

William Lilbourne, Thomas Ashman, William Wood, Thomas Fairbourne, John Heeley, Alexander Greig, Thomas Marshall, Watkins Nimmo, Edward Ferguson, John George, John Shields, Alexander Hogg, and Thomas Fife, all late of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, labourers; being evil disposed persons, and workmen and journeymen in the art and mystery and manual occupation of bookbinders, and not content to work and labour in that art and mystery by the usual number of hours in each day, and at the usual rates and prices for which they and other workmen and journeymen in the same art and mystery were used and had been accustomed to work and labour, but devising and intending to take from lessen and diminish one hour in each day's work, and to compel their respective masters and employers to pay them the same price for each day's work, so diminished by one hour, as though they had worked the usual number of hours in each day, and thereby to enhance the price of their and other workmen and journeymen's wages in the same art and mystery on the 22nd day of March in the 26th Geo. III. . . . did unlawfully conspire, combine, confederate, and agree together to take from lessen and diminish one hour in each day's work . . . and afterwards on the same day did unlawfully assemble and meet together and form themselves into an unlawful society to support each other in such unlawful purpose . . . (and that they agreed) that they and each and every of them would not work or labour any longer for their respective masters and employers . . . to the great damage and oppression not only of their several masters and employers, but also of divers others of the liege subjects of our said Lord the King, carrying on, managing, and transacting the same art and mystery, in contempt of our said Lord the King, His Crown and Dignity . . . and being not content to work and labour in that art and mystery by the usual number of hours in each day—being twelve hours and one half in each day—did conspire, combine, confederate, and agree together to lessen the hours by one, and . . . that if their respective masters and employers refused to comply with such unlawful terms, that they and every of them would leave their respective employments . . . and that these twenty-four did entice others to leave . . . and did covenant and agree to support such others who would leave," etc.

[To be continued.]

THE printing, bookbinding, bookselling, and allied trades in Paris are the most far-reaching and profitable in that city. The number of workmen, women, and children employed is estimated at 25,000, and the annual product is worth 260 millions of francs. About 400 typefounders produce four millions; 7,000 printers, about fifty millions; 5,000 lithographic printers, forty millions; 4,000 bookbinders and gilders, five millions; booksellers of all sorts, including the old booksellers on the Quays, about 6,000, and their businesses realise 150 millions. The principal seat of the book trade is situated on the left bank of the Seine, and there we find the well-known firms of publishers, Firmin-Didot, Hachette, Plon, etc.; while in the smallest and darkest alleys may be found numbers of old-booksellers.

German Bookbinders' Song OF 1842.

WHO can be more contented,
With life as 'tis presented,
To us who bind the books?
Our work is full of pleasures,
We bind the richest treasures,
And beautify their looks.

CHORUS:— { Hallo, halli, hallo, halli,
 { The Binder's life for me.

The plough we move so swiftly,
The hammer wield so deftly,
Upon the beating stone.
In rounding or in backing,
We find no music lacking,
Each has its merry tone.

We scrape and gild and burnish,
Till every edge we furnish
With golden rays of light.
We work most charming headbands,
With blue and white and red strands,
Like ladies' dress bedight.

The backs we draw on lightly,
The corners turn in tightly,
Well soaked with good stout paste.
The sides we neatly cover
With marbled paper over,
To suit the owner's taste,

Half French, half English binding,
In each a pleasure finding,
We ready are to do.
The back we neatly fillet,
Or gild with tools to fill it,
The title letter too.

In carven oak book cases,
And shelves in poorer places,
Or ladies' hands I ween;
Before the Sacred Presence,
At wedding feast, as presents,
Our work is always seen.

The leaders of the nations,
With stars and decorations,
With us their treasures trust.
Where would be all the sages?
The wisdom of the ages
Without us would be dust.

If all our storied pages,
As in the by-gone ages,
Were written down on rolls;
The wear, from oft unfolding,
And stains, from students' holding,
Would oft blot out the scrolls.

But since the art of printing—
The world with glory tinting—
Brought books within our reach;
In any form of binding,
How easy 'tis in finding,
Whate'er the pages teach.

There could be no diffusion
Of knowledge, in confusion,
Of papers loosely laid.
So, colleagues, lift your glasses,
To readers of all classes,
And drink, "Long Live our Trade "

All hail the craftsman's hand, boys!
All through the Fatherland, boys!
Men still will need our aid,
Long as the world goes round, boys!
Bookbinding can't go down, boys!
All hail our worthy Trade!

From *Journal für Buchbinderei*.