The business which is carried on under this widely-known name, is, of course, no longer under the direction of the celebrated binder who bore it, and who died in the year 1883 at the ripe age of eighty-three. For a short time it was carried on by his nieces, but finding it beyond their powers, it was disposed of to its present proprietor, Mr. Joseph Shepherd, whose portrait we give this month, and who still carries it on, though not at the old house, 97 York-street, Westminster, he having removed to Trafalgar House, Great Newport-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.

Joseph Shepherd was born in London on the 16th day of September, 1858, and learned the trade in the house of Messrs. Simpson and Renshaw, the successors of Messrs. Edmonds and Remnant, where, in the modern branch of the binding trade, he had the advantage of a thorough tuition. Being desirous of learning more concerning the methods of producing the very best classes of work, he pushed out into other shops and gained some further experience; until, in 1884, he acquired the business of the late F. Bedford, retaining the style of the firm. This was no light undertaking for a young man, for while the name and fame of the dead master overshadowed all, it was not the name and fame only; the dead master had left proofs of his ability behind, against which every fresh piece of work was compared. This was discouraging on the one hand, though on the other it served as a spur to Mr. Shepherd's energies for the production of such work as would bear comparison with that of his predecessor. It might almost be wondered how he succeeded in keeping the business together at all under such circumstances, but that he conscientiously did his best in the production of neat and artistic designs, the tooling of which, executed by his own hand, is both bright, solid, and exact, while in the forwarding there is every indication of a studious regard for solidity and shapeliness that will compare with the work of most binders' art. Fine binders, in the fullest sense of the term, are very few and far between, but the subject of our present sketch is undoubtedly a good binder, in whose hands book lovers need not fear to place their choice volumes. During his comparatively short career he has had numerous orders from men who are renowned book lovers, and from others who are widely-known public men, and some few years ago was honoured by a visit from Mr. Gladstone, who took a great interest in the bindings shown him and processes of the work, recalling several conversations he had held with his "old friend" Rogers, the poet, upon the subject of taste in bindings, a subject Mr. Gladstone said Rogers took a great deal of interest in.

Referring to the death of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Shepherd told us that when at Whippingham he had written a few verses on the death of a skylark, an incident he witnessed, and he was prompted to send them to the great poet, who received them and forwarded to him a suitable acknowledgement in his own hand, which Mr. Shepherd preserves in a little volume of autograph letters, and which we viewed with melancholy interest at the time of our visit.

Like many other binders, Mr. Shepherd deplores the present ruinous competition in trade, which aims at cheapness before anything else, and is, he considers, slowly but surely destroying all the interest a man should have in making his work as good and artistic as that produced in by-gone times. No man can stand the heavy rent and other expenses attendant upon a place of business, and fairly put into his work the time and attention demanded to make a perfect binding at the prices he is obliged to accept even now, and those, low as they are, are being continually docked by competitors who find means of doing without—now
one thing, and then another—things not discernible to
everyone, but which rob a book of the merit to be
found in Bedford's work. While the cry is ever for
work such as Bedford produced, the binder finds few
such patrons as the late Duke of Portland, whose
knowledge of the good points of a binding and
kindness and liberality to his protégé are well known.

The volumes we have selected for reproduction are
bound in that neat and quiet style for which the house
has earned a good repute. "The Sea" is bound in
dark blue morocco, inlaid with fillets of various
coloured leathers. This book was exhibited at the
Folkestone Art Treasures Exhibition. "Gulliver's
Travels," a first edition, is in red morocco, with panel
side; and "Endymion" is in grass-green morocco,
inlaid with citron.

\[\text{Foreign Notes.}\]

Our article in the August number "On
German Bookbindings" has caught the eye of the Illustrierte Zeitung für
Buchbinderei—from whose pages we
had translated an article "About
English Bookbinding" (published in
June)—and the reply is interesting. After repeating
some of its charges about our system of sub-dividing
the work, by means of which "human machines are
made instead of art workers,"—which, with sorrow,
we admit to be true—it reverts to our styles of orna-
mentation, in which there "is a great debasement of
taste. The stamps are heavy and the designs poor
in a style unknown. Except for a few old historic
originals which the English study, they learn nothing
from other nations, and even in the English styles
cultivated, there prevails the heavy Harleian ornament.
Our greatest surprise is, that the English, who have
such a splendid art trade journal as The British
Bookmaker, do not take more advantage of it.

"The last compliment is in return for the article in
which the English writer says that our journal has
amused his colleagues, partly because of our ignorance
of English methods of work, and partly because of
the cool assumption that the Germans, who have
learned all they know of other nations, can produce
beautiful work, while 'we poor English have enclosed
ourselves with a Chinese wall.'"

To our charge that their own trade journals have
been "the satirists of the trade," they do not dissent,
but rather seem to agree by this foot-note: "To keep
silent if things are wrong, or to praise that which is
bad, will not make the evil better. The strong
criticism of Reuleaux upon the Philadelphia Exhibition
had its effects." But whether they agree or not, the fact
remains, as many translations from their journals in
our own will prove to those who care to look them up.

Concerning Zaehehsdorf and Zahn they say: "Now
Zaehehsdorf senior has himself claimed to be a German,
though in truth he was not, only of German extraction;
but all his feelings and sentiments were German up
to the end of his life." When we spoke of Zaehehsdorf
we spoke of the living binder, and they evidently
recognised that, though they fell back upon his father
to defend their claim upon his nationality, as may be
seen below in their parting salutes.

"Zahn's art we claim, but not that of today: he
has been in other lands, but had The British Book-
maker looked in our journal ten years ago they would
have seen many of his articles and designs with his
artistic taste, before Zahn went abroad. We admit
that the German bookbinder, if he would perfect
himself, should go to other countries to study, but we
also say that if the Englishman came into our German
workshops he might learn much, and it would be to
his disadvantage if he were as arrogant as this trade
journal of bookbinding is. We will give this article
from The British Bookmaker our further attention,
not confining ourselves to the choice of sixty volumes,"
as the writer has done, which seem to have been
purposely chosen to make therefrom a destructive
criticism. Fine binders may be found in Germany,
as everywhere else, but what is wanted is a rich buying
public such as England possesses, and yet it was not
possible to keep even in England a journal for book-
binding alone, for a few years ago they had to fuse
together The Bookmaker with another. If the art
interest in English bookbinding is so great—which we
are sorry to say is not the case with us—The British
Bookbinder would have made its appearance at once,
and we will not try into how much assistance it has
received, for instance, from our Zaehehsdorf."

Our readers will see the point about our Zaehehsdorf,
the living man, from whom it is suggested we receive
so much assistance. We hope he will pardon this
little interchage of courtesies, and not withdraw his
smile from us.

We wish our German friends well, but do not want
them to have our trade. We kindly criticised, as they
did for us, and hope each may be mutually beneficial.
We rejoice to find no contradiction of our criticism,
and are sorry to think that our friends have committed
themselves to the mistake that we chose the "sixty
eamples," not volumes, on purpose to condemn. The
main point has been ornamentation, and the majority
of our examples were "plates and illustrations of
work deemed of sufficient importance for a place in
their own journals"; we used those words. They
have noticed that "The editor of The British Book-
maker has found it worth while to give a place in his
journal for the product of our technical schools."
Why, certainly! We claim that, too, as an argument
against them when they say that "the national pride
of an Englishman keeps him from studying the work of
other nations." Our German friends must know that
it is impossible to blow hot and cold with the same
breath. We wish them well, as college chums in the
old school, in spite of our fencing houts.

Whether we are right or wrong, we have been
somewhat amused at the side-thrust of a third party.
The American Bookbinder apparently thought we were
too weak or lazy to make reply, and so, mighty
champion of our distress, it rushed in. After quoting
our translation of the German criticism, it says: "To
this the representative of the British bookmaking
interest has no reply. It contents itself with asking
what its constituency has to say in response to such