

**THE ART OF BOOK-BINDING, ITS
RISE AND PROGRESS; INCLUDING
A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE
NEW YORK BOOK-BINDERY.
[NEW YORK-1850]**

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The Art of Book-Binding, Its Rise and Progress; Including a Descriptive Account of the New York Book-Bindery. [New York-1850] by Edward Walker

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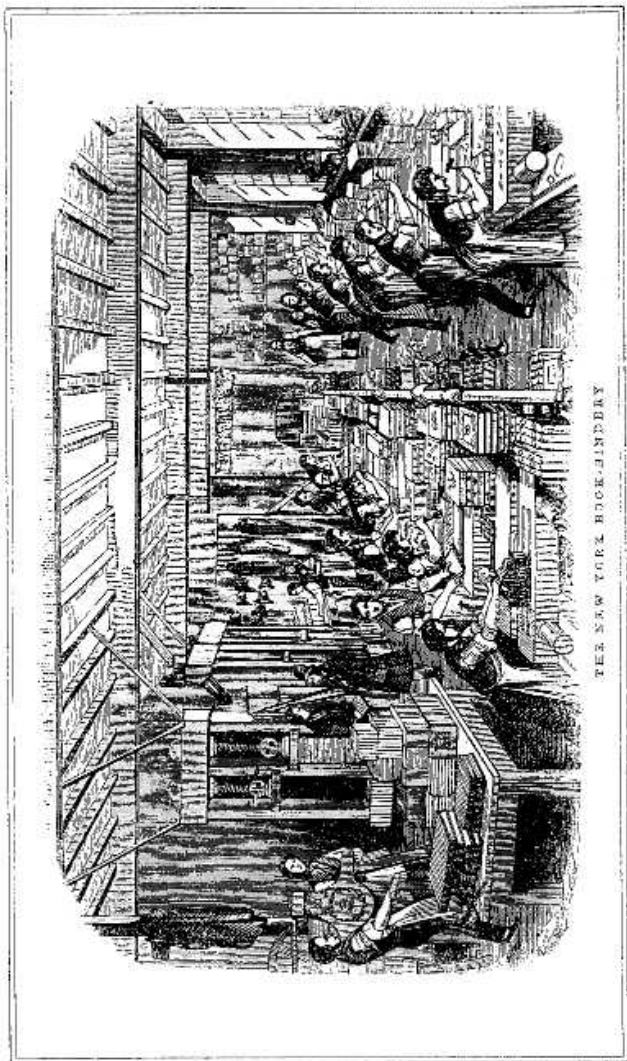
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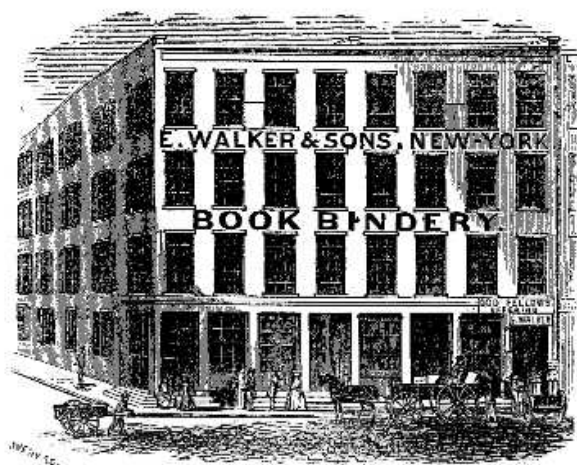
EDWARD WALKER

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1850.



"How I love Books,
not only for the imaginative
pleasures they afford me, but
for their making me love to be in
contact with them. I look sideways
at my Spenser, my Theodius, and my
Austen Nights; then on my left side
at my Chaucer; and think how rare
and it was for Charles Lamb to give a
hint to an old Sida, as I once saw him
do in 'Laysman's House, Nothing,
while I live and think, can deprive
me of my value of such treasures.
I can help the appreciation of
them while I live, and love
them till I die."
Lough Hunt.



This little manual, descriptive of the origin and progress of book-binding, has been prepared by the publisher, expressly for the use of his numerous patrons, in the belief that it will be found to comprise much curious and interesting matter relative to the bibliopegistic art, which will prove acceptable to all true lovers of books. "Books," says Milton, "are among the sweetest luxuries of our world;" and Channing affirms that "in the best books, great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live." Books have in all ages commanded the veneration of mankind; and this appreciation of their value has been commonly evinced by the skill and ingenuity devoted to their decoration. Nor is this devotion to the internal and external adornment of books peculiar to

past ages; it is no less a characteristic of our own, when the resources of taste and inventive art have become well nigh exhausted in the lavish expenditure of costly embellishment which distinguishes many of our modern literary productions. There are, however, exceptions to the rule.

Good books, it has been well observed, deserve good binding; did they but contain the power of speech, as well as all manner of tongues, how many tales of woe would they relate to us of the neglect and destruction they have suffered, merely for the want of a decent covering, which would have secured to them the friendship and esteem of the scholar, as well as universal admiration.