

of cut-throat competition and sweating, Mr. Forward, with a clear-sightedness which has done him excellent service, took an early opportunity of having the work done on his own premises, and he has now an efficient staff of men who turn out the circuits, yapps and boxes with commendable skill that conduces greatly to the credit of the house. Every man is furnished with a large paring stone, on which most of the work is done, the paring being a large and important item; before him is a rack containing knives, gouges, chisels and creasers, which appear odd-looking implements in a binder's shop, but which are necessary for the cutting of corners and backs of the circuit flaps after the leather is turned in. Moulds for all sizes of boxes are stored on the shelves, but on some of the moulds boxes were being built up of millboard or wood, the latter being thin enough to bend for the rounded tops after being scored, when it is lined to keep it in form. These boxes are afterwards covered with leather and have locks, strap or silk handles, or tuck flaps fitted to them, and are designed to carry sets of Prayers and Hymns; some larger square ones are fitted with sets of the Handy Volumes of Shakespeare or Tennyson in twelve or thirteen volumes, forming a perfect little library in compact form.

Speaking generally the firm may well be proud both of their establishment and the class of work they execute. Mr. Forward explained to us: "We do not do a very large trade, nor do we desire it. We are quiet-going people, having regular customers whom we try to please, and so long as we can do that we have no wish to extend our trade indefinitely; we aim at doing good work well, and I think we have been fairly fortunate. Of course we are open to fresh business connections, but while we rub along as well as we do, we do not care to push out into the market." There was a quiet contentment about these remarks that accorded with the kindly aspect of the old gentleman, one of the oldest binders in the trade, and which contrasted strongly with the feverish restlessness of some of his compeers, and it was with very great reluctance that he consented to give us his photograph, with which we are sure most of our readers will be delighted, remembering his active work for many a year on behalf of the Trade Charities in which he has ever taken a keen interest. The work of the father has now been taken up by the son, from whom we hope great things.

One thing we particularly noticed in connection with the firm's work:—a new process of enamelling which Mr. C. W. Forward has introduced, and by which some very fine effects are gained. The enamel is made by the firm for their own use; it can be painted on to any material after the design has been blinded in, and when dry the gold outline is blocked or finished over the edges of the enamel, the gold working equally well as on the bare leather, or, if there is any difference, the gold is brighter in consequence. By this means the finest monograms or crosses or the tiniest flowers have the effect of being inlaid; the strap design in our illustration being a specimen in red on purple German calf. The colours stand the light and air well, do not chip off nor crack, and retain a certain amount of elasticity required by the flexibility of the

cover. The cost of inlaying has been practically prohibitive for books in ordinary use, but the effect may now be gained at a merely nominal cost without the disadvantages to which enamelled work has always been subject hitherto.

Roguish Printers.



URING the last century and the early part of the present century French printers, when given books to print, were in the habit of printing a certain number of copies over and above those ordered, which they sold (privately, of course) for their own benefit. Various devices were resorted to by authors to prevent this abuse. One of the most ingenious of these is related by Voltaire.

While in the Chateau at Sceaux, keeping out of the way of his enemies, he dissipated his ennui by writing the three tales of "Memnon," "Zadig," and "Bubouc," and took the following ingenious method of preventing the printer from striking off some hundreds of extra copies for his own emolument. He showed the MS. of "Zadig" to Prault, the printer, and agreed to pay him so much for an impression of 1,200 copies. Prault accepted half what he asked at first for the job, as the thoughts of the extra copies presented themselves to him whilst the bargain was making. The size, the paper, and the type being agreed on, and Prault having engaged to furnish 1,200 copies two days after the impression was worked off, Voltaire handed over the second half of the MS., commencing in the middle of a chapter, telling Prault to begin with it at the top of a page, and use despatch. There were, he said, many corrections and many changes to be made in the first part, but he should have it as soon as those were made. Prault carried off his copy quite content, rejoicing in the clear gain he expected from the little speculation.

The same day, Robert Machuel, a Rouen printer, then in the city, was summoned, and the same ceremony was re-enacted, the second citizen getting the first moiety of the copy, and being directed to have it ended exactly at the bottom of a printed page. "The second half required corrections, and would be furnished in course." Each half was thus printed, and furnished to the author, who, sending for women employed by bookbinders, got his entire impressions sewed in four days at his own house, and the copies sent to their intended addresses, all being given away to his friends and well-wishers.

The printers continued to besiege him with messages and letters for the remainder of the copy, but the "author was sick, and could not be, &c., &c." At last they sent in their little bills for the work done, and were paid. Another edition immediately appeared, and Prault and Machuel discovered they had incurred expense in producing their extra half copies. They would run a great risk of detection by getting the corresponding complements printed to make their stock saleable. Neither of them knew who was his coadjutor, and Prault never forgave Voltaire for his ingenious and cold-blooded share in the business.