

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had in my infancy, and that divine light wherewith I was born, are the best unto this day wherein I can see the universe. By the gift of God they attended me into the world, and by His special favour I remember them till now. Verily they form the greatest gift His wisdom could bestow, for without them all other gifts had been dead and vain. They are unattainable by books, and therefore I will teach them by experience. Pray for them earnestly, for they will make you angelical and wholly celestial. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I

THOMAS TRAHERNE

NTIMATIONS OF
NTIMATIONS OF
IMMORTALITY
AN ODE BY
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

PORTLAND MAINE
THOMAS B MOSHER
MDCCCCVIII



All appeared new and strange at first, inex pressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. . . . I seemed as one brought into the estate of innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea, and infinitely mine and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions, or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or exaction. . . . All Time was Eternity, and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

THOMAS TRAHERNE

ODE on IMMORTALITY

The Child is Father of the Man; And I could wish my days to be Bound each to each by natural piety.

HERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, The earth, and every common sight, To me did seem Apparelled in celestial light, The glory and the freshness of a dream. It is not now as it hath been of yore; -Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day, The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fre
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
Is lovely yet:

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

NINE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE COPIES OF
THIS BOOK PRINTED ON VAN GELDER HANDMADE PAPER FOR THOMAS B MOSHER AND
PUBLISHED BY HIM AT PORTLAND MAINE IN
THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER MDCCCCVIII





Miss Starr.

Hull House, Chicago.

Throw Min away pls . - bad paper!

121 MERRIWEATHER ROAD

miss Starr - per misido of Back coner "E65" - bound. This book. The Thomas B. Mosker Press was famous. (and collected By Bills friend Norman Stormer, Prailent of

J. Walter Thompson) Miss Starr-Ellen Sates Starr - was Jodinether to John and me was John monks star Hutchism) and The helped miss Liller (Ithink ohe was her name) start Hull House win Chicago, The first (?) Community. Cooter there or meybe The U.S. Hutch helped There after work Toaching Russian immagrants English

OBITUARY.

MR. T. J, COBDEN-SANDERSON. Mr. Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson, founder of the Doves Bindery and the Doves Printing Press, the bookbinder and printer whose work is valued wherever artistic craftsmanship is loved, died on Thursday at Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in his 82nd year. Born at Alnwick, the son of Mr. James Sanderson, an Incometax Commissioner, ha was educated at Owens College and Trinity College, Cambridge. After leaving the university he studied law, and was called to the Bar, but the energy he threw into his legal work proved too much for his health, and he had to go abroad for a rest. At Siena he met Annie Cobden, one of the daughters of Richard Cobden, and, having married her in 1882, Twenty years adopted her name with his own. before, William Morris, in an attempt to apply art throughout to the practical objects of common life, had, with the co-operation of Roesetti, Burne-Jones, and Madox Brown, founded a firm of manufacturers and decorators whose productions had attracted widespread interest, and in 1890 he started the Kelmscott Press. Mr. Cobden Sanderson was deeply impressed by the aims and the practical realisation of those sims of the movement, and desired to join it. Mrs. Morris suggested that he should learn bookbinding, and he served an apprenticeship with De Coverley. Many volumes passed through his hands, and examples of his craftsmanship, combining as they did beauty with utility, were and are eagerly sought by book-lovers. In 1898 the Kelmscott Press was wound up by Morris's executors shortly after issuing one of the finest printed books ever produced—an edition of Chaucer—and at the suggestion of his wife Mr. Cobden-Sanderson took up the printing of books. The same principles, of the best and most artistic work done with the best material, guided him in the new enterprise, and he achieved success in it, as he had done in binding. His simple yet dignified beauty of type and setting found its highest expression in his vellum-bound quarto edition of the Bible, which was issued between 1903 and 1905 at a price of fifteen guineas. Apart from the individual merit of his handiwork, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson achieved much by showing how art could be applied to bookbinding and printing, and at the same time secure a commercial return.

THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL.

IT was by necessity a cultured circle, not perhaps numerous, with artistic sense developed, and sufficiently well equipped with the world's riches to be able to indulge a taste for expensive bindings and sumptuous printing, amongst whom Mr. T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON'S work was best known. He has died at Hammersmith, at the age of 81, the last survivor of a distinguished group of Victorian craftsmen whose influence lives after them. He was bookbinder before he became printer; indeed, he practised the art of CAXTON only after the closing down of WILLIAM Morris's Kelmscott Press. There have been few artistic movements so vitally interesting as that with which the two names are associated. The printed book has gone through a great many vicissitudes. English printing has rarely been better than when in the hands of its first masters; it sank to the lowest depths of poverty and meanness in the middle seventeenth century, rising again to a considerable level of excellence; and now, thanks to the inventiveness of the past fifty years, the whole process of book production has become a matter of perfected machinery. The casting and setting of the type, printing and folding of the sheets, sewing and " rounding," fashioning, stamping, and lettering of the "cases," or binding covers-the triumphant machine does all. The handcraft has been eliminated. It was the basic idea of the Victorian revival of craftsmanship that the best results could alone be achieved by craftsmen whose personality and individual skill had scope for display. Those mediæval workmen who have left to us the glories of building and carving in our Gothic cathedrals and churches had per-That quality sonal pride in their tasks. must not die out altogether amid machinery's clatter. Taking the printed book as a subject for treatment, WILLIAM Morris designed types of beautiful face and ornaments for decorating the page that came from his hand press. Conden-Sanperson devoted his great artistic gifts to the binding of books. The latter's work recalled the best examples by Continental and English master binders of earlier cenaries, though in no sense was he a slavish mitator of them.

Machinery went on turning out the popular book by the hundred thousand, while Morris spent toilsome months in the production of a few volumes. A Kelmscott edition was never within reach of any but collectors and connoisseurs, and to-day values have greatly enlarged. Who but a wealthy dilettante in letters could afford the luxury of a Cobden-Sanderson binding in the choicest of leathers, and enriched with the finest of tooling, for, say, a dozen poems by KEATS? Books such as these are out of reach of the crowd. Mechanism continues to devour the incessant flood of written material that pours into and out of the printing press. But because the productions of the Kelmscott and the Doves Presses, and bindings by the most successful of Cobden-Sanderson's pupils, like Mr. Douglas Cockerell and Miss E. M. MacColl, are costly and few in number, it in no way follows that the originators of the movement for books in artistic format have failed in their ideal. CHIPPENDALE, SHERATON, and HEPPLE-WHITE were not makers of cheap furniture. Authentic pieces of theirs are rare; but no men have had such influence upon the design of English furniture for a century past and today as these three. Morris and Cobben-Sanderson are assured of a like lasting influence. They have set an example. Hand processes, with all their excellence, we have got to admit are too slow and too costly for modern requirements. craftsman's individual work will continue to be the prized possession of the wealthy collector and connoisseur; but the example is a stimulus for all who strive for the perfection of work done by machinery-that it shall be, so far as that is possible, as good technically. Probably of the two COBDEN-SANDERSON SAW farthest. Morris made appeal to the eye paramount by the adoption of a heavy-faced type and some profusion of ornament; his printed page was a type-picture. Cobden-Sanderson realised that a book's primary appeal should be to the mind through reading, and the Doves Press editions are content with simple beauty of type and setting, eschewing decoration. A book should be pleasant reading (with the author's assistance) while at the same time gratifying the sense of the eye roaming over the page.



