, and not long after became common. Many were made, as was the St. Christopher, with legends cut on the block to be printed. So the art of printing words and sentences and pages, from woodcut blocks, came into use, and then Gutenberg, not long after 1450, seized the idea of separately cut letters, which could be "set up"—namely, what we call type—and so printing with movable type came.

Printing was only a method of rapid writing. So its inventor regarded it. The early printed books were fac-similes of manuscripts. It had been common to ornament manuscripts by painting the initials of chapters and sections in large and ornamental letters. So in printed books blanks were left wherein the owner could have such letters painted by hand. Soon, however, some few engraved initial letters began to be printed, notably in the great psalter of Fust and Schœffer of 1457. Manuscripts had been ornamented with border designs. The printers began to have these ornaments cut on blocks and printed them in books. I have no earlier example of this than in the Durandus by Zainer of 1475, in which the outline of a vine runs up the margin of the first folio, printed from a wood block and afterward painted by hand. Manuscripts had been ornamented with pictures, most commonly little pictures set in the manuscript. The form-schneiders began about 1465 to furnish the printers with blocks on which they had cut the forms, outline sketches of pictures to be printed in the book. These were afterward to be painted in colors by artists, who made a business of thus ornamenting books. An immense number of books were printed before 1490 containing pictures of this sort. At the same time the form-schneiders continued to cut blocks for printing outlines of religious pictures which monks and others finished in colors.

Up to 1490 that art which we have known as the art of wood-engraving cannot be said to have existed. The art which made the blocks for the pictures and books we have spoken of was no advance on the seal cutting of the early Babylonians. Nor was it an art capable of any advance, since it was mere form cutting, its purpose being mainly to enable those who painted pictures to produce many copies of the same picture in cheap style. In books it made all copies of the book alike. No known artist of the fifteenth century had used the art to publish his pictures.

But the important fact is that up to 1490 the art had never produced a picture. The purpose of the art was to produce colored pictures, not printed pictures. It printed only plans for pictures, and no picture printed from a wood block was complete till the painter had painted it in colors. Nor in the middle of the century did the general public know anything about pictures in black lines on white paper. They knew only colored pictures.

Now came into the world Albert Dürer. He was living in Nuremberg with his wife Agnes. He was a young artist of deep thought, full of desire to make his art a teacher of his age. I have imagined his course of thought. The great printing-office of his godfather Koburger, in Nuremberg, was thundering day after day. He heard it, and said to himself and to Agnes: "Not a great while ago my friends, and the great men of the day, who teach and preach by word of mouth, could only reach men by a manuscript and their voices. Now this great art of printing multiplies their manuscripts so that they become a thousand teaching and preaching voices. But I, I who am also a teacher of great truths, I can only paint a picture, and speak through it to the few who see it. How can I write lessons in pictures and multiply them as manuscripts are multiplied? How can I, an artist, use the printing-press to reach the people far and near?"

At length he struck the idea. "These form-schneiders can cut wood blocks to print rude outline forms for painters. Why should not I draw a complete picture on a wood block and cut it myself, or teach Jerome the form-schneider or some one else how to cut it, then print it for the people?"

So he made his first picture on a wood block, and he or a form-schneider under his eye cut it, and he printed the picture, and the art of wood-engraving blazed on the world. It enlightened Europe. Its power fully equaled the power of Gutenberg's art of printing words with movable type. I have said elsewhere and repeat that Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon would have talked to a dead Germany if Albert Dürer had not preceded them, and his new art, in such hands as those of Lucas Cranach, accompanied them.

WM. C. PRIME.

NONPAREIL NO. 22. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS. 134 LINES, 1147 WORDS.

THE essence of the art of wood-engraving, invented by Albert Dürer, was just this, that by this means the artist was enabled to reach the people through the printing-press.

No artist had ever before dreamed of possessing such power, such broad fields of influence and popularity, as Dürer's art now placed in his grasp. For a hundred years the art was a mighty weapon for good in the world.

Instantly upon its invention by Dürer a large number of artists seized on it as a means of direct communication with the people. Those who have not seen the works of such men have no idea what they were. The woodcut pictures of Dürer, Burgmair, Schauffelin, Cranac, Baldung-Grun, and other eminent artists are well known to collectors. Few except collectors ever see them. Modern artists are not acquainted with them as they should be. They are of all sizes. The "Triumphal Arch" by Dürer consists of a large number of prints on separate sheets, which when brought together make a wood print as large as the end of a small room. The "Triumph" by Burgmair, in like manner on different blocks, would require so long a space to hold the print when brought together, that probably no one has ever attempted it. It is known only in a large oblong volume. The "Raising of Lazarus" and "The Last Supper," both by Schauffelin, are prints three feet four inches long by nearly two feet six inches high. The products of the art, from such grand works down to the smallest pictures by Hans Sebald Beham and Hans Lutzelburger, and those attributed to Holbein, are not alone beautiful works and great works, but they are of inestimable value because they are, each and every one, the work of a renowned artist; his own work, printed from the lines made by his own pencil in his own hand.

The form-schneider had now become what we call a wood-engraver, although in Germany he retained his ancient name. The process in the art was simple. The artist drew his picture on the flat surface of the block. The engraver's business was to cut away every particle of the wood which the artist's pencil had not touched. The engraver never left a line of his own. That would be tampering with the artist's work. What value does any one place on a work of Dürer, translated into a black print by a drawing of some one else? There are plenty of such prints, made "after Dürer," which are of no account in comparison with an original by Dürer.

Thus it was that by the art of wood-engraving artists were enabled to use the printing-press to disseminate their own ideas, precisely as authors used it for their pamphlets and books. And a picture is written language always, as verily as is a printed page.

In our day wood-engraving, as we know it in connection with the great artists of the sixteenth century, seems to be a lost art. The new art now called wood-engraving, has sprung from the ambition, laudable indeed, of the form-schneider of old time to be an artist. He has sought to do on wood, with the ordinary printing-press, what the copper-plate engraver does on copper and steel—produce copies of the works of artists. His pictures are his own drawings, not those of the artist. His work is exquisite in execution, his skill wonderful. A new style of picture in magazines and newspapers and books is the result. Some of these, when proof impressions are taken by hand with great care and proper distribution of pressure, have considerable resemblance to the best india-ink work by artists. The misfortune of the new art is that printers' ink and printing-presses will hardly ever produce two impressions of the same block exactly alike, and will not give effect to what we call "color," even in a black print. Hence the monotonous effect of so many modern wood-engravings. But I do not write to discuss the merit of the modern art or its products. My purpose is only to direct attention to the fact that great artists no longer use the printing-press as their means of reaching the people. They are content to be translated into the productions of the engraver's art. With the utmost consideration for this new art and its powers, it is undeniable that its translations are sometimes fearful libels on the original artists. Not long ago a friend laid on my table a proof impression of a modern wood-engraving presented to him for—what it was—a specimen of the highest attainment in the modern art. When his back was turned I laid a sheet of paper over the middle, leaving top and bottom exposed. Then I called his attention to the work in the visible upper part, asking him what it represented. He said "clouds and sky; pretty well done too." I took off the paper and he saw that the print was turned upside down and that his clouds "pretty well done" were in truth the foreground of the picture—a grass-covered meadow through which wound a path.

It is possible, though I am not able to affirm it, that artists can no longer find form-schneiders of skill who will do the servile work of following lines drawn on the wood. If so, then the old art is lost, and the loss to the world is inestimable. In every artist's studio are more or less of his sketches, done in pencil in line work. Sometimes they are in pen and ink. These sketches, as all students and lovers of art know, are in great measure the very bone and muscle, the anatomy of beautiful works in color. They are full of instruction and value. Every line is valuable, and the addition of one line would destroy the purity and originality of the work. Once, if the artist made such sketches on wood, they were reproduced by printing and the world of art was enriched. It is so no longer. Pretty much all that we know of our great artists now, nearly all the instruction we receive from them, is by their paintings,—most of which go into private houses,— and by translations, always feeble, often false. Those artists who consent to draw on wood, many of them men of power, seem content to be translated. Now and then in a magazine or book some little cut, evidently engraved on the lines of the artist, shines out with wonderful brilliance, and people wonder why that small cut with its few lines so impresses them. It is because these are the last glimmerings of the art which was the illumination—far more than painting or sculpture—of Europe in the sixteenth century.

WM. C. PRIME.

Nonpareil No. 15. Ten-to-Pica Leads. 134 Lines, 1065 Words.*

MIGH Dier Cyrrh: Eybowt phiphty yeers agough, eye enterteigned vews oph thee aurthograficle kweschun kwight cymilre two yewrs. Mower rhescentleigh ai hav rephlected ohn thea psubjikt ay gould diel, anned haph scene raezen too chainj my ohpinyuns. Uy hav dyskuvered thath they karachturistiks oph hour Inggliesh awerthograipheigh whitch yough kaul phaltz arr rheallee merritz. Yew psaa ey sownd shood haph butte wun rheprhezentativ; buth, ei asch yue, iz naut anne aurthografikle cystim chonstructid onne thaphth pryncipal ay contemtibul apphare buy thae cyde oph won in whitch epheree sownd has twentie rheprezenthathiphs? Yough kumplein uv psighlent leththerz. Inn yewer igknowrunts, yeu phale to purseeve thatte wie haph know cylunt letters. Awl thoughs whitch ue kawl sough arr mierleigh kompownunt parrhts oph buy-littorhal, or try-littorhal, or multigh-littorhal karrhackturz yewzd too denought cympal vokle elemence. Two illustraight. Thayr iz ay vokle elemunt kommunley reprhezentid by thae karuktur *u*. Butte thysse iz ekwallie rheprhezentid buy *ue, eu, ew, ui, ugh, ough*, etc., etc. Aynuther iz rheprhezentid buy *t;* butte yt haz az ekwiphaylunts *th* (az inn *thyme*), *tw* (az inn *two*), *phth* (az inn *phthisic*). Ai thurd, rheprezentid buy *f*, haz atte leeste won buy-littorhal ekwivaylent, *ph*.

Nou appligh theeze principuls too thie spellynge oph ai wurred kombigning awl theighr phokle elemense, anned knowtiss thoe bewtiphul varhietee they opphur two ower chawiss. Wee maigh haph *frewt*, or *fruet, frughth*, or *phriewth*, or *phroughphth*. Inn vue ov possighbbilitiez souch az theeze, whitch ey dough naut preethend tou eggsaust, amme ei naut joustyphyde inn saighing, "Heer's writchness"?

Theigh pholt ov ower awrthaugraighfee iz not, az eu klaym, thacht ite haz too menny rheprhezenthatiphz phaur thee saim psownd; ite iz phthath itt konphinz eech souch phsownd reprhesenphthayphthiph too ay gnarroe wreinj oph yewse. Iph, ohn thie uther hanned, aul theaz eekwivalenth psownd repreighsenntaighthiphz wur maid inndyskrimineightleigh inturchainjaybul, aigh paighg oph Ingleish wood preazent ai vayrheed anned piktewrhesk eppieranse, troughleigh pliezing tou ey kaurrhekth thaisphth. Hwot iz beththur, thair kood bee inn souch ai cystim know psoch thyng az bachd spealling—ay sirkumstants inphinitleigh konsouling two theigh moulthithewds hoo nou auphthen undurgough untolled agguniz yn eapistholayrie kompozishun, bekaws, lyche Pinkee Rhosebudde inn thee "Senturie Magayzeen," theigh kahnt rhemembyrrh wheather itt shood bee *ei* aur *ie;* phaur, yew cee, ytt wood be boath.

Gnor wood thee benniphitz deryvde frum thisce scympliphikashun uv hour methhodds of spellyng bee konphinde too theigh righters oph letturz. Printterz andde publischers wood fynd phthemselphes mutch yndebtebd, pschaughthanned prowphessors wood aknoleidje greight ascisthanse, anned skughlteitcherz wud haph knoughthynge two dough. That phthisz wood beigh begneſischul noughboddeigh wood deneie.

Sough, cyrrh, iph igh ephphur undertaik tou wrheephawrm hour speillingue, ai shagl doo soe buy thacheing aigh deepahrtewer inn theigh dyrheckshun deyametrikkully oppoughzit too ewers.

Pherry trewlie yure ohbedyunt psurphunt,

F. A. P. Bahrknahrd.

No reasonable man questions that a sweeping change of English spelling will be a great trial to the generations who have to make it; that it can only come about as the result of a period of anarchy, and will involve a breaking, to a certain extent, with the past—a past on the side of which are ranged a great host of associations and a still greater one of prejudices. The reform will cost, as reforms of long abuses are wont to do, a heavy price. And the greatest difficulty will be to convince the generation which has to pay the bulk of this price that the reform is worth what it costs.

There is not sufficient force in the consideration that a phonetic spelling is truer, that it realizes the ideal of a mode of writing, that its adoption aids the record of the history of the language, and so on. These are well enough, but they are nothing to fight for. They are not half so efficacious before the mind of the general speller as is his attachment to what he is accustomed to. They do not weigh with the average scholar against the satisfaction he takes in understanding better than his less instructed neighbor a thing which both of them alike have to use—for this is what his plea of the value of a "historical spelling" to the comprehension of the language really means. Neville and Scroggs both write *doubt* and *debt;* but Neville's knowledge why there is a *b* in these words is almost as good to him as a decoration. Nor is there anything really effective in the possible saving of time and space by dropping out a parcel of silent letters. Idle rogues they are, to be sure, that well deserve to be sent packing. There will be some satisfaction in giving them their dues, but the gain will not be great.

All these things smack of sentimentality, and can be met and neutralized by the opposing sentimentalities. Writing is a purely practical art; it was devised for practical ends, and its history has been governed and directed by such, from the initial stage of picture-making and hieroglyphics down to the perfected phonetic alphabet, representing sounds only and sounds consistently, in which it has finally issued. And it plainly must be a purely practical consideration that is to give the new turn to the history of English orthography.

Now we have such a dominant, practical consideration, and it is this: The immense waste of time and effort involved in learning the present orthography. It is the generations of children to come who appeal to us to save them from the affliction which we have endured and forgotten. It has been calculated over and over again how many years are, on an average, thrown away in the education of every child, in memorizing that intricate tangle of rules and exceptions which constitutes English so-called orthography, and how many millions of money are wasted in the process on each generation; and it has been pointed out how imperfect after all is the result reached; how many learners never get out of the stage of trying to learn to spell; how much easier a better result could be attained with less trouble; how much more generally the first step in education—reading—could be successfully taken, if we had a purely phonetic way of writing. Yet little improvement seems to have been made.

How many grow puzzle-headed over this dreadful difficulty at the outset, and lose courage and inclination to go further, perhaps even teachers do not fully realize.

W. D. Whitney, Yale College.

NONPAREIL LIGHT FACE. DOUBLE LEADED. 48 LINES, 628 WORDS.

HE present mania for big books and limited editions will undoubtedly wear itself out in time; already there are signs that the genuine reader is becoming weary of buying his literature by weight. At first, there is a certain pleasure in owning a "tall copy," no matter how useless its contents; and the pleasure is increased when we are assured that only a couple of hundred other people can possibly possess the same book in the same form. But the joy is not forever. A book is not any the more readable or enjoyable because it can have only a few readers, and even the luxury of wide margin and extra binding is sometimes doubtful in taste and incontestably detrimental to real, profitable study, for it must be handled with great care.

Although the First Editions were frequently printed from corrupt manuscripts, written by ignorant copyists and ignorant correctors and printers, yet the modern editions de luxe, despite the care and cost devoted to them, are somehow failures when compared with the old tall copies. The Foulis Virgil of 1778, to take a late and well-known example, is a pleasure to look at, and even (in moments of physical vigor) to read. Its fine, clear type fits its page, its margins are not out of proportion, and the two volumes are not so thick as to be unwieldy or break their backs. There is a harmony about the whole work which satisfies the taste. In our modern large editions, we go on a different and, as we think, a very inferior principle. A fine edition now means putting a splash of small ignoble type in the middle of a staring expanse of white paper—paper, as a rule, dignified with the title of "hand-made," on the strength of its being too thick and stiff to turn over properly or lie flat, as it should. We heap these buckram pages together till they make a clumsy volume, which we put into a white vellum or parchment or calico binding that soils with the slightest touch; we scrawl some glaring inscription over the sides, and call the result an "edition de luxe"! Artistically, the thing is a mistake. The letterpress should fit the page, in spite of all we have heard of the "neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin"; and there can be no doubt that though margins there must be—and good margins, too—they must be in strict proportion to the size of the page. Too much margin, though better than too little, is still a fault, and in this, as in everything else, "est modus." But a grave error is the modern custom of putting small type in big pages, and trusting to the wide margins to make amends. The type as well as the margin must be proportioned to the page, and big books ought to be in big type. As it is, we fail to see the beauty or the use of such monster volumes as are now the fashion. It is all very well to have a fine large edition of the great English classics—like those of Fielding and Thackeray recently published. Such volumes form an appropriate mural decoration for "every English gentleman's library," as the conventional country-house smoking-room is called; but if we want to read and profit by our classical authors, we shall probably turn to some more portable edition.

Whenever one sees a specimen of these unreasonably huge tomes one is reminded of the story of the house that was seemingly irretrievably on fire, until the flames, coming in contact with the folio Corpus Juris and the Statutes at Large, were quite unable to get over this joint barrier and sank defeated.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

NONPAREIL No. 20. LEADED. 60 LINES, 1132 WORDS.

THE operations of paper making, as they succeed each other, are as follows: The rags are washed, if requisite, and then sorted. They are bleached to render them white, but this is sometimes deferred to another stage of the process. They are ground with water, in the washing-engine, till they are reduced to a coarse or imperfect pulp, called half-stuff, in which state the bleaching is sometimes performed; at other times it is bleached in the engine. The half-stuff is ground in the beating engine, and water added in sufficient quantity to make a fine pulp, which, being conveyed to the vat, the sheets of paper are made by taking up a quantity of the pulp upon a mold of fine wire cloth, through which the water drains away, and the pulp coagulates into a sheet of paper; to take this off the wire is called couching. This sheet is put in a pile with many others, with a felt between each, and the whole is subjected to a strong pressure to press out the superfluous water. The sheets are taken out, the felts removed, and the sheets of paper pressed again by themselves for a certain time. The sheets are taken from the press and hung up, five or six together, to dry in the drying-loft. The paper is dipped into a tub of fine size, and pressed to force out the superfluity, after which it is dried again; but in printing papers this process is rendered unnecessary by sizing the stuff while in the engine, by adding certain ingredients. The paper now undergoes an examination of each individual sheet, and all knots and burs are removed, and bad sheets taken out, forming the casse and retree. The dry sheets are packed in a very large pile, and pressed with immense force to render the sheets flat and smooth. The paper is taken out, parted, and pressed again. "Parting" means to take down the pile sheet by sheet, and make another without turning the sheet over; by that means new surfaces are brought in contact with each other, and the surface of the paper is improved. The paper is now finished, and is counted into quires, folded (where folding is required), and packed up in reams for market.

The linen rags used for paper making are of five qualities, denominated Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, according to grade; No. 1, superfine, being all linen, the remains of fine cloth, which, not being so much worn as the coarser sort, is used for making the finest paper. No. 5 is coarse canvas, which, by bleaching, may be brought to a good color, but will not make paper of the strength and fineness of the finer grades. The next sort is rag bagging, a poorer canvas, of which the bags are made for packing rags. Colored rags are generally cotton of all colors, except blue, which is selected for making blue paper only. Superfine paper for writing or fine printing can only be made from Nos. 1, 2, and 3; Nos. 4 and 5 are appropriate for making an inferior paper called news, because used for newspapers. Colored rags are only used for inferior papers. Woolen and silk rags are used for brown paper, but, even for this purpose, they require a mixture of a better grade of rags. Old paper may also serve for the same purpose, but the waste is considerable. It is reserved in some places for the manufacture of pasteboard, which material is worked in less time, with less force, and with the same water. It will also lose much less. Besides, paper that has been once sized, though passed through boiling water, still gives the pulp a viscidity which ought to be guarded against.

The rags, when first brought to the mill, if they are very dirty, as the coarse sorts generally are, are washed in hot water by a fulling mill, such as is used by dyers for washing cloth. The rags being well dried, are (if they have not been previously sorted by the rag merchant) delivered to be sorted and scraped. This work is usually given to women. These women are disposed of in a large room full of old linen, seated two by two, on benches, with a large chest or box divided into five cases before them, for containing the five different sorts of rags as before mentioned. Each has a piece of pasteboard hung from her girdle and extended on her knees, upon which, with a long, sharp knife, she unrips seams and stitches, and scrapes off all filth. Whatever can be used after being well shaken is distributed into the three cases, according to the degree of fineness, and the women throw the rest at their feet. Those manufacturers who choose to be more exact in their sorting have six cases for different sorts of rags: the superfine, the fine, the seams and stitches of the fine, the middling, the seams and stitches of the middling, and the coarse, without including the very coarse parts.

Some manufacturers are persuaded that the labor of the sorters is never sufficiently exact, and think that the hems and seams should be kept apart; that the coarseness of the cloth should be considered, and that the cloth made of tow should be separated from that made of longer slips, cloth of hemp from cloth of flax; and, lastly, that the degree of wearing in the cloth should be attended to; for, if rags which are almost new should be mixed with those that are much worn, the one will not be reduced to a pulp in the mill, while the other will be so attenuated as to be carried away by the water and pass through the hair strainer, and hence there must be a considerable waste in the work, a real loss to the manufacturer and even to the beauty of the paper.

This is not all, for the pulp of uneven temerity produces those cloudy papers wherein are seen, by intervals, parts more or less clear and more or less weak, occasioned by the flakes assembled on the mold in making, the paper not being sufficiently tempered and diluted to incorporate with the more fluid parts.

It would, therefore, be very advisable to have the different qualities of the cloths milled separately, and also the hems and threads of the stitching; because sewing thread, being never so much worn as that of the cloth, and being not so easy to be reduced, forms filaments in the paper. This great precaution in the serving of rags is, of course, very expensive; but there is no doubt of its producing a total difference in the beauty of the paper, without hurting its goodness.

NONPAREIL NO. 22. LEADED. 60 LINES, 1087 WORDS.

HE question how a book shall be bound is not one which may be successfully decided out of hand by any one who has never thought at all about the matter. True, color and gilding and design have a certain value irrespective of fitness, but when we find that fitness has been violated, the object itself becomes, at least to a certain degree, offensive. The first requisite in the binding of a book is, of course, that the book shall be well protected and shall be easily and comfortably usable. A book bound so that it cannot be easily opened, or so that when opened and read its leaves work loose and are cast out, or so that it becomes uncomfortably heavy, or with excrescences upon it, in the way of metal or other knobs, or deep leather panels, is an absurdity and a nuisance. It had better been left in pasteboard or in paper. But supposing this part of the work well done, there remains the question, all important from the decorative art point of view, of the fitness of the binding and the ornaments put upon it. The style of binding in which books do too often appear makes it manifest that to most persons, and even to most binders, this question of fitness does not occur. And yet it is important, and would seem almost obvious. Crushed levant morocco, crimson, blue, yellow, or olive, with gilt edges for the leaves, is a very handsome and a most durable style of binding; but it is not fit for all books. What taste could be so dull and indiscriminating as not to be offended by seeing a ledger or a day-book so bound, or a city directory, or a dictionary! If this be admitted, all is admitted; for the question of fitness is then recognized, and, consistently, the rule of fitness must, within reasonable limits, be followed. It is on this ground of fitness that the contempt of the great French binders for any other material than levant morocco is an artistic fault; and, as to the result, it leads them to bind books in this style which are almost as much out of place in their rich and elaborate dresses as a ring of gold in a swine's snout. Some of their best bindings are positively displeasing on this account.

How, then, shall books be bound fitly, beautifully, and so as to please the eye of taste which looks beyond mere surface? In the first place, before we get to the outside of the book, and after, as we suppose, the leaves are well put together, the margins should not be cut down. Margin is as important in binding books as in calculating expenses or in buying stocks. A book with its margins cut down will be a mean-looking book if it is bound in gold; and yet so rabid are most binders about cutting down margins that to preserve the little shred of paper it is almost necessary to stand over them with a drawn sword. As to the cover and decoration of a book, that should be decided by the character of its contents, and by the use to which it is to be put. Books of reference, dictionaries, encyclopedias, hand-books, text-books, and the like should be strongly bound in calf, or in very dark morocco, without ornament of any kind, and all the edges should be cut and either marbled or speckled. They are articles merely of use, and ornament upon them is offensively out of place. You might as well gild a boot-jack. Next come books of a sober and solid cast, histories, travels, scientific works, and the like. These are appropriately bound in handsome calf, with gilded backs and marbled edges. Much ornament and gilt edges are inconsistent with the sobriety of their character, and also with the fact that when read they are held long in the hand and subjected to a somewhat trying usage. Gilding, however, preserves the back of a book, and the polishing of the edges for the marbling presents a surface into which dust cannot penetrate. When we come to poetry, belles-lettres, books on art, and those in which their illustrations are a very important part of their attraction, we reach the proper region of morocco and gilding. Poetry is to a certain degree out of place in calf. For tree-stained calf there has been a craze among certain book-lovers, and they have even put Shakspere and Spenser and Chaucer and Browning into that dress—a fault of incongruity, in our judgment. All this class of books—that is, poetry, belles-lettres, and books on art—should be honored with morocco and decoration to the extent of the owner's ability and willingness to pay for them; otherwise they may be much better left in their native cloth or board binding. There may be even a fitness of color and decoration to the author. For example, Shakspere in a dozen volumes would not appear well in yellow or light-blue morocco; but such a dress would well befit a single volume of songs or some quaint old rarity of not too grave a cast. Upon one point the book-bin*dee* should be careful, in regard to this class of books: only the top edge should be cut and gilt; the margin on the fore and bottom edges should be left untouched. To shave them smooth is abominable in the eyes of all real book-lovers. Works upon art, illustrated books, and the like, which are often large, may well be bound in half-morocco, with the top edges gilt. This is a serviceable as well as an appropriate and handsome binding. It is always to be remembered that morocco is the most lasting and flexible material in which a book can be bound. Russia leather is a delusion and a snare. It becomes dry, cracks at the hinges, and looks shabby. Vellum is to be used sparingly and with great discretion for special purposes. These general rules will be a safe guide to the book-lover who is willing to spend some money on his favorites. If he does not violate them, his books will be a delight to the eye as well as food for the mind. But prettily as books are now bound in muslin, if they are carefully used and tastefully arranged, they may be made great helps to the attractive appearance of the living parlor of a refined household.

NEW-YORK TIMES.

AGATE NO. 13. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS.
72 LINES, 569 WORDS.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," was born in Scituate, Mass., January 13, 1785. He has been called the American Goldsmith. He began to write poetry when only about fifteen years of age. About 1800, after having attended a country school during the winter months and acquired a scanty education, he became a printer's apprentice in Boston and served for six years. During this period he contributed verses to various periodicals. Leaving Boston to escape imprisonment for debt he started on foot for New York, but finding himself without money he stopped at New Haven. There he remained nearly a year, wrote verses and established a literary journal of his own, which failed. He wandered off, another strolling Goldsmith, and in 1808 found himself in Baltimore. In 1810 he was married in New York. He there engaged in various literary enterprises, united for a time the labors of an author with those of a foreman of a composing-room and a proofreader, and met with very moderate success. He was brilliant and versatile, without being precisely a genius; the light of his talent was not a glaring flame, but a soft, steady radiance that charmed from its lack of ambitious display. Several editions of his poems were published. Such men as Webster, Channing, Irving, and Sir Walter Scott spoke in his praise. He died in 1842.

A story, which for some years was generally received as correct, was to the effect that Woodworth's celebrated poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," had its origin in the author's love of liquor, and was first suggested to him in a remorseful moment in a Bowery tavern. The truth seems to be that on returning one sultry day to his home on Duane Street from his office in the region of lower Wall Street he drank a glass of water from one of the old-time pumps of the neighborhood, and remarked: "That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home." The poet's wife thereupon remarked: "Why would n't that be a good subject for a poem." The poet, taking the hint, sat down, and from the depths of his heart poured out the lines which millions have since read with varied emotions. Drunkards in rags, lost men of talent, hopelessly enslaved by the love of drink, have repeated those lines in bar-rooms, and cried like children at the thought of the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, and the moss-covered bucket dripping with coolness as it rose from the well which their own infancy knew.

Little is known of this once noted printer by the present generation. Traces of his life have almost been obliterated, and of all his writings this famous poem is his only memorial.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

AGATE NO. 12. TEN-TO-PICA LEADS.
72 LINES, 599 WORDS.

FAULTS in woodcuts annoying to printers:

Bad surfacing. A thick coat of flake white, or a thin coat with gum and water, deceives the engraver as to the depth of the line he is cutting, makes an insoluble compound with the ink used in proving up, which can never be entirely removed, which swells up in little blotches and prevents the electrotyper from getting a smooth surface for a solid block. An over-surfaced block is sure to cause grimy blocks and muddy tints.

Shallow cutting. Proper allowance should be made for the facts that nearly all woodcuts are printed from electrotype plates in very large forms, on machine presses at high speed, with cheaper ink, and on paper much inferior to that used for the proof. A faint white line that scarcely shows in the trial proof on the wood, will not show at all in the electrotype. A dark gray tint meeting with solid black which can hardly be kept clean with hand-rolling, five-dollar ink, and plate paper, will surely print muddily when done on a machine with inferior materials.

Uneven cutting. If the counters of the white lines in a smooth tint have been cut jagged, by many uneven strokes of the tint tool, producing an appearance in the counter like long saw-teeth, and the tool has not been returned in the opposite direction, the spurs made by these jags will prevent the return of the molding-wax after molding. The wax broken off in the cut will necessarily produce dirty little blotches in the tint which are usually, but wrongfully, attributed to bad ink and bad electrotyping.

Undercutting. The counter of a line should never be perpendicular with, or undercut, the face of the line. This fault is most noticeable in the treatment of skies, when the fine lines of a cloud are connected with the coarser wide lines of the flat sky, and also in the curved lines used for shading human limbs and faces. If the counter is undercut, the thin line of the face bends under the pressure of the molding wax, and is consequently molded partly on its side, producing a thick and ragged line. Sometimes the wood gaps, and sometimes it sinks, making the "rotten sky" which is altogether too common in electrotypes. At this point it may be well to say that the pressure required in molding two pages of The Century is estimated by the electrotyper at one thousand pounds for every square inch. It is obvious that every line that is undercut must be more or less distorted by the pressure.

Bad shouldering. The hair-line borders of woodcuts are generally cut without shoulders—in some instances almost perpendicular with the face. It is almost impossible to mold these lines without breaking the line with one or more gaps, or without thickening or raggedness. The border line should always have a well-defined angling shoulder ∧ to insure its safety in molding.

Unfair proving. The right and indeed the duty of an engraver to give a proof of his work in the highest style in which it can be done by legitimate printing, will not be questioned, but proofs as usually taken are really specimens not of fine printing but of artful painting. The common practices of washing out and wiping out skies and pale gray tints, thereby changing a black into a gray ink, and of concealing false cuts, and of reducing the width of white lines by overloading the solids with black ink, may be justly objected to as grossly unfair.

Pearl No. 20. Ten-to-Pica Leads. 160 Lines, 1578 Words.

PETRARCH said of his books, considered as his friends: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies."

Reading is the fuel of the mind; and, the mind once on fire, any and all material will feed the flame, provided only it have any combustible matter in it. And we cannot tell from what quarter the next material will come. The thought we need, the facts we are in search of, may make their appearance in the corner of a newspaper, or in some forgotten volume long ago consigned to dust and oblivion. Hawthorne, in the parlor of a country inn, on a rainy day, could find mental nutriment in an old directory. That accomplished philologist, the late Lord Strangford, could find ample amusement for an hour's delay at a railway station in tracing out the etymology of the names in Bradshaw. The mind that is not awake and alive will find a library a barren wilderness.

A book that is worth reading all through is pretty sure to make its worth known. There is something in the literary conscience which tells a reader whether he is wasting his time or not. An hour or a minute may be sufficient opportunity for forming a decision concerning the worth or worthlessness of the book. If it is utterly bad and valueless, then skip the whole of it, as soon as you have made the discovery. If a part is good and a part bad, accept the one and reject the other. If you are in doubt, take warning at the first intimation that you are misspending your opportunity and frittering away your time over an unprofitable book. Reading that is of questionable value is not hard to find out; it bears its notes and marks in unmistakable plainness, and it puts forth, all unwittingly, danger signals which the reader should heed.

The art of skipping is, in a word, the art of noting and shunning that which is bad, or frivolous, or misleading, or unsuitable for one's individual needs. If you are convinced that the book or the chapter is bad, you cannot drop it too quickly. If it is simply idle and foolish, put it away on that account. If it is deceitful and disingenuous, your task is not so easy, but your conscience will give you warning, and the sharp examination which should follow will tell you that you are in poor literary company.

Admitting the utility of the reading of periodicals, and even insisting upon the necessity and duty of reading them, it must nevertheless be said in the plainest manner that an alarming amount of time is wasted over them, or worse than wasted. When we have determined that newspapers and magazines ought to be read, let us by no means flatter ourselves that all our reading of them is commendable or justifiable. I am quite safe in saying that the individual who is reading these lines wastes more than half the time that he devotes to periodicals. "To learn to choose what is valuable and skip the rest," is a good rule for reading periodicals; and it is a rule whose observance will prevent the reader from falling into that demoralizing and altogether disgraceful inability to hold the mind upon any continuous subject of thought or study, which is sure to follow in the train of thoughtless reading of periodicals. And when, as too often happens, a man comes to read nothing save his morning paper at breakfast or on the train, and his evening paper after his work is over, that man's brain, so far as reading is concerned, is only half alive.

Chas. F. Richardson.

CONSIDER what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age. We owe to books those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality. They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of a positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us, who will not let us sleep.

Colleges, while they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, there is no chair so much wanted. In a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends, but they are imprisoned by an enchanter in these paper and leather boxes; and though they know us, and have been waiting two, ten, or twenty centuries for us — some of them — and are eager to give us a sign, and unbosom themselves, it is the law of their limbo that they must not speak until spoken to; and as the enchanter has dressed them, like battalions of infantry, in coat and jacket of one cut, by the thousand and ten thousand, your chance of hitting on the right one is to be computed by the arithmetical rule of permutation and combination — not a choice out of three caskets, but out of half a million caskets all alike. But it happens, in our experience, that in this lottery there are at least fifty or a hundred blanks to a prize. It seems, then, as if some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon a few true ones which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples. This would be best done by those great masters of books who from time to time appear — the Fabricii, the Seldens, Magliabecchis, Scaligers, Mirandolas, Bayles, Johnsons, whose eyes sweep the whole horizon of learning.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakspere is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." And we must thank Karl Ottfried Müller for the just remark, "Poesy, drawing within its circle all that is glorious and inspiring, gave itself but little concern as to where its flowers originally grew." So Voltaire usually imitated, but with such superiority that Dubuc said: "He is like the false Amphitryon; although the stranger, it is always he who has the air of being master of the house." Wordsworth, as soon as he heard a good thing, caught it up, meditated upon it, and very soon reproduced it in his conversation and writing. If De Quincey said, "That is what I told you," he replied, "No; that is mine — mine, and not yours." On the whole, we like the valor of it. 'T is on Marmontel's principle, "I pounce on what is mine, wherever I find it," and on Bacon's broader rule, "I take all knowledge to be my province." It betrays the consciousness that truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men. And in so far as any writer has ascended to a just view of man's condition, he has adopted this tone. In so far as the receiver's aim is on life, and not on literature, will be his indifference to the source. The nobler the truth or sentiment, the less imports the question of authorship. It never troubles the simple seeker from whom he derived such or such a sentiment. Whoever expresses to us a just thought makes ridiculous the pains of the critic who should tell him where such a word had been said before. But it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others, as it is to invent. Some steep transition, some sudden alteration of temperature, or point of view, betrays the foreign interpolation.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Brilliant, Roman and Italic.

Brilliant. Solid.

We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates. We read the quotation with his eyes, and find a new and fervent sense; as a passage from one of the poets, well recited, borrows new interest from the rendering. As the journals say, "The italics are ours." The profit of books is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it. . . . .

In hours of high mental activity we sometimes do the book too much honor, reading out of it better things than the author wrote—reading, as we say, between the lines. You have had the like experience in conversation: the wit was in what you heard, not in what the speakers said. Our best thought came from others. We heard in their words a deeper sense than the speakers put into them, and could express ourselves in other people's phrases to finer purpose than they knew. . . . .

We cannot overstate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present. Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor. We must not tamper with the organic motion of the soul. 'T is certain that thought has its own proper motion, and the hints which flash from it, the words overheard at unawares by the free mind, are trustworthy and fertile, when obeyed, and not perverted to low and selfish account. This vast memory is only raw material. The divine gift is ever the instant life, which receives and uses and creates, and can well bury the old in the omnipoteucy with which Nature decomposes all her harvest for re-composition. . . .

It is a tie between men to have read the same book; and it is a disadvantage not to have read the book your mates have read, or not to have read it at the same time, so that it may take the place in your culture it does in theirs, and you shall understand their allusions to it.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Brilliant. Leaded.

Sir Walter Scott has also kindled a healthy desire among us for real histories, not merely historical novels. The demand has been met by many authors, whose patient industry as well as their power of exhibiting acts, and the sources of acts, surely promise that they shall live. Charles Lamb said, in one of his exquisite essays, that there were some histories written in the last age which cannot be called books at all. They were merely the pasteboard covers, "History of England," or "History of the World," which careful librarians put into their shelves when their books are absent. Some of the historians that our age has produced are books in the truest sense of the word. They illustrate great periods in our own annals and in the annals of other countries. They show what a divine discipline has been at work to form men: they teach us that there is such a discipline at work to form us into men. That is the test to which I have urged that all books must at last be brought; if they do not bear it, their doom is fixed. They may be light or heavy, the penny sheet or the vast folio; they may speak of things seen or unseen; they may amuse us, weary us, flatter us, or scorn us: if they do not assist to make us better or more substantial men, they are providing fuel for a fire larger and more destructive than that which consumed the library of the Ptolemies.

Rev. F. D. MAURICE.

Brilliant Italic. Solid.

I THINK we should all of us be grateful for books: they are our best friends and most faithful companions. They instruct, cheer, elevate, and enable us: and in whatever mood we go to them, they never frown upon us, but receive us with cordial and loving sincerity. Neither do they blab, or tell tales of us when we are gone to the next comer: but honestly, and with manly frankness, speak to our hearts in admonition or encouragement. I do not know how it is with other men, but I have so much reverence for these silent and beautiful friends that I feel in them to have an immortal possession, which is more valuable to me than many estates and kingdoms.

The choice of books is not the least part of the duty of a scholar. If he would become a man, and worthy to deal with manlike things, he must read only the bravest and noblest books: books forged at the heart and fashioned by the intellect of a godlike man. A clever, interesting writer is a clever, interesting fool, and is no master for the scholar to speak of. Our literature abounds with such persons, and will abound with them so long as the public mind remains diseased with this morbid love of "light reading." We have exchanged the martial tramp of the commonwealth's men for the nimble foot of the lamplighter and the thief-taker. This comes from the false culture of men and from the consequent false tendencies of their minds and aims. We have had enough of this inane, unmanly discipline, and need a higher and truer one. I am not, however, for any monkish exclusion of men from the world in their study of books: for the end of all study is action, and I would not cheat the master by any by-laws in favor of the scholar. But a certain kind of exclusion is necessary for culture in the first instance, and for progressive developments of that culture afterwards. The human mind will not be played with, or the player will find it out to his cost. For the laws of the intellect, and of man's spiritual nature, are as stern and binding as those of matter, and you cannot neglect or violate them without loss or suffering. Hence books should be our constant companions, for they stimulate thought, and hold a man to his purpose.

G. S. PHILLIPS.

Brilliant Italic. Leaded.

So varied, extensive, and pervading are human distresses, sorrows, shortcomings, miseries, and misadventures, that a chapter of aid or consolation never comes amiss, I think. There is a pitiless, pelting rain this morning: heavily against my study windows drives the northwestern gale; and altogether it is a very fit day for working at such a chapter. The indoor comforts which enable one to resent with composure — nay, even to welcome — this outward conflict and hubbub are like the plans and resources provided by philosophy and religion to meet the various calamities driven against the soul in its passage through this stormy world. The books which reward me have been found an equal resource in both respects, both against the weather from without and from within — against physical and mental storms; and, if it might be so, I would pass on to others the comfort which a seasonable word has often brought to me. If I were to look round these shelves, what a host of well-loved names would rise up in those who have said brave or wise words to comfort and aid their brethren in adversity. And books are yet to be written, and strong men are yet to come, to alleviate afresh the sadness of life. No words sent out with this intention shall fail to find a lodgment: there are too many souls waiting to receive them. . . . It seems as if little remained to be said; but in truth there is always waste land in the human heart to be tilled.

Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

FOUR-LINE PICA NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.*

EVERY LI-brary, says The Poet at the Breakfast Table (Oliver Wendell Holmes), should try to be complete on something, if only the history of pin-heads.

DOUBLE GREAT PRIMER NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

A VERY learned man was William Budæus. He took little interest in business, but was noted for his intense application to his books. One day while absorbed in study he was informed that his house was on fire. To this announcement he gave his usual response: "Tell my wife of it, for I never meddle with domestic affairs."

DOUBLE GREAT PRIMER NO. 13 ITALIC. DOUBLE LEADED.*

THE pride of man is not easy to put down. If you stop it up at the hole A, it will peep out at hole B. Close that up, and quicker than thought it will stand at the hole C. Pride snares the unwary, and proves a drawback to the unregenerate.

DOUBLE ENGLISH NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

NOTHING delights a true blockhead so much as to prove a negative — to show that everybody has been wrong in what they believed true. Fancy the delicious sensation to an empty-headed creature of realizing for a moment that he has emptied everybody's else head as well as his own! — nay, that for once his own hollow bottle of a head has had the best of other bottles and has been the first empty, the first to know — nothing.

RUSKIN.

LOUIS QUATORZE SCRIPT, BODY 32. LEADED.

Whenever I have to do with young men and women, he said, I always wish to know what their books are. I wish to defend them from bad; I wish to introduce them to good; I wish to speak of the immense benefit which a good mind derives from reading. I think, if a young man of ability should give you his honest experience, you would find that he owed more impulse to books than to living minds. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

DOUBLE SMALL PICA NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

THERE are hundreds of thousands of books in the Paris Library so scarce that even the persistent searchers of the British Museum have been unable to duplicate them. A fitting rejoinder to Solomon's remark, "Of making many books there is no end," would be that there does n't seem to be any end either to destroying about seven-eighths of the many books that are made. Why should not every printer keep, in some way, a sort of systematic catalogue of all the publications sent out from his establishment, with the author's name and a brief synopsis of the contents? That would save so much to posterity, though the entire edition should have been lost.

DOUBLE SMALL PICA NO. 13 ITALIC. DOUBLE LEADED.*

NOW calculate—or just think enough to feel the impossibility of calculating—the number of wood-cuts used daily for our popular prints, and how many men are night and day cutting 1050 *square holes to the square inch as the occupation of their daily life. And yet Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the North Americans fancy they have abolished slavery! The truth is, that time and place, complexion and condition, have little to do with the question of slavery. It is the occupation, and the necessity of continuing in it, that robs the man of his independence and makes him a slave.*

DOUBLE SMALL PICA LITHOGRAPHIC ITALIC. TRIPLE LEADED.*

I READ Goldsmith, Bunyan, and Crusoe when I was a boy, morning, noon, and night. I took to these as I took to milk, and, without the least idea what I was doing, got the taste for simple words into the very fiber of my nature. That vast hunger to read never left me. If there was no candle, I poked my head down to the fire; read while I was eating, blowing the bellows, or walking from one place to another. I could read and walk four miles an hour. My world centered in books.

ROBERT COLLYER.

GREAT PRIMER LITHOGRAPHIC ITALIC. DOUBLE LEADED.*

AN affecting instance of the tenderness and the compensations of learning is furnished us by the old age of Usher, when no spectacles could help his failing sight, and a book was dark except beneath the strongest light of the window. Hopeful and resigned he continued his task, following the sun from room to room through the house he lived in, until the shadows of the trees disappeared from the grass, and the day was done. How delightful must have been his feelings, when the sunbeam fell brilliantly upon some half-remembered passage, and thought after thought shone out from the misty words, like the features of a familiar landscape in a clearing fog.

REV. ROBERT A. WILLMOTT.

GREAT PRIMER NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

THE "Book Buyer" prints an amusing letter from Mr. T. B. Aldrich to Prof. E. S. Morse, ex-president of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science. Professor Morse, it should be stated, has a handwriting quite indescribable. "My dear Morse: It was very pleasant for me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There 's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning: 'There 's that letter of Morse's; I have n't read it yet. I think I 'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that have n't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever — unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. Aldrich."

GREAT PRIMER NO. 13 ITALIC. LEADED.*

IN the office of a Wisconsin journal there is a compositor who sets type so rapidly that the friction of his movements melts the lead in his stick, making of the type solid stereotype plates. To prevent this his case is submerged in water, yet the rapidity of his motions keeps the water boiling and bubbling, so that eggs have been frequently boiled in the space-box. Pipes lead from the bottom of his case to a boiler in the press-room, and the steam generated by the compositor's rapid movements runs the power press. In one day he set so much that it took all hands, from editor to devil, two weeks to read the proof, and it was not his good day for setting type, either. In three years he earned enough to buy a town house, a hillside farm, and the controlling interest in a bank. The only thing that prevented his purchasing the newspaper itself was the lack of some one to take his place in the composing room. He is forty-two years old, and has been a phenomenal type-setter all his life, but was never appreciated until he went to Wisconsin.

THE description of letter in which this page is composed was designed by Aldus Manutius, a Roman, who married the daughter of Andrew Torresani, manager of the printing office in Venice which had formerly belonged to Nicholas Jenson. About the year 1490 *Aldus obtained control of the establishment, the reputation of which he greatly increased by his scholarship and by his numerous editions of the classics. He possessed no superior skill as a typographer, but he introduced Roman types of a very neat cut, and invented the letter which we call Italic. It was originally designed to distinguish such parts of a book as might be said not strictly to belong to the body of the work, as prefaces, introductions, annotations, etc., all of which it was the custom formerly to print in Italics. In the present age it is used more sparingly, the necessity being supplied by the more elegant mode of inclosing extracts within quotation marks, and poetry and annotations in a smaller sized type. The too frequent use of Italic is useless and absurd. It is too often made use of to mark emphatic sentences or words, but without any rule or system, and so destroys, in a great measure, the beauty of printing, and often confuses the reader where it is improperly applied, who, pausing to consider why such words are more strongly noted, loses the context of the sentence and has to revert back to regain the sense of the subject. Not only does Italic so confuse the reader, but the bold face of the Roman suffers by being contrasted with the fine strokes of the Italic, and that symmetry and proportion is destroyed which it is so necessary and desirable to preserve.*

COLUMBIAN NO. 13 ITALIC. LEADED.

IN England the general reader borrows his books from a circulating library, while in America he owns them. An eminent English mathematician once said that the thing which most surprised him when he first arrived in this country was to hear two young ladies say they had been into town to buy some books. "To buy some books!" he repeated, in astonishment; "In England nobody buys a book." This assertion was, perhaps, not mathematically exact, but it may serve to mark the difference between the two sets of readers of the one language. Mr. Lang, in his delightful book on "The Library," reveals his English limitations at once when he speaks of books being "the rarest of possessions in many houses. There are relics of the age before circulating libraries; there are fragments of the lettered store of some scholarly great-grandfather; and these, with a few odd numbers of magazines, a few primers and manuals, some sermons and novels, make up the ordinary library of a British household." There is something to be said in favor of the English system of borrowing books—but not much. A book that is really worth reading is worth owning. A book that has benefited you while reading ought to be within reach immediately whenever you want to refer to it again. It is best to own all really good books.

THE HOME LIBRARY.

ELZEVIR ITALIC BODY 14. LEADED.

IT was exceedingly clever, what may, perhaps, be called smart, just at a moment when English authors were placed by a new efflorescence of piracy in a worse position than ever on the other side of the Atlantic, that the American periodical should have invaded our shores. But so it was. It has made, we believe, a most successful invasion, and not without deserving its success. For the American magazines which England has accepted with cordiality are excellent in illustration; and if their literary qualities are not the highest they have at least a certain novelty and freshness of flavor.

There are, however, certain results of their introduction to this country which are more important than the possibly ephemeral success which a public, more free from prejudices in favor of its own than ever public was before, has awarded to them; and these are, first, the revelation of some American authors little or not at all known in England, and second, a full perception, hitherto possible only to a few, of the claims of America in literature. These claims we have hitherto been very charitable to, as the early clutches of a great literature about to come into being, though as yet somewhat stunted and not of lavish growth, at the laurels of fame. But few, perhaps, were aware how little consideration was thought to be necessary, or how entirely sure our transatlantic relations were of having attained a standing-ground of certainty much above that vague platform of hope. The American magazine has revealed this with effect.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

PICA LITHOGRAPHIC ITALIC. DOUBLE LEADED.

A FINE book now means putting a splash of small, ignoble type in the middle of a staring expanse of discolored paper—paper, as a rule, dignified with the title of "hand-made," on the strength of its being too thick and stiff to turn over properly or lie flat, as it should. We heap these buckram pages together till they make a clumsy volume, which we put into a white vellum or parchment or calico binding that soils with the slightest touch; we scrawl some glaring inscription over the sides, and call the result an edition de luxe! Artistically, the thing is a mistake. The letterpress should fit the page, in spite of all we have heard of the "neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin"; and there can be no doubt that though margins there must be—and good margins, too—they must be in strict proportion to the size of the page. Too much margin, though better than too little, is still a fault, and with this, as with everything else, there is virtue in moderation. A grave error is the modern custom of putting small type in big pages, and trusting to the wide margins to make amends. The type must be proportioned to the page, and big books ought to be in big type.

PAPER AND PRINT.

PICA NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

EVERY now and then it becomes an editor's duty to say a few words to contributors, either privately or in his editorial columns, in regard to their methods of preparing manuscript. It is, fortunately, no longer necessary to say, "Write only on one side of the paper," or "Don't fold each sheet separately"; for no one to-day commits these capital offenses. Untidy manuscripts, however, are still common, and when combined with peculiar or affected chirography, are wearisome things to deal with. To a reader of refinement, wretchedly prepared manuscript is as repugnant as a slouchy person. It at least indicates careless habits, and leads up to the inference that what is not worth preparing well in manuscript is not worth perpetuating in print. A private letter, bearing on this point, was written by one of our editors last week, which ran somewhat as follows:

"As I have written to you once or twice in a way not usual with an editor, I am tempted to go farther and give you a little advice about the appearance of your manuscripts. If you will excuse my saying it, they are very untidy. It is greatly to your disadvantage that they come into the editor's hands in such condition; he is always prejudiced at the start against a manuscript that is rolled or folded so as to necessitate a constant effort to keep the pages open sufficiently to be read, and made up of different kinds and sizes of paper, or blotted and interlined to the extent of being rendered in the least illegible, or that is in any other way untidy. It is said of one well-known editor that he refuses to read any manuscripts that are untidy or hard to hold. The manuscript should be so prepared that the editor can put his whole thought upon its subject-matter. That manuscript is the most welcome, perhaps, that is prepared from a pad of note-paper size, and is sent in an envelope large enough so that the paper need not be folded. Then the editor will at least not be prejudiced against an article before he begins to read it."

INDEPENDENT.

PICA NO. 11 ITALIC. LEADED.

I USED to believe a great deal more in opportunities and less in application than I do now. Time and health are needed, but with these there are always opportunities. Rich people have a fancy for spending money very uselessly on their culture because it seems to them more valuable when it has been costly; but the truth is that by the blessing of good and cheap literature intellectual light has become almost as accessible as daylight. I have a rich friend who travels more and buys more costly things than I do; but he does not really learn more or advance farther in the twelvemonth. If my days are fully occupied, what has he to set against them? Only other well-occupied days, no more. If he is getting benefit at St. Petersburg, he is missing the benefit I am getting round my house and in it. The sum of the year's benefit seems to be surprisingly alike in both cases. So if you are reading a piece of thoroughly good literature, Baron Rothschild may possibly be as well occupied as you are—he is certainly not better occupied. When I open a noble volume, I say to myself, "Now the only Crœsus that I envy is the man who is reading a better book than this." . . .

I willingly concede all that you say against fashionable society as a whole. It is, as you say, frivolous, bent on amusement, incapable of attention sufficiently prolonged to grasp any serious subject, and liable both to confusion and inaccuracy in the ideas which it hastily forms or easily receives. You do right, assuredly, not to let it waste your most valuable hours, but I believe also that you do wrong in keeping out of it altogether. The society which seems so frivolous in masses contains individual members who, if you knew them better, would be able and willing to render you the most efficient intellectual help, and you miss this help by restricting yourself exclusively to books. Nothing can replace the conversation of living men and women; not even the richest literature can replace it.

PHILIP G. HAMERTON.

ELZEVIR ITALIC BODY 12. LEADED.

AN anxious inquirer having written to the Chicago Tribune to know what he should do to become a first-class proof-reader, received the following reply:

"To become a first-class proof-reader is a very easy task—so easy that the wonder is that more young people don't take it up instead of clerking or copying. The first step is to serve an apprenticeship at printing, which will enable the student to discern typographical irregularities. A general acquaintance with history, biography, poetry, fiction, music, geography, the drama, etc., is important. Politics should have attention, for you must be able to identify every man who has followed the business from Cain down to the present day. No matter whether he is the Premier of England, or the Caliph of Bagdad, or a Bridgeport 'terrier'—you should have a minute knowledge of his public and private life and be able to select the proper spelling from the half-dozen ways which the author is sure to employ. Read, ponder, and assimilate Webster, the Bible, Shakspere, 'Anthon's Classical Dictionary,' 'Roget's Thesaurus,' 'Lippincott's Gazetteer,' 'Hayden's Dictionary of Dates,' the cyclopædias of Appleton, Zell, Johnson, and others, 'Bremisch-Neidersachsisches Worterbuch,' 'Brandtkes' Slownik dokladny Jezyka Polskiego Neimieckigo,' and any other works of a solid nature that happen to be at hand. During the long Winter evenings you might scoop in a few languages—say Greek, Latin, French, Hebrew, Russian, German, Chinese, Bohemian, and Choctaw. The business is learned in a short time by any young man with a little perseverance, and affords constant employment (twelve hours seven days a week) at a liberal compensation ($20), with frequent honorable mention. When you have picked up the rudiments mentioned, if you don't conclude to become a college professor at $5000 a year, call at the Tribune office, and we will give you a desk. Our present proof-readers are hardly up to the standard."

ELZEVIR ITALIC BODY 10. LEADED.

SEVERAL years ago I was one evening sitting in my study when a lad entered my presence and asked if I would be willing to lend him something to read. I replied in the affirmative, and inquired what kind of reading matter he desired. He expressed a wish for something that was exciting, and I requested him to be a little more definite. Then he gave me a vivid summary of a work which he had recently read to his great enjoyment; evidently one of those trashy romances of which so many are published in "Boys' Libraries," whose perusal can in no wise be beneficial.

I went to my bookcase and took from it one of Abbot's histories for young people, "The History of Darius the Great." Opening it I read the paragraph in which is given an account of the shooting by Cambyses of his friend's son through the heart with an arrow before the father's eyes. Then I asked if he thought the book would suit him, and he answered, "Yes, sir."

He carried the book away with him and two evenings later returned with it, inquiring if I would lend him another similar to it. I did so, and let him have other volumes in succession, until within three months after receiving the first he had read the thirty and odd volumes forming the series—read them understandingly, I learned by questioning him—and acquired a taste for substantial literary food.

This summer he will graduate with the highest honors from one of the foremost colleges in the country, having defrayed the expenses of the preparatory school and the college by his earnings when his mates were many of them resting. He intends eventually to practice at the bar, where one of his disposition is likely to become a shining light, if neither a Webster nor a Choate.

He is pleased to attribute his desire for an education to my encouragement years since, but I can conscientiously credit myself only with having brought to his consideration the books to which I have referred.

Young friends, read these same books, or books of a similar character, instead of the printed stuff which greets your vision on every side. You will find the story of real flesh and blood heroes and heroines as exciting as is that of fictitious personages, and reading of them will be stimulated to emulate their noblest, to abhor their worst, traits. Best of all, such books will incite you to acquire additional information relative to those concerning whom you have been reading, and eventually to secure an education that will fit you to make your way through the world successfully.

FREDERICK F. FOSTER, in "Harper's Young People."

SMALL PICA NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

THE ancient printers, or, at least, those of the fifteenth century, had only very small presses, and two folio pages, little larger than two pages of foolscap, was the largest surface they could print. It is probable also that the system of laying down pages, or "imposing" them, that we now have, was not then known. Their mode of procedure was as follows: They took a certain number of sheets of paper, three, four, five, or more, and folded them in the middle, the quantity forming a section. Three sheets thus folded or "quired" is called a ternion; four sheets a quaternion, and so on. Hence, the first sheet would contain the first two pages of the ternion and the last two pages; that is, pages one and two, and eleven and twelve. The second sheet lying inside the first, would contain pages three and four and nine and ten; the third sheet having pages five and six and seven and eight. If the reader will take three slips of paper and fold them in the same manner, marking the numbers of the pages, the process will be easily understood.

It is obvious that when a system of this kind was adopted, there was a danger lest the loose sheets should become disarranged, and not follow in their proper order. To obviate such an accident, there was written at the bottom of the first page of each leaf, a Roman numeral, as j, ij, iij (1, 2, 3), and so on. This plan was originally adopted by the scribes, and the printers merely imitated it. When the numbers followed in due order, it was evident that the sheets were properly quired together.

But a book being made up of a number of quires, there was a danger lest the quires themselves should become disarranged. To prevent this, there was written at the foot of each page a letter of the alphabet. The first sheet would bear the letter a; the second b, and so on. When these two indications were present, the binder could never be in doubt as to the order of the different sheets. The first page of the book was marked a j; the third page, a ij; the fifth page, a iij, and so forth. The next quire presented the letters b j, b ij, b iij, and so on.

These indications at the foot of the pages are known as signatures. When a page bears one of them it is said to be "signed," and where there is no mark of the kind it is said to be "unsigned." In the earliest books, the signatures were written with a pen, and the fact that many copies that have been preserved do not now bear signatures, is owing to the fact that they were written so close to the margin that they have been cut off since.

SMALL PICA NO. 11 ITALIC. LEADED.

THAT one should possess no books beyond his power of perusal—that he should buy no faster than he can read straight through what he has already bought—is a supposition alike preposterous and unreasonable. "Surely you have far more books than you can read," is sometimes the inane remark of the barbarian who gets his books, volume by volume, from some circulating library or reading club, and reads them all through, one after the other, with a dreary dutifulness, that he may be sure that he has got the value of his money.

It is true that there are some books, as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Milton, Shakspere, and Scott, which every man should read who has the opportunity—should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. To neglect the opportunity of becoming familiar with them is deliberately to sacrifice the position in the social scale which an ordinary education enables its possessor to reach. But is one next to read through the sixty and odd folio volumes of the "Bollandist Lives of the Saints," and the new edition of the Byzantine historians, and the State Trials, and the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Moreri, and the Statutes at Large, and the Gentleman's Magazine, from the beginning, each separately and in succession? Such a course of reading would do a good deal towards weakening the mind, if it did not create absolute insanity.

But in all these just named, even in the Statutes at Large, and in thousands upon thousands of other books, there is precious honey to be gathered by the literary busy bee, who passes on from flower to flower. In fact, "a course of reading," as it is sometimes called, is a course of regimen for dwarfing the mind, like the drugs which dog-breeders give to King Charles spaniels to keep them small. Within the span of life allotted to man there is but a certain number of books that it is practicable to read through, and it is not possible to make a selection that will not, in a manner, wall in the mind from a free expansion over the republic of letters. The being chained, as it were, to one intellect in the perusal straight on of any large book, is a sort of mental slavery superinducing imbecility. Even Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," luminous and comprehensive as its philosophy is and rapid and brilliant the narrative, will become deleterious mental food if consumed straight through without variety. It will be well to relieve it occasionally with a little lighter reading.

LONG PRIMER NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

THE activity of the early printers was remarkable. The task of preserving the literature of the world was fairly done at a very early date. There were not many books that promised to be sâlable and profitable, and some of them were scarce, and copies were obtained with difficulty; but nearly every valuable book was found and printed. Naudé, the librarian of Cardinal Mazarin, said that before the year 1474 all the good books, however bulky, had been printed two or three times, to say nothing of many worthless works which should have been burned. The same work was often printed in the same year by four or five rival printers in as many different cities. The catalogue of Hain very minutely describes 16,290 editions, which, at the low estimate of 300 copies for each edition, represents a total production of 4,887,000 books.

The failure of many early printers to make their business profitable was largely caused by their injudicious selection for publication of bulky theological writings which cost a great deal of money to print and were salable only to a small class. It was unwisely supposed that printing would receive its great support from the ecclesiastics. With this object in view, the first printers printed almost exclusively in Latin, and generally in the expensive shape of folio—the books which could be read only by the learned, and bought only by the wealthy. The printers' hopes of profit were rarely ever realized. Only a few like Zell, Mentel, and Schœffer became successful merchants of books on dogmatic theology. It was soon discovered that printing could not be supported by ecclesiastics. The printers who had been induced to set up presses in monasteries did not long remain there, nor did the offices which they left prosper for many years. Books of devotion were never in greater request, but books published by the Church did not fully meet the popular want.

Nearly all the books printed by Gutenberg and Schœffer were in the Latin language. Whether they overlooked the fact that there was an actual need for books in German, or whether they were restrained in an attempt to print in German, cannot be decided. Other publishers saw the need, and disregarded the restraint, if there was any, to the great inquietude of ecclesiastics, who seem to have had forewarning of the mischief that would be made by types. On the fourth day of January, 1486, Berthold, the Archbishop of Mentz, issued a mandate in which he forbade all persons from printing, publishing, buying or selling books translated from the Greek or Latin, or any other language, before the written translation had been approved by a committee from the faculty of the University of Mentz. The penalties were excommunication, confiscation of the books, and a fine of 100 florins of gold.

In Italy the revival of classical literature opened a new field for the publisher, but the demand for Latin authors was limited. In this country, and in others, eagerness for books in the native language was manifested—for books that plain people could read—for books that represented the life and thoughts of the living and not of the dead.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

LONG PRIMER No. 11 ITALIC. LEADED.

"TO lend or not to lend" is the first question which the book-lover has to propound to himself. Some great men and many little men have lent their books freely and frequently. Most of the great book-lovers—those who adore books as books—have rigidly refused to part with any of the volumes from their treasure-houses, guarding them as jealously as the Turk his harem; some have even gone to the extreme of letting no profane eye fall within the sacred depths of the bookcase. Carlyle was one of the great men of our scribbling century, and he was free with his books. When Dickens wanted to get up the facts for the framework of "A Tale of Two Cities," he consulted Carlyle as to the chief books he should read to master the feeling and the sayings and doings of the period. While he was expecting an answer, a cart drove up before his house, full of books about the French Revolution; and Carlyle had sent it. The great Grolier himself, whose taste in binding has caused his books to be sought for, marked their sides with the motto, "Io. Grolerii et amicorum," denoting that they were the property of Grolier and his friends.

But the records of history are like the law reports: if you search diligently you can generally find a case on the other side. The man who dislikes and absolutely refuses to lend his books has never hidden his light under a bushel; indeed, he has been wont to noise his vice abroad. And one is justified surely in refusing to lend a unique volume, or a book in any way difficult to replace. No man has really a right to ask us to lend that copy of Foote's plays with the neat signature of Samuel Johnson on the title; or that copy of the "Théâtre de M. Quinault" with the name of Mlle. Clairon stamped in gold on its dark calf cover; or any missal of the thirteenth century by some monkish hand most delicately wrought. The man who could lend that book to his fellow-man—without a sinister motive—is made of something more than mortal flesh and blood. It is too much to ask. But the book of to-day—the book in print, the book of commerce, which can be had anywhere, surely it were churlish to decline to lend this to a friend. I keep my own ordinary books open to all. Any man may take one down from the shelves and—permission asked and granted—may take it home with him. There is no denying that now and again one of my books fails to come home to roost. But I prefer this to a selfish denial of the light of literature to some wayfaring friend. Yet I have my rules. I never lend a book which I cannot replace. I never lend a book of reference which I may need myself while it is out. I never lend one volume of a set. I never lend without taking a receipt, signed by the borrower. I never lend a book to a man whom I know to be untidy, or careless, or inconsiderate. And by means of these rules I am enabled to reconcile my conscience to the individual ownership of books.

ARTHUR PENN.

LONG PRIMER LAW ITALIC. LEADED.

NO feature of early printing is more unworkmanlike than that of composition. Imitating the style of the manuscript copy, the compositor huddled together words and paragraphs in solid columns of dismal blackness, and sent his forms to press without title, running-titles, chapter-heads, and paging-figures. The space for the ornamental borders and letters of the illuminator seems extravagant when contrasted with the pinched spaces between lines and words. The printer trusted to the bright colors of the illuminator to give relief to the blackness of the types, not knowing that a purer relief and greater perspicuity would have been secured by a wider spacing of the words and lines. The obscurity produced by huddled and over-black types was increased by the neglect of simple orthographical rules. Proper names were printed with or without capitals, apparently to suit the whim of the compositor. The comma, colon, and period, the only points of punctuation in general use, were employed capriciously and illogically. Crooked and unevenly spaced lines and errors of arrangement or making-up were common. Madden has pointed out several gross blunders, caused by the transposition of lines and pages, and an erroneous calculation of the space that should be occupied by print. Words were mangled in division, and in the display of lines in capital letters, in a manner that seems inexcusable.

But no usage of the early compositor has proved more annoying to modern students than his lawless use of abbreviations. Imitating the pernicious example of Procrustes, he made the words fit, chopping them off on any letter or in any position, alike indifferent to the wants of the reader and to the proprieties of language. Whatever opinion may be entertained concerning the deterioration of printing in other branches, it is, beyond all cavil, certain that in the art of arranging types so that the meaning of the author shall be made lucid, the modern compositor is much the more intelligent mechanic.

ELZEVIR ITALIC BODY 8. LEADED.

THE "Publishers' Weekly" has been devoting considerable space to the defense of books with cut edges—or perhaps we should say to the defense of the practice against the assertions of an anonymous correspondent; for cut edges are so generally preferred that they may be said to need no defense.

All the ordinary arguments in behalf of cut edges are unanswerable. Books with cut edges are indisputably more convenient to read than those with uncut edges until after the book-folder has gone through them. Cut edges have greater adaptability; they save labor; they are, let us admit, the result of plain, practical common sense; and people with plain, practical common sense may claim to have the best of the argument.

Uncut edges of books are simply and exclusively a matter of taste, and nothing else; and the difficulty is, that it is almost impossible to show why they should be preferred even on the ground of taste. If any reader accustomed to handling books does not feel and see the superior beauty of the uncut page, there is no human method by which it can be demonstrated to him. It is no more communicable than the sense of color is communicable to one who does not possess it. The color sense in some cases, however, can be cultivated; and a person with a good natural sense of what is truly artistic may be brought to see wherein the superiority of the uncut book lies, if he will take the trouble to carefully compare the two kinds. It is only in this, as in some other things, that "seeing is believing."

The book-lover finds an indescribable charm and freshness in the uncut page that is never present after the sheets have been plowed by the binder. It is not merely because the margin is reduced—for this objection can be met by having the original margin sufficiently broad to permit the edges to be cut without in that particular sensibly injuring the book. It is because the virgin purity of the page, the sense of fresh beauty which it originally possessed, is lost. Every one who is accustomed to see the folded sheets of a book before it is bound, and the same sheets after they have been squeezed, crushed, and subjected to the butchering-knife of the binder, must feel, if he possesses a sense of beauty, that a certain very inviting quality in the page has been extinguished. The most accomplished book-maker in this country once remarked to the writer that, in comparing cut and uncut copies of the same edition of a book, he found a difference which he was utterly unable to account for—the paper, the ink, the printing, everything about the uncut copies seemed so much superior. Now, the writer has made this test many times, and it never has failed. To him a cut book is always despoiled of something. It is necessary, of course, for publishers to send out books with cut edges; but it is always done, in his judgment, at the sacrifice of certain elements of beauty. In all cases where utility is the first consideration, let the edges be trimmed; in all other cases, where it is permissible to consider style and beauty, to consider things that invite and charm the eye, let the edges be left untrimmed. Even when books are bound in leather, if the tops only are cut and gilded, and the side and bottom margins left untouched, the effect is very much better.

The charm of the uncut page is thus an impression upon the mind merely. There is no argument for it but that of beauty, and all persons to whom this does not appeal will probably laugh at what we have said. Practical common sense is always disposed to laugh at things it cannot understand; but there is a culture to which practical common sense, so called, is often nothing more than barren Philistinism; and to those who have this taste the laugh of the Philistines is known to come from insufficient knowledge.

APPLETON'S LITERARY BULLETIN.

BOURGEOIS NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

GAIL HAMILTON severely criticizes fashionable tastes in house furnishing. He says: "Unhappily Eastlake and the Household Art Rooms on Tremont street have diffused a malign influence throughout New England. Attitudinizing tyrannizes over taste. The simple and modest nomenclature of the fathers has given place to a baneful technology. Boston takes the honest old color we have lived in all our days, christens it Pompeiian red, and instantly feels herself suffused with a classic glow. She rises to the high art of bringing her breakfast tea on a lotus leaf and her ice-water in a pond lily, and sits down harder than ever on her three hills as the Athens of America—forgetting that the Athens of Greece in her highest art days drank her Samian wine out of black and red Beverly pottery. She pilfers from our simple grandfathers their stout hinges and palpable nails, and plumes herself upon exhibiting to the world for the first time a 'sincere' door! At one time the mania is Turkish toweling. At another time it is butterflies on burlap. Again the fiat goes forth that you are a heathen man and a publican unless your curtains are all ring-streaked and spotted. But whether it is tiles or toweling, Chinese junk or Japanese fans, it is a close corporation of household art, outside of which there shall be only weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth by Goths and Vandals. Now the outside barbarians are willing to grant the art, but they a little resent the assumption. One of our most charming writers, the author of 'Aspendale,' has said that luxuries are graceful only in so far as they are necessities. Similarly it may be said that art is artistic only when it is artless. We do not particularly object to gods and little fishes scattered around in Majolica, but when a man's whole air and bearing says, 'Go to; art is great, and I am its prophet!' we want to throw his bric-à-brac at his head. We would rather he should be modest and sham just a little, than be so arrogantly 'sincere.'"

The "New York Times" shows how a much better taste may be displayed by the selection of books instead of useless bric-à-brac: "After all the talk about hangings, and dados, and cornices, cabinets of china, and even pictures, there is nothing which does so much to furnish a room—we do not say a fine drawing-room, but a parlor used for the daily gatherings of the household and of friends—as shelves of prettily bound, neatly kept, and well-arranged books. Nothing expresses more of real refinement, or tells more plainly of the home enjoyments of a cultivated family. Furniture, piano-fortes, pictures, may be bought by order in a week, but books in any noticeable number, which seem to belong in the rooms where they are found, must be the result of accumulation. Their rows are the tree-avenues which mark the residence of the aristocracy of mental culture. True, a collection of books may be bought in a lump, but when they are so obtained they never seem to belong where they are set up for show, but to be a part of a bookseller's stock out of place, which, indeed, they are. But books have a value in the furnishing of a room merely from the masses of color that they afford. They may be thrust upon the shelves in such a heedless, disorderly way that they produce a distracting effect, both on the eye and on the mind; but arranged with due regard to harmony and contrast of color, and to size and proportion, a small collection, even half a dozen shelves, is a very attractive object, and in larger masses their effect is very rich and pleasing, almost imposing."

BOURGEOIS NO. 11 ITALIC. LEADED.

TIME was when Americans were insatiable consumers of cheap books, and it was quite impossible to procure any substantial, dignified works in standard literature issued in American dress that could satisfy a fastidious taste accustomed to the elegance and scholarly appearance of English publications. Now the English are the makers of cheap books, and some of the best editions of standard English authors are the products of American presses and binderies, while everywhere is heard the complaint among American publishers that it is impossible to publish new books without incurring such risks as make the one successful book simply a makeweight for a dozen unsuccessful ones. As the case now appears, standard books manufactured in America compete favorably with the same works manufactured in England—their style is often better and the price is lower; miscellaneous books (that is, new ventures in literature of every sort), when manufactured in America, whether of home or foreign authorship, compete unfavorably with the same class of books manufactured in England—style has to be sacrificed for economy, and then the English price is still below the American.

In consequence of this state of things American authors, when their special studies and qualifications have not led them into the preparation of professional books, have found the magazines their main resource, and in this channel is now running the current of new American literature. Here the people find their cheap books, the publishers their field of activity, and the authors their only chance for a hearing.

That the life of American literature is setting in this direction finds evidence in the keen rivalry which is rising between the magazines, and the struggle for existence which is the lot of them all, in one form or another. We do not believe that competition produces excellence, or stimulates indeed the best efforts; on the contrary, its first effect is to push forward show and noise to the front seats; yet the turning of money and energy and managerial skill into this channel undoubtedly makes a better chance for the author with a really good work to get a hearing and a prompt representation. The danger, as intimated above, is twofold: that the editor and publisher will be eager for articles which by their brilliancy, or by some taking quality, may give a prominence to the magazine, and that authors, under the somewhat feverish impulse which magazine writing gives, shall write for the current month and not for all time. But these are dangers which lie near the surface. There remains the substantial fact that the monthly issues of the various magazines give a chance to the poet, the romancer, the philosopher, the discoverer, not to be found elsewhere. A true poem is printed in a magazine to be read by its hundred thousand readers, caught up by the newspaper press, ever lying in wait for novelties, and read by tens of hundreds of thousands. A novel which might otherwise amuse for an evening a few thousand readers, is the monthly freshener of life for multiplied thousands, and the thoughts confided to so frail a vessel are carried safely to countless homes.

What the magazine is yet to do, in what new ark literature will find its safety—these are questions to speculate upon. Enough now to know that he who writes for the monthly magazine is discovering that he must give his best, and no longer treat with contempt a vessel which bears the nation's best hopes; that he who edits and publishes begins to find that his function is not mean, but that weak things are confounding the mighty, and the magazine, that seems to be forever dying to make room for a new birth, has permanence and might because it is the one means now left in America of giving the best we have to the most in number.

BREVIER NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

DURING the past two years from eight thousand five hundred to nine thousand manuscripts were annually submitted to "The Century Magazine" for publication. This is an increase over previous years, and does not include the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of propositions submitted with regard to articles. As there has been an increase in the number of periodicals published in America of late years, and as the newspapers are publishing more contributions than ever by writers not on the regular staff, evidently there has been an increase in literary activity at least in proportion to the increase in population.

Now out of nine thousand manuscripts a year "The Century" can only possibly print four hundred or less. It follows that editing a magazine is not unlike walking into a garden of flowers and gathering a single bouquet. In other words, not to accept an article, a story, a poem, is not necessarily to "reject" it. There may be weeds in the garden,—there must be weeds in the garden,—but the fact that a particular blossom is not gathered into the monthly bouquet does not prove that the editor regarded the blossom as a weed, and therefore passed it by. It would be impossible to sweep all the flowers into a single handful. The "rejected" or "declined" are naturally prone to gibe at sympathetic or apologetic words from editorial sources; so we present the above simile with diffidence. There is truth in it, nevertheless! And it would be much easier for editors to make up a number of bouquets from the flowers at their disposal than to gather the single one for which alone they have room.

The general impression of a lifelong reader of manuscripts is that the quality does not deteriorate— that, in fact, it improves. Such a reader, moreover, is greatly impressed by the wide diffusion of literary ability. There are certainly very many more people who can write a good story, a good descriptive paper, a good essay, a good poem, than there were, say, twenty years ago. An old manuscript reader is inclined, in fact, to be very optimistic. Even Mr. Howells's recent extraordinary praise of current literature may not seem to such a reader as so very far out of the way. But after the old manuscript reader has expressed himself thus optimistically he is entitled to his "buts." He may even permit himself to ask whether the literary artist of our day has not caught somewhat of the hurry, the immediateness, of the time; whether, indeed, the present age is not too present with us; whether there is the slow, determined, sure, artistic work which made the successful careers of the earlier generation of American poets, romancists, and essayists. There surely is such work, but is it as general as it should be? and, if not, is this one reason that there are not more literary reputations in the new generation commensurate with those of the old?

At least the old manuscript reader may, by reason of his age, if nothing else, be pardoned should he at times look over his spectacles at the young manuscript writer and say: "Young man, young woman, you have talent, you have industry, you have knowledge, you have a fine, large audience eagerly waiting for you; all you need is to respect still more highly your own unusual parts. Ponder over, perfect your work; be not in too great haste to bring it to the eye of the editor, to the eye of the public. Regard each poem, each story, as a step in your literary career; let it not leave your hand till you have done your very best with it. If you intend it to be a genuine work of art, make it so—if you can. This may seem a slow process, but it may prove the speediest in results. And remember that even an editor is mortal, and, like every other mortal, entitled to his proportion of mistakes."

Conscientious work is not necessarily artistic work, as many a poor devil has found out too late. But it may be. The heart comes first—a warm heart and a cool head, says Joseph Jefferson—but heart without art is of no avail. The literary artist need not think sordidly on his or her "career," and yet may cherish that decent regard for repute, that love of artistic perfection, which will bring the rewards of conscience and of honorable fame. At the least the literary artist should be ashamed to do less well than in him lies. He should not niggle and polish for the love of niggling and polishing; but he should be remorseless in self-correction for the love of truth, and art, and beauty.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

BREVIER No. 11 ITALIC. LEADED.

NOT finding in the books any definition of news, as the newspaper maker and newspaper reader understand the word, I asked a number of journalists to define the commodity in which they deal, and out of the correspondence which followed was evolved this definition: "News is an unpublished event of present interest."

It is an event, rather than a fact or circumstance, because it contains the element of happening. It is unpublished, in the sense that it is unknown to the readers of the newspaper whose editor contemplates its publication. It is of present interest—present, because it changes existing conditions or impressions; and of interest, because it affects either the heart or the pocket-book of humanity.

An event which fulfills these three conditions is news, irrespective of time or locality. Both Livingstone and Unyanyembe died in Africa. The world did not hear of the death of the explorer until months after it occurred. Time did not affect the character of the news. The world never heard of the death of the negro. Locality did not affect the character of the news. That which did affect the news-character of both events was their relative value.

Editing a newspaper is the process of weighing news. No newspaper ever prints all the news, although many advertise to do so. Events which are printed are those which the editor believes to be of the greatest interest to the greatest number accustomed to read his journal; and the lengths and positions allotted to the items, as they appear in the journal, illustrate the editor's notion of the public's estimate of their varying values as news. While the editor edits the newspaper, the public edits the editor; hence it follows that the public, so greatly given to grimaces over the perusal of its follies, possesses full power to season its news to its own taste.

What is the total annual cost of maintaining a great newspaper? An answer to this question would be of interest if the answer were accurate. It is said that for special despatches alone some journals expend from five to twelve thousand dollars a month, while the regular press despatches cost nearly as much more. The cost of the "local" news far exceeds that of both the special and press despatches. When news is delivered upon the news-editor's desk it has then to be edited, and editors' services command variously from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a week. White paper bills cut a big figure in the outlay of the newspaper publisher. The New York "World" is said to expend above six hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for this purpose alone. Compositors' and proof-readers' wages amount to from two thousand to six thousand dollars a week, and a new dress of type must be purchased every year or two, costing in some instances twelve to fifteen thousand dollars.

Newspapers have two sources of income, advertisements and sales of copies. The former is greater than the latter, but not in a proportion so overwhelming as is generally supposed. Most dailies in our largest cities realize an income in about the proportion of two-thirds from advertising to one-third from subscriptions and sales.

Never before was newspaper competition so fierce as now. Vast investments are at stake, and the best brains are commanded at salaries which, already high, are steadily growing higher. Yet here is the opinion of Mr. George W. Childs: "In my twenty-five years' experience I have never seen a daily newspaper injured by competition. If a paper degenerates, as many have done within my recollection, the cause is always to be found inside, not outside, its own office. I have seen one publisher take another publisher's business, never, though, because of the superior ability of the former, but always because of the marked incompetence of the latter. Daily papers sometimes die of dry-rot, sometimes reach the sheriff's hands through political blunders, internal quarrels, or jealous ambitions; but a paper that is successful, wide awake, and honest can never be injured by competition, however fierce."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MINION NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

IT has been urged with pertinacity that the editorial leader should be signed by the writer, and unresponsive pity has been called upon to rise in behalf of the man whose talents find no recognition in the anonymity of the daily press. For my part, I know of nothing more unfortunate than would be such a change in custom, and I sincerely hope the desire for change, for the unusual, will not lead to its adoption generally. The potency of the editorial "we" has suffered enough in the last dozen years without this final blow, and that it has retained its power at all has been due to the willingness of great minds to sacrifice the reputation for the advantages of the freedom of the anonymous form. The decadence of newspaper influence would follow the change almost inevitably, and the fault would be the writer's, not the reader's. An appeal to all who use their pens as bread-winners would, I think, bring a response that the sense of responsibility is not less when the writer is unidentified, while a broader view is commonly taken and more courage shown in the expression of opinions which may provoke dispute, yet may, none the less, be eternally true. The tendency of the individual is to avoid quarrel, and the avoidance of quarrels is the gravest of newspaper blunders. To arouse some antagonisms is almost as necessary as to make friendships, in a progressive journal.

Journalists should need no warning, however, against the use of the first person singular, in view of the decline of the editorial which most of them are aware of, though not so many will admit it. If Mr. Matthew Arnold had not spoken, one might appeal to the average citizen for confirmation of the declaration that the editorial has, in fact, declined. By this let it not be supposed that the leader is not so able (to use a favorite newspaper word) as in the earlier days, for a comparison of the editorial page of to-day with the page of twenty years ago shows no falling off, but rather a gain in method and matter. It is simply that the editorial is not read with the attention once given it, that it is now merely one department of the newspaper, receiving the consideration of the subscriber if his horse-car journey happens to be long enough. Of course a good deal of this neglect has been due to the increased size of the more prosperous papers and the vast extension of the field they cover. The news columns are so much more interesting than they used to be! But there have been other causes at work, and the great increase of personalism—the word is used in a broad sense—is to blame for the loss of respect for the purely editorial utterance. The "managing editor," the executive officer of the newspaper, is the really responsible party. How dare an editorial writer advance an original opinion on a subject of national importance when the chief executive on the other side of the partition has received "specials" from Washington and every State capital giving the views of men of all shades of opinion on the issue involved, many of them speaking with an authority which readers will accept as conclusive? Why venture to discuss the prospects of European war, when Bismarck's opinions, construed by Salisbury, may be had for money paid to maintain a social lion as correspondent in London? The editor of the metropolitan journal is driven to discuss phases instead of the subject-matter, or, perhaps, devotes himself to praise of the enterprise that has obtained the important expression found in our news columns of this date! The editorial writer has, alas! not even the title of "editor" in some cases, and the conductor of more than one powerful journal to-day never puts pen to paper.

MINION NO. 11 ITALIC. LEADED.

That the editorial page may soon disappear altogether is a dreadful possibility: and if it is to be committed to the care of the elegant essayist, writing over his own signature, there will remain no reason for its existence in its present form. The pressure for space in every great daily is severe, and it now requires a stern front to hold the three or four columns sacred for editorial utterances. Give the news editor his opportunity and he will abolish the essayist without a qualm of conscience.

Yet one cannot see the approaching doom of a department in journalism so powerful as this without an effort to avert it. A force so potential as the daily newspaper should be something more than the mirror of events which the executive forces of journalism are making it. Let them pursue their glorious career undisturbed and hire the Prince of Wales for special society correspondence, or the Pope for theological discussion, if they can; but let the editorial "we" remain. The leader writer must, however, give in this work a cause for his existence, and that can be found only by some change in method.

There have been occasions when an editorial expression of opinion might have been of tremendous value, backed by that mysterious anonymity of which I have spoken. There should be, it seems to me, a thorough study of current public agitations by editorial writers who now avoid them, or, worse yet, slur them over with vague generalities.

W. T. HUNT.

NONPAREIL NO. 20 ITALIC. LEADED.

IN Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" that poet is represented as having said, in January, 1827, that the time for separate national literatures had gone by. "National literature," he said, "is now a rather unmeaning phrase; the epoch of World-Literature is at hand, and each one must do what he can to hasten its approach." Then he points out that it will not be safe to select any one literature as affording a pattern or model; or that, if it is, this model must necessarily be the Greek. All the rest, he thought, must be looked at historically, we appropriating from each the best that can be employed.

If this world-literature be really the ultimate aim, it is something to know that we are at least getting so far as to interchange freely the national models. The current London literature is French in its forms and often in its frivolity; while the French critics have lately discovered Jane Austen, and are trying to find in that staid and exemplary lady the founder of the realistic school and the precursor of Zola. During our Centennial Exposition I asked a Swedish commissioner if Fredrika Bremer's works were still read in Sweden. He said that they were not; and when I asked what had taken their place, he answered, "Bret Harte and Mark Twain." Among contemporary novelists Mr. Howells places the Russian first, then the Spanish, ranking the English, and even the French, far lower. He is also said, in a recent interview, to have attributed his own style largely to the influence of Heine. But Heine himself, in the preface to his "Deutschland," names as his own especial models Aristophanes, Cervantes, and Molière — a Greek, a Spaniard, and a Frenchman. Goethe himself thinks we cannot comprehend Calderon without Hafiz, and Fitzgerald takes us all back, certainly with great willingness on the reader's part, to Omar Khayyám. Surely, the era of a world-literature must be approaching.

Yet in looking over the schedules of our universities, one finds as little reference to a coming world-literature as if no one had hinted at the dream. There is an immense increase of interest in the study of languages, no doubt; and all this prepares for an interchange of national literatures, not for merging them in one. The interchange is a good preliminary stage, no doubt, but the preparation for a world-literature must lie in the study of those methods of thought, those canons of literary art, which lie at the foundation of all literatures. The thought and its expression — these are the two factors which must solve the problem; and it matters not how much we translate or overset — as the Germans felicitously say — so long as we go no deeper and do not grasp at what all literatures have in common. Thus in the immense range of elective studies at Harvard University there are fifteen distinct courses in Greek, fourteen in Latin, and twenty each in English, French, and German: but not a single course among them which pertains to a world-literature, or even recognizes that these various branches have any common trunk. The only sign that looks in the slightest degree in this direction is the offering of two courses in Greek and Latin jointly, — only one of which, however, is given this year, — of three in Germanic Philology collectively, and seven in Romance Philology collectively.

NONPAREIL NO. 22 ITALIC. LEADED.

No study seems to me to hold less place in our universities, as a rule, than that of literature viewed in any respect as an art; all tends to the treatment of it as a department of philology on the one side or of history on the other; and even where it is studied and training is really given in it, it is almost always a training that begins and ends with English tradition and method. It may call itself "Rhetoric and English Composition," but the one of these subdivisions is as essentially English as the other. It not only recognizes the English language as the vehicle to be used — which is inevitable — but it does not go behind the English for its methods, standards, or illustrations. There is at Harvard a professorship of Art — but this means plastic art alone; and there is a professorship of Belles-Lettres, but only as an adjunct to the French and Spanish languages and literatures; and moreover this professorship is vacant. That there is such a thing as training in thought and literary expression quite apart from all national limitations — this may be recognized here and here in the practice of our colleges, but very rarely in their framework and avowed method.

And, strange to say, this deficiency, if it be one, has only been increased by the increased differentiation and specialization of our higher institutions. Whatever the evils of the old classical curriculum, it had at least this merit, that it included definite instruction in the fundamental principles of literature as literature. So long as young men read Quintilian and Aristotle, although they may have missed much that was more important, they retained the conception of a literary discipline that went behind all nationalities; that was neither ancient nor modern, but universal. I heartily believe, for one, in the introduction of the modern elective system; what I regret is that, in this general breaking up and rearranging, the preparation for a world-literature has been so far left out. If Goethe's view is correct — and who stands for the modern world if Goethe does not? — then no one is fitted to give the higher literary training in our colleges who has not had some training in world-literature for himself.

And observe that Goethe himself is compelled to recognize the fact that in this world-literature, whether we will or no, we must recognize the exceptional position of the Greek product. The supremacy of the Greek in sculpture is not more unequivocal than in literature. To treat this supremacy as something accidental — like the long theologic sway of the Hebrew and Chaldee — is to look away from a world-literature. It is as if an ambitious sculptor were to decide to improve his studio by throwing his Venus of Milo upon the ash-heap.

THE ART OF BOOKKEEPING.

How hard when those who do not wish
To lend (that 's give) their books,
Are snared by anglers (folks who fish)
With literary hooks,

Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through !
Thus they commence a set at home
By making one at you.

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken ;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

BOOKS.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travelled that of old.
Our life, Fame pierceth at the end,
And books if farther backward do extend.

Sir Thomas Overbury.

Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge.

Fletcher.

THE SCHOLAR.

HIM was lever* have at his bed's head
Twenty bookes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes rich, or fiddle or psaltry.
But all be that he was a philosopher,
Yet hadde he but little gold in coffer,
But all that he might of his friende's bent
On bookes and learning he it spent,
And busily 'gan for the soule's pray
Of them that gave him to scholary.
Of study took he moste care and heed,
Not a word spoke he more than was need;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence.
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

* Rather.

ELZEVIR BODY 10. DOUBLE LEADED.

My days among the Dead are pass'd:
  Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
  The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
  And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
  How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead: with them
  I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
  Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead: anon
  My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
  Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

MRS. HANNAH MORE'S CONUNDRUM.

I 'm strange contradictions: I 'm new and I 'm old,
I 'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold;
Though I never could read, yet lettered I 'm found,
Though blind I enlighten, though loose I am bound;
I 'm always in black and I 'm always in white,
I am grave and I 'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ—I 'm thick and I 'm thin,
I 've no flesh and no bone, yet I 'm covered with skin;
I 've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute,
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I 'm English, I 'm German, I 'm French, and I 'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much.
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

SMALL PICA GREEK. LEADED.*

Λέγεται ὁ Θεμιστοκλῆς, Νεοκλέους υἱὸς, οὕτω παράφορος πρὸς δόξαν εἶναι, καὶ πράξεων μεγάλων ὑπὸ φιλοτιμίας ἐραστὴς, ὥστε νέος ὢν ἔτι, τῆς ἐν Μαραθῶνι μάχης πρὸς τοὺς βαρβάρους γενομένης, καὶ τῆς Μιλτιάδου στρατηγίας διαβοηθείσης, σύννους ὁρᾶσθαι τὰ πολλὰ πρὸς ἑαυτῷ, καὶ τὰς νύκτας ἀγρυπνεῖν, καὶ τοὺς πότους παραιτεῖσθαι τοὺς συνήθεις, καὶ λέγειν πρὸς τοὺς ἐρωτῶντας καὶ θαυμάζοντας τὴν περὶ τὸν βίον μεταβολήν, ὡς καθεύδειν αὐτὸν οὐκ ἐάῃ τὸ τοῦ Μιλτιάδου τρόπαιον. Οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλοι πέρας ᾤοντο τοῦ πολέμου τὴν ἐν Μαραθῶνι τῶν βαρβάρων ἧττων εἶναι, Θεμιστοκλῆς δὲ ἀρχὴν μειζόνων ἀγώνων, ἐφ' οἷς ἑαυτὸν ὑπὲρ τῆς ὅλης Ἑλλάδος ἤλειφεν ἀεὶ, καὶ τὴν πόλιν ἤσκει, πόρρωθεν ἤδη προσδοκῶν τὸ μέλλον.

Καὶ πρῶτον μὲν τὴν Λαυριωτικὴν πρόσοδον ἀπὸ τῶν ἀργυρείων μετάλλων ἔθος ἐχόντων Ἀθηναίων διανέμεσθαι, μόνος εἰπεῖν ἐτόλμησε παρελθὼν εἰς τὸν δῆμον, ὡς Χρὴ, τὴν διανομὴν ἐάσαντας, ἐκ τῶν χρημάτων τούτων κατασκευάσασθαι τριήρεις ἐπὶ τὸν πρὸς Αἰγινήτας πόλεμον. Ἥκμαζε γὰρ οὗτος ἐν τῇ Ἑλλάδι μάλιστα, καὶ κατεῖχον οἱ Αἰγινῆται πλήθει νεῶν τὴν θάλασσαν. Εἶτι καὶ ῥᾷον Θεμιστοκλῆς συνέπεισεν, οὐ Δαρεῖον, οὐδὲ Πέρσας (μακρὰν γὰρ ἦσαν οὗτοι, καὶ δέος οὐ πάνυ βέβαιον ὡς ἀφιξόμενοι παρεῖχον) ἐπισείων, ἀλλὰ τῇ πρὸς Αἰγινήτας ὀργῇ καὶ φιλονεικίᾳ τῶν πολιτῶν ἀποχρησάμενος εὐκαίρως ἐπὶ τὴν παρασκευήν. Ἑκατὸν γὰρ ἀπὸ τῶν χρημάτων ἐκείνων ἐποιήθησαν τριήρεις, αἷ καὶ πρὸς Ξέρξην ἐναυμάχησαν. Ἐκ δὲ τούτου κατὰ μικρὸν ὑπάγων καὶ καταβιβάζων τὴν πόλιν πρὸς τὴν θάλασσαν, ὡς τὰ πεζὰ μὲν οὐδὲ τοῖς ὁμόροις ἀξιομάχους ὄντας, τῇ δ' ἀπὸ τῶν νεῶν ἀλκῇ καὶ τοὺς βαρβάρους ἀμύνασθαι, καὶ τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἄρχειν δυναμένους, ἀντὶ μονίμων ὁπλιτῶν, ὥς φησι Πλάτων, ναυβάτας καὶ θαλαττίους ἐποίησε· καὶ διαβολὴν καθ' αὑτοῦ παρέσχεν, ὡς ἄρα Θεμιστοκλῆς τὸ δόρυ καὶ τὴν ἀσπίδα τῶν πολιτῶν παρελόμενος, εἰς ὑπηρέσιον καὶ κώπην συνέστειλε τὸν τῶν Ἀθηναίων δῆμον. Ἔπραξε δὲ ταῦτα Μιλτιάδου κρατήσας ἀντιλέγοντος. Εἰ μὲν δὴ τὴν ἀκρίβειαν καὶ τὸ καθαρὸν τοῦ πολιτεύματος ἔβλαψεν, ἢ μὴ, ταῦτα πράξας, ἔστω φιλοσοφωτέρου ἐπισκοπεῖν. Ὅτι δ' ἡ τότε σωτηρία τοῖς Ἕλλησιν ἐκ τῆς θαλάσσης ὑπῆρξε, καὶ τὴν Ἀθηναίων πόλιν λυθεῖσαν ἔστησαν αἱ τριήρεις ἐκεῖναι, τὰ τ' ἄλλα, καὶ Ξέρξης αὐτὸς ἐμαρτύρησε. Τῆς γὰρ πεζικῆς δυνάμεως ἀθραύστου διαμενούσης, ἔφυγε μετὰ τὴν τῶν νεῶν ἧτταν, ὡς οὐκ ὢν ἀξιόμαχος. Καὶ Μαρδόνιον ἐμποδὼν εἶναι τοῖς Ἕλλησι τῆς διώξεως μᾶλλον, ἢ δουλωσόμενον αὐτοὺς, ὡς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ, κατέλιπεν. . .

Λέγεται δ', Ὀλυμπίων τῶν ἐφεξῆς ἀγομένων, καὶ παρελθόντος εἰς τὸ στάδιον τοῦ Θεμιστοκλέους, ἀμελήσαντας τῶν ἀγωνιστῶν τοὺς παρόντας, ὅλην τὴν ἡμέραν ἐκεῖνον θεᾶσθαι, καὶ τοῖς ξένοις ἐπιδεικνύειν, ἅμα θαυμάζοντας καὶ προτρυνοντας· ὥστε καὶ αὐτὸν ἡσθέντα πρὸς τοὺς φίλους ὁμολογῆσαι τὸν καρπὸν ἀπέχειν τῶν ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἑλλάδος αὐτῷ πονηθέντων.

We have this Tischendorf face on english and bourgeois bodies.
Also, Porson Greek on brevier and nonpareil, and Enschedé Greek of old-style form on long-primer body.

Schüler.

Ich bin allhier erſt kurze Zeit
Und komme voll Ergebenheit,
Einen Mann zu ſprechen und zu kennen,
Den alle mir mit Ehrfurcht nennen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Eure Höflichkeit erfreut mich ſehr.
Ihr ſeht einen Mann, wie andre mehr.
Habt ihr euch ſonſt ſchon umgethan?

Schüler.

Ich bitt' euch, nehmt euch meiner an!
Ich komme mit allem guten Muth,
Leidlichem Geld und friſchem Blut.
Meine Mutter wollte mich kaum entfernen.
Möchte gern was Rechts hieraußen lernen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Da ſeid ihr eben recht am Ort.

Schüler.

Aufrichtig, möchte ſchon wieder fort.
In dieſen Mauern, dieſen Hallen,
Will es mir keineswegs gefallen;
Es iſt ein gar beſchränkter Raum,
Man ſieht nichts Grünes, keinen Baum,
Und in den Sälen, auf den Bänken,
Vergeht mir Hören, Sehn und Denken.

Mephiſtopheles.

Das kommt nur auf Gewohnheit an.
So nimmt ein Kind der Mutter Bruſt
Nicht gleich im Anfang willig an,
Doch bald ernährt es ſich mit Luſt.
So wird's euch an der Weisheit Brüſten
Mit jedem Tage mehr gelüſten.

Schüler.

An ihrem Hals will ich mit Freuden hangen;
Doch ſagt mir nur, wie kann ich hingelangen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Erklärt euch, eh ihr weiter geht,
Was wählt ihr für eine Facultät?

Schüler.

Ich wünſchte recht gelehrt zu werden,
Und möchte gern, was auf der Erden
Und in dem Himmel iſt erfaſſen:
Die Wiſſenſchaft und die Natur.

Mephiſtopheles.

Da ſeid ihr auf der rechten Spur;
Doch müßt ihr euch nicht zerſtreuen laſſen.

LONG PRIMER GERMAN NO. 90. LEADED.

Schüler.

Ich bin dabei mit Seel' und Leib!
Doch freilich würde mir behagen
Ein wenig Freiheit und Zeitvertreib
An ſchönen Sommerfeiertagen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Gebraucht der Zeit! ſie geht ſo ſchnell von hinnen;
Doch Ordnung lehrt euch Zeit gewinnen.
Mein theurer Freund, ich rath' euch drum,
Zuerſt Collegium Logicum.
Da wird der Geiſt euch wohl dreſſirt,
In ſpaniſche Stiefeln eingeſchnürt,
Daß er bedächtiger ſo fortan
Hinſchleiche die Gedankenbahn,
Und nicht etwa die Kreuz und Quer
Irrlichtelire hin und her.
Dann lehret man euch manchen Tag,
Daß, was ihr ſonſt auf Einen Schlag
Getrieben, wie Eſſen und Trinken, frei,
Eins! zwei! drei! dazu nöthig ſei.
Zwar iſt's mit der Gedankenfabrik
Wie mit einem Webermeiſterſtück,
Wo Ein Tritt tauſend Fäden regt,
Die Schifflein herüber hinüber ſchießen,
Die Fäden ungeſehen fließen,
Ein Schlag tauſend Verbindungen ſchlägt.
Der Philoſoph, der tritt herein
Und beweiſt euch, es müßt' ſo ſein:
Das erſt' wär' ſo, das zweite ſo,
Und drum das dritt' und vierte ſo;
Und wenn das erſt' und zweit' nicht wär',
Das dritt' und viert' wär' nimmermehr.
Das preiſen die Schüler aller Orten,
Sind aber keine Weber geworden.
Wer will was Lebendig's erkennen und beſchreiben,
Sucht erſt den Geiſt herauszutreiben;
Dann hat er die Theile in ſeiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geiſtige Band.
Encheiresin naturæ nennt's die Chemie,
Spottet ihrer ſelbſt, und weiß nicht wie.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

TU viens d'incendier la Bibliothèque ?
——Oui.
J'ai mis le feu là.
——Mais c'est un crime inouï,
Crime commis par toi contre toi-même, infâme !
Mais tu viens de tuer le rayon de ton âme !
C'est ton propre flambeau que tu viens de souffler !
Ce que ta rage impie et folle ose brûler,
C'est ton bien, ton trésor, ta dot, ton héritage !
Le livre, hostile au maître, est à ton avantage.
Le livre a toujours pris fait et cause pour toi.
Une bibliothèque est un acte de foi
Des générations ténébreuses encore
Qui rendent dans la nuit témoignage à l'aurore.
Quoi ! dans ce vénérable amas des vérités,
Dans ces chefs-d'œuvre pleins de foudre et de clartés,
Dans ce tombeau des temps devenue repertoire,
Dans les siècles, dans l'homme antique, dans l'histoire.

Dans le passé, leçon qu'épelle l'avenir,
Dans ce qui commença pour ne jamais finir,
Dans les poètes ! quoi, dans ce gouffre des bibles,
Dans le devin monceau des Eschyles terribles,
Des Homères, des Jobs, debout sur l'horizon,
Dans Molière, Voltaire et Kant, dans la raison,
Tu jettes, misérable, une torche enflammée !
De tout l'esprit humain tu fais de la fumée !
As-tu donc oublié que ton libérateur,
C'est le livre ? le livre est là sur la hauteur ;

[Concluded on next page.]

Il luit; parce qu'il brille et qu'il les illumine
Il détruit l'échafaud, la guerre, la famine;
Il parle; plus d'esclave et plus de paria.
Ouvre un livre. Platon, Milton, Beccaria.
Lis ces prophètes, Dante, ou Shakspeare, ou Corneille;
L'âme immense qu'ils ont en eux, en toi s'éveille;
Ébloui, tu te sens le même homme qu'eux tous;
Tu deviens en lisant grave, pensif et doux;
Tu sens dans ton esprit tous ces grands hommes croître;
Ils t'enseignent ainsi que l'aube éclaire un cloître;
A mesure qu'il plonge en ton cœur plus avant,
Leur chaud rayon t'apaise et te fait plus vivant;
Ton âme interrogée est prête à leur répondre;
Tu te reconnais bon, puis meilleur; tu sens fondre
Comme la neige au feu, ton orgueil, tes fureurs,
Le mal, les préjugés, les rois, les empereurs!
Car la science en l'homme arrive la première,
Puis vient la liberté. Toute cette lumière,
C'est à toi, comprends donc, et c'est toi qui l'éteins!
Les buts rêvés par toi sont par le livre atteints!
Le livre en ta pensée entre, il défait en elle
Les liens que l'erreur à la vérité mêle,
Car toute conscience est un nœud gordien.
Il est ton médecin, ton guide, ton gardien.
Ta haine, il la guérit; ta démence, il te l'ôte.
Voilà ce que tu perds, hélas, et par ta faute!
Le livre est ta richesse à toi! c'est le savoir,
Le droit, la vérité, la vertu, le devoir,
Le progrès, la raison dissipant tout délire.
Et tu detruis cela, toi!
——Je ne sais pas lire.

Victor Hugo, "L'Année Terrible."

LE pire inconvénient de cette réclame qui de la page d'annonces est remontée en tête des journaux, c'est qu'elle a tué la critique. Qui donc aujourd'hui jette le filet dans le tas des livres inconnus? Qui donc tente le tri? Certes, les bonnes volontés et le goût ne font point défaut. Mais le journal, qui abandonne une si large place au théâtre, n'a pas réservé un asile pour le livre. Les mœurs modernes lui ont appris le vrai taux de son concours. Il tient ses prix. Il ne se croit pas obligé de sacrifier ses intérêts à l'amour platonique des lettres.

Privé des conseils de la critique, le grand public a choisi, hors du journal, les guides de son goût. Il s'est remis aux mains des snobs.

La conversation sur les livres fait partie de la vie élégante, comme la tasse de thé de cinq heures. Et il va sans dire que le choix des lectures des snobs est déterminé par des motifs qui ne sont point la curiosité des idées neuves et du style. Ces gens-là lisent certains auteurs, comme ils s'habillent chez certains couturiers, parce que cela est la mode, parce que les élus dont ils reçoivent le mot se fournissent à ces adresses.

Tel quel, le snob est un excellent commis voyageur en renommées. Il fréquente les plages, les saisons d'eau, tous les rendez-vous des oisifs. Lorsqu'une fois il a retenu un nom, il le répète sans se lasser.

C'est donc à lui que les habiles devront faire la cour. Ils flatteront ses petites manies de correction et de costume. Ils traiteront à son intention l'unique sujet où le snob prenne du plaisir: l'aventure d'une mondaine élégante qui a un amant et qui en change.

A ces conditions le snob se fera le colporteur de vos livres, et vous aurez la chance qu'il arrive ainsi aux mains des simples honnêtes gens, de ceux qui ne lisent pas par mode, mais pour leur plaisir, et qui, eux, vous adopteront, une fois pour toutes, si vous les aidez à formuler l'inconnu qu'ils portent dans leur cœur.

HUGUES LE ROUX, in "Le Figaro."

CONDENSED FRENCH-FACE ON BODY 12. LEADED.

AUX yeux du public profane, il semble qu'on n'ait à s'occuper que du format, du papier, du caractère, du nombre de pages, pour que le premier prote venu puisse mener à bien une impression de volume. — Il en est tout autrement, si l'on sent en soi l'amour du livre, aussi bien que le respect des traditions.

Il ne faut pas tout d'abord blesser les règles typographiques ni s'y renfermer aveuglément. Le papier une fois choisi, dans le format in-18 ou in-8°, il s'agit d'arrêter la hauteur de page et la justification, c'est-à-dire de mettre le texte en harmonie avec les marges ; il convient d'établir le titre courant, de juger des divers interlignages, de recommencer dix, quinze, vingt fois le type spécimen d'une page, observant, critiquant, clignant de l'œil, jusqu'à ce que la pondération parfaite ait été atteinte ; puis, cela fait, viennent les questions des blancs, les fins de chapitres, «l'habillage» des vignettes et enfin le titre.

Le *titre !* cela semble tout simple, mais rien n'est aussi malaisé que de le combiner dans sa perfection, selon les règles de la typographie et du bon goût ; on en compose dix et ce n'est pas cela ; on recommence ; de la capitale on passe au bas de casse, du bas de casse à la lettre fantaisiste, on cherche dans le *moderne,* dans l'*elzévir,* dans la *renaissance :* on combine, on mélange les races de caractères ; on coupe, on divise, on subdivise, on resserre les textes ou bien on les aère, et ce n'est qu'après un labeur parfois incroyable qu'on obtient le titre rêvé, sérieux, qui fait plaisir à voir et engage le lecteur à pousser plus loin dans les colonnes serrées du volume.

Le livre est à peine composé, lu en *première,* en *seconde,* relu en *bon à tirer* et revisé en *tierce,* qu'il faut surveiller le tirage, la mise en train et le bon découpage des vignettes, porter son attention à un encrage suivi, à un foulage modéré ; puis le brocheur enlève, le glaceur satine, les feuilles sèchent quelques jours, et, enfin, sous le couteau à papier des habiles brocheuses, le volume prend corps, est vêtu de sa couverture ; le livre vient au jour, il paraît.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

Z 250
D38 R6
1891