

An American View of Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson.

MR. T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON contributes to the January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* a capital paper on Bookbinding, with a view of his workshop, and illustrations of books bound by himself. Through the kindness of a valued correspondent we are enabled to present a facsimile of an example of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's recent work. The volume is bound in light brown smooth-grained morocco, has square back and front edge tooled all over with conventionalized floral ornament, pale gold edges tooled with same design, and back somewhat similar and with five raised bands. Inside parchment end piece, inlaid round edge same as cover and tooled with a flowing design. The size of the original is $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ ins. and $1\frac{1}{5}$ ins. in thickness.

The Grolier Club of New York some time ago had an exhibition of fine bindings by American, English, and French binders, at which some of Mr. Sanderson's bindings were shewn. A New York newspaper gives a graphic account of the show, and has something to say also about individual binders. Of Mr. Sanderson it says:

"He is, as described in the private letter to a book lover of a famous American artist who resides in England, 'a lawyer by profession, an independent person, and only does this for his own delight.' 'Art for art's sake!'

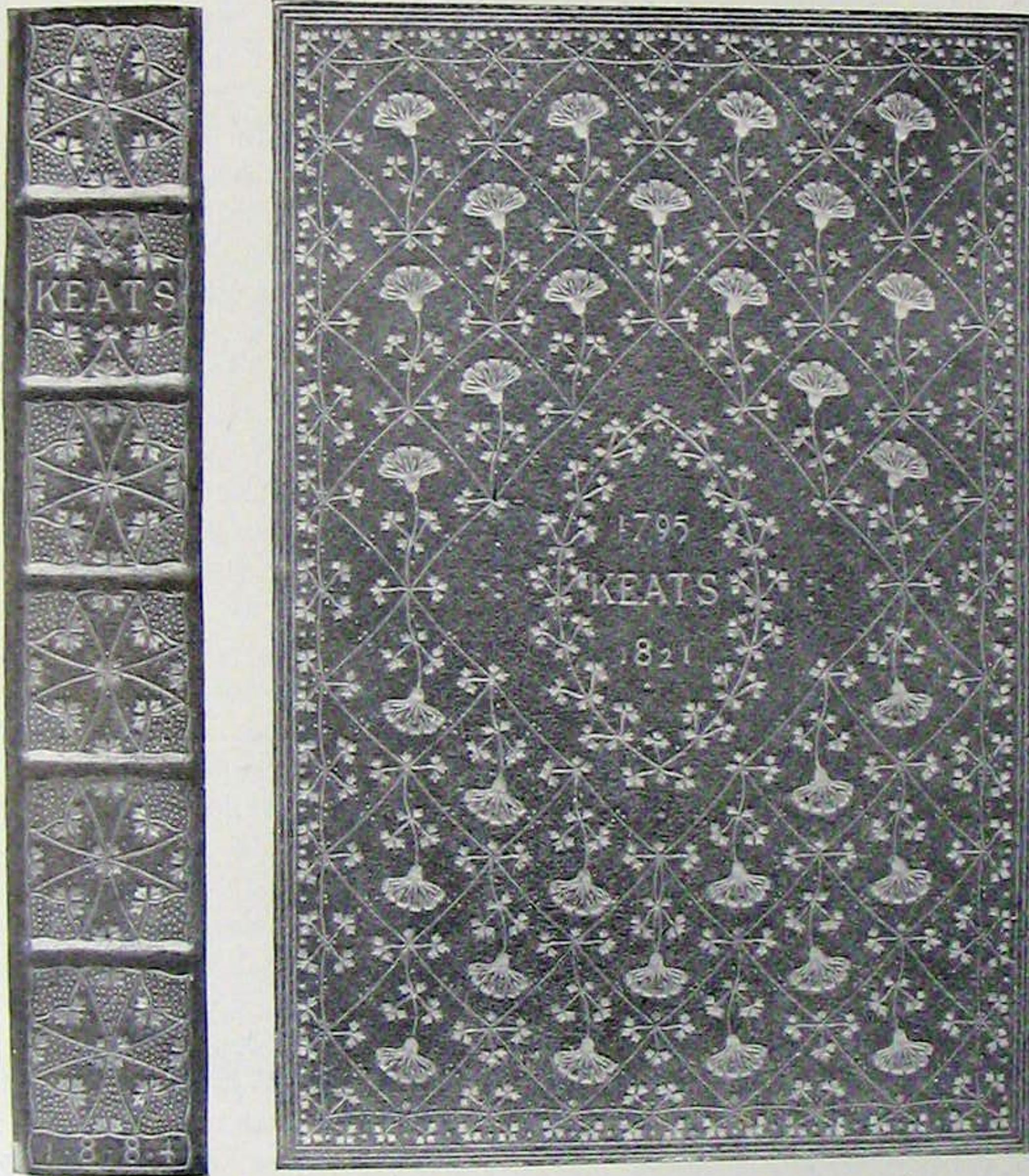
for the which you pay more, and get less often, than when it's done for one's daily wholesome bread and Stilton. He will read your book carefully, and, if there is a single passage he does not 'hold with,' he will not bind it at all. He puts his whole soul (his double sole) into all he does—and his whole soul is rather an expensive article. His work, when done, is very artistic and original; you may like it and you may not. The backs of the books are very flat, for instance, and the decoration may be elaborate traceries or filagrees—or only a sparse bud or two careering about the cover; you pay all the same. His soul is as much in what he leaves out as in what he puts in—you seem to pay for reticence."

CLEANLINESS IN BOOK-MAKING.—Cleanliness is a most important feature in the making of books. Its principle is of wide range, for there are no limitations to it from the time that the raw material is worked into paper until the complete book passes into the hands of its reader. Papermaking processes, properly conducted, should put in the hands of the printer a sheet in every way fit for his best efforts, and the latter in turn should hand over to the binder the printed sheet in perfect register, without smear or set-off or any disfigurement which may detract from the finished product. The continuing processes should be conducted upon the same lines, and in all subsequent handling and treatment the one idea of cleanliness should prevail.

WE would like to ask certain publishers why they persist in sending out magazines and books with uncut edges? In these busy times to stop to cut leaves is an abominable nuisance, which life is too short to tolerate. Uncut books have no place in the procession of to-day or to-morrow; they are a hindrance to progress, and the wide-awake should banish them to the rear—where they have always belonged.

MANY of the best designers of book covers in the United States, says *The Commercial Advertiser*, are women, and "the finest work done for the leading publishers comes from them."

AN interesting seizure by the New York Post Office Customs officials is reported in the *Publishers' Weekly*. It was an old quarto, printed in Italian, and entitled "Le Tragedie de Giovanni Delfino, Senatore Veneziano, poi Patriarca d' Agueja, E Cardinale di Santa thiesa Cioe in Padova, CICICCCXXXIII." The tragedies included were "La Cleopatra," "La Lucregia," "Il Creso," and "Il Medoro." The main portion of the old book had been cut away to provide a hiding-place for an Italian head-dress valued at 1/- or 1/6, on which the duty might perhaps have been sixpence. The old volume was beautifully printed; it contained an admirable steel engraving, presumably a portrait of the author, and was probably worth before mutilation from £20 to £25.



BOUND BY T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON.

Photographed from the volume kindly lent by G. A. CRAWLEY, ESQ.