

**SPECIMENS OF
PRINTING TYPES.
MICHAELMAS 1883**

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VARIOUS

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SPEGIMENS OF TYPE.



NONPAREIL O.S.

K. HEN.—So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant: for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers; some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery.—*King Henry. Act V. Scene 1.*

BREVIER O.S. No. 1.

AUTOLYCUS.—Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throught who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears.—*The Winter's Tale. Act IV.*

BREVIER O.S. No. 2.

HAMLET.—I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could excuse me of such things that it were bitter my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my back than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA.—At home, my lord.

HAMLET.—Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in his own house. Farewell.—*Hamlet. Act III. Scene 1.*

LONG PRIMER O.S. No. 1.

SHYLOCK.—Why, there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now ; two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ? Why, so : and I know not what's spent in the search : why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge.—*The Merchant of Venice. Act. III. Scene I.*

LONG PRIMER O.S. No. 2

HAMLET.—Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge arises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that, Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.—*Hamlet. Act V. Scene I.*

LONG PRIMER O.S. No. 3.

BRUTUS.—Be patient to the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer :—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men.—*Julius Cæsar. Act III. Scene II.*

LONG PRIMER O.S. No. 4.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.—I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating ; when I am warm, he cools me with beating ; I am waked with it when I sleep ; raised with it when I sit ; driven out of doors with it when I go from home ; welcomed home with it when I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat ; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.—*The Comedy of Errors. Act IV. Scene IV.*

PICA O.S. No. 1.

BORA.—Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer : do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light : who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments.—*Much Ado About Nothing. Act V. Scene I.*

PICA O.S. No. 2.

IAGO.—Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put on him.—*Othello Act IV. Scene II.*