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SKALLAGRIM

(Grim the Bald)

AN OPERETTA IN THREE ACTS

BY

RICHARD WEST SAUNDERS



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1925

EGIL: Then we must find a way to *make* him. Thorolf, you are learned in our laws. What way can be found?

THOROLF (*after a moment's thought*): But one thought occurs to me, and I fear me it is not substantial enough. You know, by our laws, kissing is absolutely prohibited.

ALL: Alas! Yes! We know it!

GUNHILDA: Our law-makers truly have made it hard work for Icelandic maidens.

SONG

(*Gunhilda*)

KISSING

Oh, young men and maidens, in lands far away,
 No wonder you're happy and blithesome and gay,
 No wonder you stroll in the moonlight's soft
 glow,
 For you have a custom your loving to show.

CHORUS

Kissing—Kissing—What does it mean?
 Why don't our travellers tell what they've seen?
 Why don't they give us the chance just to try
 To sample those kisses a bit, on the sly?
 Maidens and lovers the world, everywhere,
 You should be happy such pleasure to share.
 Kissing's no crime there, no matter who saw,
 But here they make kisses forbidden by law.
 Oh, you who can kiss just whenever you choose,

Just think what 'twould mean, if that right you
should lose:

If some one should say that you never could kiss,
Would you glad be, or sorry, to give up that
bliss?

THOROLF: The law states that for kissing an unmarried woman without her consent the punishment of exclusion is awarded. Under exclusion, the guilty person must remain within doors; three houses being assigned in which he may dwell at his option, and the road indicated by which he may go, at stated times, from one to the other. Now, if you can get Skallagrim to kiss you without your consent, surely he will prefer to marry you to escape the penalty.

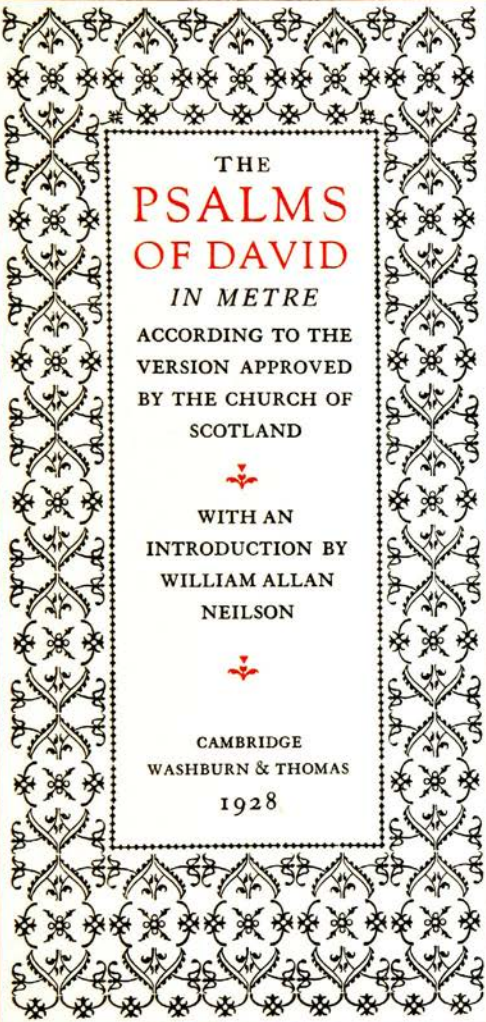
JORUNA: One can try. Truly here he comes, with the men and girls at his heels, listening to his barbaric lays.

SKALLAGRIM (*followed by men and women*): Yielding, good friends, to your urgent entreaty, I again give you a further incident of our journey:

We touched the coast of sunny Spain,
Oh, would that I were there again!
For there I found a custom new,
And one that thrilled me, through and through.
The maidens there have luscious lips,
And these they pucker at the tips;
You do the same, and then they meet,
Oh Boy! But wasn't it a treat!

Skallagrim

THE typographic problem for this book was a difficult one. Verse, music-notation and dramatic dialogue with all the other details of the printed drama have been so combined that the text of the whole book appears to have unity. The Linotype Original Old Style in the twelve-point size has been used for the text. The names of the players are in capitals, the directions in italic lower case, the sub-titling of songs or ditties is in capitals and small capitals, and with these variations on a single page the running heads remain clear and informative.



THE
PSALMS
OF DAVID

IN METRE
ACCORDING TO THE
VERSION APPROVED
BY THE CHURCH OF
SCOTLAND



WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY
WILLIAM ALLAN
NEILSON



CAMBRIDGE
WASHBURN & THOMAS
1928

PSALM XII.

HELP, Lord, because the godly man
doth daily fade away;
And from among the sons of men
the faithful do decay.
Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
doth utter vanity:
They with a double heart do speak,
and lips of flattery.

God shall cut off all flatt'ring lips,
tongues that speak proudly thus,
We'll with our tongue prevail, our lips
are ours: who's lord o'er us?
For poor oppress'd, and for the sighs
of needy, rise will I,
Saith God, and him in safety set
from such as him defy.

The words of God are words most pure;
they be like silver try'd
In earthen furnace, seven times
that hath been purify'd.
Lord, thou shalt them preserve and keep
for ever from this race.
On each side walk the wicked, when
vile men are high in place.

PSALM XIII.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
shall it for ever be?

O how long shall it be that thou
wilt hide thy face from me?

How long take counsel in my soul,
still sad in heart, shall I?

How long exalted over me
shall be mine enemy?

O Lord my God, consider well,
and answer to me make:

Mine eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
of death me overtake:

Lest that mine enemy should say,
Against him I prevail'd;

And those that trouble me rejoice,
when I am mov'd and fail'd.

But I have all my confidence
thy mercy set upon;

My heart within me shall rejoice
in thy salvation.

I will unto the Lord my God
sing praises cheerfully,

Because he hath his bounty shown
to me abundantly.

VARIOUS sizes of Granjon capitals have been used in the title page. The title is printed in red, and the type ornament border is in black. The red ruling is maintained throughout the book, thus giving unity and coherence to the pages of text which are composed in ten-point Granjon roman.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
Cardinal Wolsey
WRITTEN BY GEORGE CAVENDISH
ILLUSTRATED
WITH PORTRAITS BY
HOLBEIN



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
MDCCCCV

LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY
BY GEORGE CAVENDISH
WITH PORTRAITS
BY HOLBEIN
ETC.



ESSRS. Houghton, Mifflin and Company take pleasure in announcing a volume which it is believed will prove the most acceptable of books for persons of taste and cultivation, and one which will appeal to the general reader, the student of history, and the lover of art. It is *The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*, written by George Cavendish and lavishly illustrated in photogravure from contemporary portraits, mainly by Holbein.

George Cavendish was gentleman-usher to the great Cardinal, and was with him throughout the time of his rise to eminence, his tragic fall, and his pathetic death. At the disruption of Wolsey's household Cavendish retired into the country and spent the remainder of his life in obscurity. When he died in 1561 he left in manuscript a record of his old master's career which not only was the first volume of true biography ever written in the English tongue, but is to-day in many respects one of the best. The book remained long in manuscript, and was printed for the first time in 1641, for, in view of his reflections upon the character and conduct of Henry VIII., it could not safely be published during the lives of his immediate descendants. It has been reprinted several times since then, but has never yet had quite the recognition that it deserves.

Envelope in Bruce Rogers' hand
found in one of the Colgate books

DANBURY, CONN.
DEC 29
2-PM
1943



Mr & Mrs Lester Douglas

1615 H. Street - Northwest

Washington

D.C.

GEORGE MOORE

*P*eronnik
the fool

1 9 2 6

Chapter 2.

AND through shady dells, over sunlit hill-tops out of sight of watchers, out of hearing of eavesdroppers, the twain wandered, the knight in deep thought, Peronnik leading the horse half-forgetful of the Grey Castle and his approaching knighthood, happy in the enchantment of the forest, and at home in it even as the birds and animals.

At noon the knight dismounted, and whilst the horse grazed at tether he talked to Peronnik of the honour of knighthood and its duties, the chime of his words, of which Peronnik understood nothing, bringing sleep into Peronnik's eyes. But remembering, as he always did, that courtesy should be lacking in nobody, he struggled against the weariness that the warmth of the sunlight and the monotonous murmur of the forest imposed upon his eyelids, till the

knight's talk became in his mind a green and golden mystery, full of vague sounds, with somebody talking whose voice Peronnik had heard before in the streets of Saint-Jean-de-Braie, but whose name kept slipping from his memory, try hard as he might to remember it. And this was the last that Peronnik heard of the pardoner, who had stopped in front of the knight to rest for a while, the afternoon being hot and his pack heavy, and who, sitting on a fallen bole, had fallen to deploring the evil times, saying that he had traversed many villages without selling a single relic, and in a country renowned for its piety. And this pause of faith among the peasantry he set down to the drought, for having addressed themselves to God without avail the peasantry were now offering prayers to the Devil every evening in the Village of Saint-Jean-de-Braie, a favourite retreat for worship being a dusky garden or orchard. On the knight asking the reason for these conversions, the pardoner said that the folk had put aside the priest, saying that the same power could not be the creator of both good and evil. He had often heard mutterings among the crowd that collected about him: God is deaf; the Devil may have a readier ear to our prayers. He and the priest, though often at variance, were agreed that Devil-worship was of all sins the worst, and they had striven against the heresy. If he

Peronnik
the fool

*Peronjik
the fool*

TWELVE-POINT Granjon Type has been combined with other types and the effect is worth careful examination. The marginal and chapter heads, with the heroic calligraphic initials, are in red. This judicious use of color affords a pleasant warmth to the pages of text. The Granjon twelve-point, used for the text, has been leaded very little, but it is clear and easy to read.

The Odyssey

A NEW TRANSLATION

16 Clifford's Inn, London, E.C.4

MESSRS. EMERY WALKER invite subscriptions to a new prose translation of *The Odyssey of Homer*, a work which they have had in preparation for some time past and which they expect to complete and publish early in the autumn of 1932.

In a note, to be appended to this version, the translator says of his work : "The twenty-eighth English rendering of the *Odyssey* can hardly be a literary event, especially when it aims to be essentially a straightforward translation. Wherever choice offered between a poor and a rich word richness had it, to raise the colour. I have transposed: the order of metrical Greek being unlike plain English. Not that my English is plain enough. Wardour-Street Greek like the *Odyssey's* defies honest rendering. Also I have been free with moods and tenses; allowed myself to interchange adjective and adverb; and dodged our poverty of preposition, limitations of verb and pronominal vagueness by re-arrangement. Still, syntax apart, this is a translation.

"It has been made from the Oxford text, uncritically. I have not pored over contested readings, variants, or spurious lines. However scholars may question the text in detail, writers (and even would-be writers) cannot but see in the *Odyssey* a single, authentic, un-edited work of art, integrally preserved."

DYSSEY

The book has been printed at the works of Emery Walker, Ltd., under the supervision of its designer Mr. Bruce Rogers. It is a single octavo volume of 358 pages, 11½ by 8 by 1¼ inches in size, printed on special paper made by J. Barcham Green & Son. The type is 16 point Monotype Centaur set with the utmost simplicity by the Cambridge University Press, and the decorations (twenty-six in number) consist of Homeric figures from Greek vase-paintings, which are printed in black on roundels of gold leaf, at the head of each Book and on the title-page. The volume is bound in full black Niger morocco, with gilt tops and lettering on the back in gold.

Of an edition of 530 copies, 500 are offered for sale at \$50.00 per copy, and subscriptions will be entered in order of their receipt. Cheques should be made payable to Emery Walker, Limited.

This prospectus shows the style of typography, the size of page and the handmade paper on which the book itself is printed.

BOOK

to leave for my father's house, so greatly does he grudge the sight of the Achaeans swallowing up his substance. Wherefore listen, and read me this dream of mine. I have twenty geese on the place, wild geese from the river, who have learned to eat my corn : and I love watching them. But a great hook-billed eagle swooped from the mountain, seized them neck by neck and killed them all. Their bodies littered the house in tumbled heaps, while he swung aloft again into God's air. All this I tell you was a dream, of course, but in it I wept and sobbed bitterly, and the goodly-haired Achaean women thronged about me while I bewailed my geese which the eagle had killed. But suddenly he swooped back to perch on a projecting black beam of the house and bring forth a human voice that dried my tears : 'Daughter of Icarius, be comforted,' it said. 'This is no dream but a picture of stark reality, wholly to be fulfilled. The geese are your suitors; and I, lately the eagle, am your husband come again, to launch foul death upon them all.' With this in my ears I awoke from my sleep, to be aware of the geese waddling through the place or guzzling their food from the trough, just as ever."

Odysseus replied to her, "Lady, this dream cannot be twisted to read otherwise than as Odysseus himself promised its fulfilment. Destruction is foredoomed for each and every suitor. None will escape the fatal issue." But wise Penelope responded, "Stranger, dreams are tricky things and hard to unravel. By no means all in them comes true for us. Twin are the gates to the impalpable land of dreams, these made from horn and those of ivory. Dreams that pass by the pale carven ivory are irony, cheats with a burden of vain hope : but every dream which comes to man through the gate of horn forecasts the future truth. I fear my odd dream was not such a one, welcome though the event would be to me and my son. Let me tell you something to bear in mind. Presently will dawn the illfamed day which severs me from the house of Odysseus. To introduce it

TO MESSRS. EMERY WALKER, Limited; 16 CLIFFORD'S INN
FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send me when published cop of THE ODYSSEY OF
HOMER for which I enclose cheque / postal-order for \$50.00

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

BIBLIOGRAPHY
OF
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

COMPILED BY
GEORGE B. IVES

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY
MDCCCXVI

Solomon the King. This has been selected for reproduction in the Riverside Press Editions.

Sions Sonets, first published in quarto in 1625, was soon included in Quarles's collection of Divine Poems, and in the half century following its first publication it appeared in no less than fourteen editions. Despite the theological footnotes with which Quarles elucidated his Sonets, it was the Oriental luxuriance of the Song that was the chief inspiration of his muse. The Sonets form a highly imaginative and musical sequence which shows perhaps better than any other of Quarles's works that mastery of diction which made so sensitive and unconventional a critic as Thoreau say of him, 'He presses able-bodied and strong-backed words into his service,'

THE SILVER CAT
AND
OTHER POEMS
BY
HUMBERT
WOLFE



THE SILVER CAT

Two orange candles like cat's eyes
glittered. The yellow tapestries
were smooth against the dark, and all
the room, like a hushed waterfall,
plunged softly down between the two,
who sat together all night through.

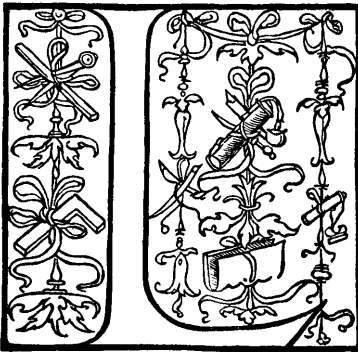
She spoke across the darkness "Slow
the dark dividing moments go
between us, and, before we guess,
there is an end of loveliness.
What do we gain by sitting still?
The distant dawn on daffodil
cities, unseen of us, awakes,
and even now the mountain-lakes,
between that touch of lips and this,
change with the sun to topazes.
Or slimmer than slim willow-trees,
in silver secret, Javanese
Srimpis—cold ballet—weave in trance,
still, save for sliding hands, their dance
unseen by us. By us unseen
under red eaves in gold Pekin
the yellow dotards, peering, gage
the leap of crickets in a cage.

THE title of this book was one of the major factors in determining the design of the title-page. Aside from the drawing of a cat, dotted rules and a dozen parentheses, printed in silver, form the composition and structural frame of the book within which the type has been printed. Linotype Granjon, in the twelve-point size, was used in this book.

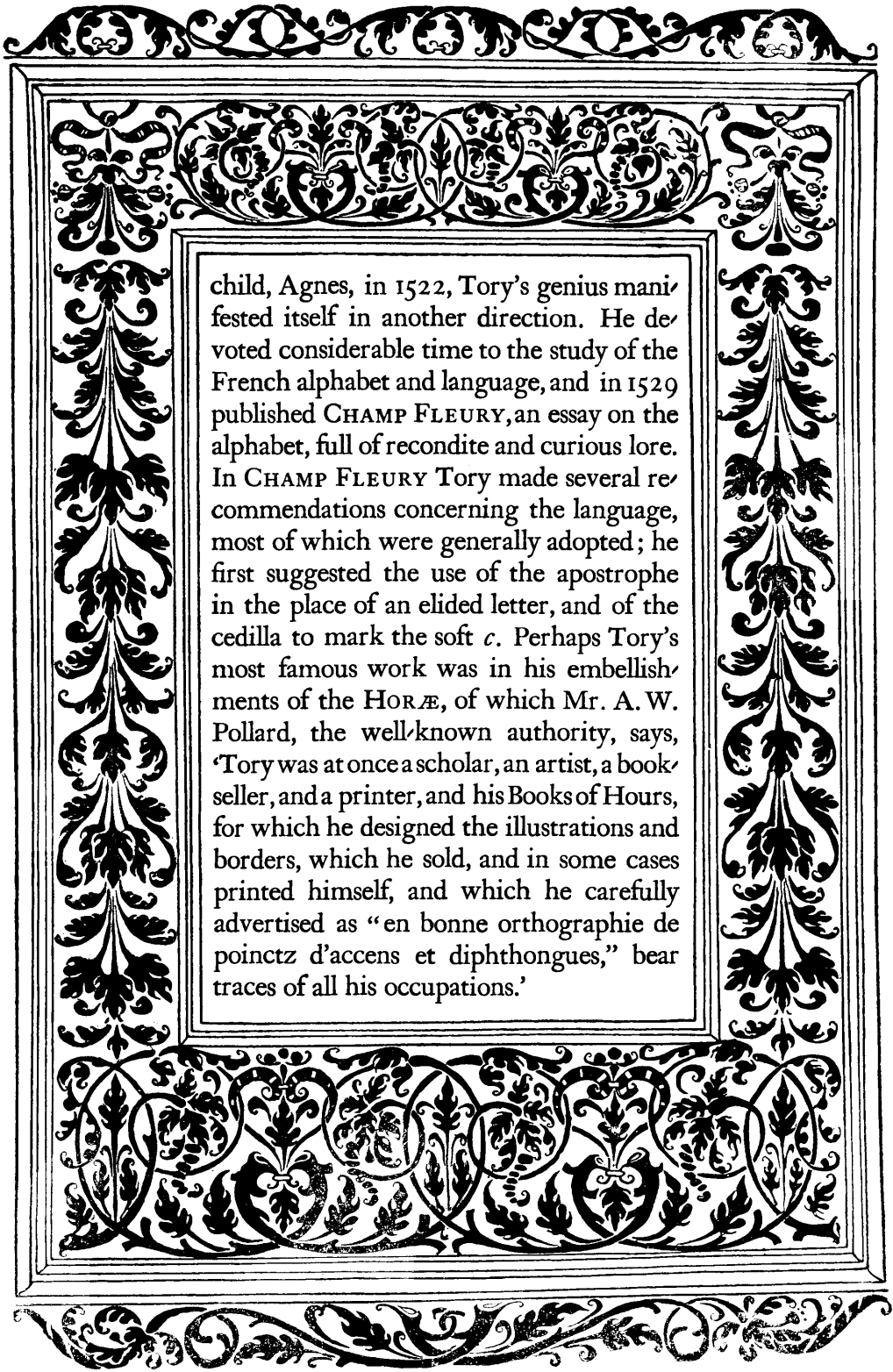
ANNOUNCEMENT

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THE PUBLICATION IN THE AUTUMN OF 1908, IN THEIR RIVERSIDE PRESS EDITIONS, OF 'GEOFROY TORY : PAINTER AND ENGRAVER : FIRST ROYAL PRINTER : REFORMER OF ORTHOGRAPHY AND TYPOGRAPHY UNDER FRANÇOIS I. AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS,' BY AUGUSTE BERNARD, TRANSLATED BY GEORGE BURNHAM IVES.

I



LESS than twenty years after the introduction of printing at Paris, there was born at Bourges a child of the people, destined to impart to French typography a vigorous artistic impulsion, or, to speak more accurately, to work therein a genuine revolution. Geofroy Tory was born in the capital of Berry, about 1480, of obscure, middle-class parents, as he himself tells us, but his natural abilities triumphed over these disadvantages, and he evidently soon found a patron, for he studied at the University of Bourges, and early in the XVIth Century journeyed to Italy for study there. Returning to France about 1504, he settled in Paris, where he began his career by editing a number of post-classical and mediæval Latin authors. He also filled the office of 'regent,' or professor, at the Collèges de Plessis and de Bourgogne. During his professorship it is surmised he first turned his attention to the artistic side of book-making, and began to study drawing and engraving. Eventually he went a second time to Italy and made a careful study of the artistic monuments of that country and of Southern France. On his return from this second journey, about 1518, he set about earning a livelihood as an artist, devoting himself almost exclusively to engraving on wood. He joined the fraternity of booksellers, too, about 1525; soon after, he became a printer; and in 1531 was appointed King's Printer to François I, being the first to hold that office. After the death of his only



child, Agnes, in 1522, Tory's genius manifested itself in another direction. He devoted considerable time to the study of the French alphabet and language, and in 1529 published *CHAMP FLEURY*, an essay on the alphabet, full of recondite and curious lore. In *CHAMP FLEURY* Tory made several recommendations concerning the language, most of which were generally adopted; he first suggested the use of the apostrophe in the place of an elided letter, and of the cedilla to mark the soft *c*. Perhaps Tory's most famous work was in his embellishments of the *HORÆ*, of which Mr. A. W. Pollard, the well-known authority, says, 'Tory was at once a scholar, an artist, a bookseller, and a printer, and his Books of Hours, for which he designed the illustrations and borders, which he sold, and in some cases printed himself, and which he carefully advertised as "en bonne orthographie de pointz d'accens et diphthongues," bear traces of all his occupations.'

