

OUR COMPETITION DISPUTE.

After inquiring fully into the misunderstanding that arose in connection with our first competition, we are satisfied that the book sent in as having been forwarded and finished in the bookbinding department of Mudie's Library was not so finished, and, therefore, it in no way represented what might have been produced by the establishment named. The error arose in consequence of the letter of guarantee having been to some extent tampered with.

A Great Paris Bookbinder.

It appeared from a recent correspondence that some difference of opinion exists as to who is the best bookbinder in London. Not so in Paris. In reply to recent inquiries it was ascertained, from sources of information so independent and unimpeachable as M. Champion, of the Quai Malaquais, whose shop has long been the favourite resort and gossip-shop of Parisian book-lovers, and M. Damascène Morgand, of the Passage des Panoramas, that if you want a volume bound in the highest style of art the man to go to is M. Cuzin, of the Rue Séguier. Go there and you will find a specimen of a real Parisian workshop. Up three pairs of stairs in a narrow street, very different from the blazing boulevards, where casual spectators think they are seeing Parisian life when they are really assisting at a cosmopolitan orgie held at Paris by the dissolute of all nations and both hemispheres, the door of the flat is in all probability opened to you by the wife of the great binder. Within are cupboards containing the stock of tools, worth perhaps £2,000, which form the necessary plant of an ambitious establishment, and morocco and other leather in every process of treatment, while the master workman himself in basque cap and brown holland blouse is working away at some pet specimen of his art, such as that which he is represented as holding in the portrait, an *édition de luxe* of Moreau's "Monument du Costume," which he has just completed in blue, with a doublure (this is the term applied to the elaborated inside faces of the cover) of crimson morocco. Inside and out the whole ornamentation of this sumptuous binding has been carried out leaf by leaf and spray by spray, as the French say, *à petits fers*, and you are not surprised to hear that M. Cuzin has sold it to an English amateur for fifty napoleons. It only remains to add that M. Cuzin is a self-made man, the son of a tailor in a small town of Central France, who took early to bookbinding, and is now at the head of that handicraft in Paris.



M. CUZIN.