

William Morris (24 March - 3 October) was a British textile designer, poet, novelist, translator, and socialist www.enganchecubano.comated with the British Arts and Crafts Movement, he was a major contributor to the revival of traditional British textile arts and methods of production.

These children were followed by the birth of siblings Stanley in , Rendall in , Arthur in , Isabella in , Edgar in , and Alice in From this point, the family relied upon continued income from the copper mines at Devon Great Consols , and sold Woodford Hall to move into the smaller Water House. He despised his time there, being bullied, bored, and homesick. Guy, Assistant Master at the nearby Forest School. Although from very different backgrounds, they found that they had a shared attitude to life, both being keenly interested in Anglo-Catholicism and Arthurianism. They were known among themselves as the "Brotherhood" and to historians as the Birmingham Set. The Pre-Raphaelite style was heavily Medievalist and Romanticist, emphasising abundant detail, intense colours and complex compositions; it greatly impressed Morris and the Set. However, as time went on Morris became increasingly critical of Anglican doctrine and the idea faded. Mainly funded by Morris, who briefly served as editor and heavily contributed to it with his own stories, poems, reviews and articles, the magazine lasted for twelve issues, and garnered praise from Tennyson and Ruskin. The model is Jane Burden , who married Morris in His apprenticeship focused on architectural drawing, and there he was placed under the supervision of the young architect Philip Webb , who became a close friend. Burne-Jones shared this interest, but took it further by becoming an apprentice to one of the foremost Pre-Raphaelite painters, Dante Gabriel Rossetti ; the three soon became close friends. Morris designed and commissioned furniture for the flat in a Medieval style, much of which he painted with Arthurian scenes in a direct rejection of mainstream artistic tastes. It did not sell well and garnered few reviews, most of which were unsympathetic. Disconcerted, Morris would not publish again for a further eight years. Smitten with her, he entered into a relationship with her and they were engaged in spring ; Burden would later admit however that she never loved Morris. Operating from premises at No. They hoped to reinstate decoration as one of the fine arts and adopted an ethos of affordability and anti-elitism. His designs would be produced from by Jeffrey and Co. While there, he enjoyed walks in the countryside and focused on writing poetry. The book was a retelling of the ancient Greek myth of the hero Jason and his quest to find the Golden Fleece. Designed as a homage to Chaucer, it consisted of 24 stories, adopted from an array of different cultures, and each by a different narrator; set in the late 14th century, the synopsis revolved around a group of Norsemen who flee the Black Death by sailing away from Europe, on the way discovering an island where the inhabitants continue to venerate the ancient Greek gods. Published in four parts by F. Together they produced prose translations of the Eddas and Sagas for publication in English. Morris deemed calligraphy to be an art form, and taught himself both Roman and italic script, as well as learning how to produce gilded letters. Illustrated with Burne-Jones woodcuts, it was not a popular success. He settled on Kelmscott Manor in the village of Kelmscott , Oxfordshire , obtaining a joint tenancy on the building with Rossetti in June. Although generally disliking the country, Morris was interested in the Florentine Gothic architecture. Ellis taking his place. Snakeshead printed textile and "Peacock and Dragon" woven wool furnishing fabric Now in complete control of the Firm, Morris took an increased interest in the process of textile dyeing and entered into a co-operative agreement with Thomas Wardle , a silk dyer who operated the Hencroft Works in Leek, Staffordshire. As a result, Morris would spend time with Wardle at his home on various occasions between summer and spring Although many translations were already available, often produced by trained Classicists, Morris claimed that his unique perspective was as "a poet not a pedant". He declined, asserting that he felt unqualified, knowing little about scholarship on the theory of poetry. Refusing to allow her to be societally marginalised or institutionalised, as was common in the period, Morris insisted that she be cared for by the family. They then proceeded to visit a number of other cities, including Venice , Padua , and Verona , with Morris attaining a greater appreciation of the country than he had on his previous trip. Owned by the novelist George MacDonald , Morris would name it Kelmscott House and re-decorate it according to his own taste. He

recognised that these programs of architectural restoration led to the destruction or major alteration of genuinely old features in order to replace them with "sham old" features, something which appalled him. He was particularly strong in denouncing the ongoing restoration of Tewkesbury Abbey.

2: Scam: Mr William Morris says WORK WITH ME | Hot Scams

The secret of education lies in respecting the student. - R.W. Emerson. Proudly powered by WeeblyWeebly.

A Note by William Morris on his aims in founding the Kelmscott Press I began printing books with the hope of producing some which would have a definite claim to beauty, while at the same time they should be easy to read and should not dazzle the eye, or trouble the intellect of the reader by eccentricity of form in the letters. As to the fifteenth-century books, I had noticed that they were always beautiful by force of the mere typography, even without the added ornament, with which many of them are so lavishly supplied. And it was the essence of my undertaking to produce books which it would be a pleasure to look upon as pieces of printing and arrangement of type. Looking at my adventure from this point of view then, I found I had to consider chiefly the following things: It was a matter of course that I should consider it necessary that the paper should be hand-made, both for the sake of durability and appearance. It would be a very false economy to stint in the quality of the paper as to price: On this head I came to two conclusions: I found that on these points I was at one with the practice of the paper-makers of the fifteenth century; so I took as my model a Bolognese paper of about Batchelor, of Little Chart, Kent, carried out my views very satisfactorily, and produced from the first the excellent paper, which I still use. Next as to type. By instinct rather than by conscious thinking it over, I began by getting myself a fount of Roman type. And here what I wanted was letter pure in form; severe, without needless excrescences; solid, without the thickening and thinning of the line, which is the essential fault of the ordinary modern type, and which makes it difficult to read; and not compressed laterally, as all later type has grown to be owing to commercial exigencies. There was only one source from which to take examples of this perfected Roman type, to wit, the works of the great Venetian printers of the fifteenth century, of whom Nicholas Jenson produced the completest and most Roman characters from to After a while I felt that I must have a Gothic as well as a Roman fount; and herein the task I set myself was to redeem the Gothic character from the charge of unreadableness which is commonly brought against it. And I felt that this charge could not be reasonably brought against the types of the first two decades of printing: Keeping my end steadily in view, I designed a black-letter type which I think I may claim to be as readable as a Roman one, and to say the truth I prefer it to the Roman. The punches for all these types, I may mention, were cut for me with great intelligence and skill by Mr. Prince, and render my designs most satisfactorily. Now as to the spacing: Next, the lateral spaces between the words should be a no more than is necessary to distinguish clearly the division into words, and b should be as nearly equal as possible. Modern printers, even the best, pay very little heed to these two essentials of seemly composition, and the inferior ones run riot in licentious spacing, thereby producing, inter alia, those ugly rivers of lines running about the page which are such a blemish to decent printing. Lastly, but by no means least, comes the position of the printed matter on the page. This should always leave the inner margin the narrowest, the top somewhat wider, the outside fore-edge wider still, and the bottom widest of all. Modern printers systematically transgress against it; thus apparently contradicting the fact that the unit of a book is not one page, but a pair of pages. Now these matters of spacing and position are of the greatest importance in the production of beautiful books; if they are properly considered they will make a book printed in quite ordinary type at least decent and pleasant to the eye. The disregard of them will spoil the effect of the best designed type. It was only natural that I, a decorator by profession, should attempt to ornament my books suitably: I may add that in designing the magnificent and inimitable woodcuts which have adorned several of my books, and will above all adorn the Chaucer which is now drawing near completion, my friend Sir Edward Burne-Jones has never lost sight of this important point, so that his work will not only give us a series of most beautiful and imaginative pictures, but form the most harmonious decoration possible to the printed book. Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith. The foregoing article was written at the request of a London bookseller for an American client who was about to read a paper on the Kelmscott Press. As early as an edition of The Earthly Paradise was projected, which was to have been a folio in double columns, profusely illustrated by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and typographically superior to the books of that time. The designs for the stories of Cupid and Psyche, Pygmalion and the Image,

The Ring given to Venus, and the Hill of Venus, were finished, and forty-four of those for Cupid and Psyche were engraved on wood in line, somewhat in the manner of the early German masters. About thirty-five of the blocks were executed by William Morris himself, and the remainder by George Y. Faulkner, and Miss Elizabeth Burden. Specimen pages were set up in Caslon type, and in the Chiswick Press type afterwards used in *The House of the Wolfings*, but for various reasons the project went no further. Another marginal ornament was engraved by him from a design by Sir E. Burne-Jones, who also drew a picture for the frontispiece, which has now been engraved by W. Hooper for the final page of the Kelmscott Press edition of the work. In any case, the plan of an illustrated *Love is Enough*, like that of the folio *Earthly Paradise*, was abandoned. Although the books written by William Morris continued to be reasonably printed, it was not until about that he again paid much attention to typography. He was then, and for the rest of his life, when not away from Hammersmith, in daily communication with his friend and neighbour Emery Walker, whose views on the subject coincided with his own, and who had besides a practical knowledge of the technique of printing. These views were first expressed in an article by Mr. Walker in the catalogue of the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, held at the New Gallery in the autumn of . As a result of many conversations, *The House of the Wolfings* was printed at the Chiswick Press at this time, with a special type modelled on an old Basel fount, unleaded, and with due regard to proportion in the margins. The title-page was also carefully arranged. In the following year *The Roots of the Mountains* was printed with the same type except the lower case e , but with a differently proportioned page, and with shoulder-notes instead of head-lines. This book was published in November, , and its author declared it to be the best-looking book issued since the seventeenth century. Instead of large paper copies, which had been found unsatisfactory in the case of *The House of the Wolfings*, two hundred and fifty copies were printed on Whatman paper of about the same size as the paper of the ordinary copies. A small stock of this paper remained over, and in order to dispose of it seventy-five copies of the translation of the *Gunnlaug Saga*, which first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of January, , and afterwards in *Three Northern Love Stories*, were printed at the Chiswick Press. Three copies were printed on vellum. This little book was not however finished until November, . Meanwhile William Morris had resolved to design a type of his own. Immediately after *The Roots of the Mountains* appeared, he set to work upon it, and in December, , he asked Mr. Walker to go into partnership with him as a printer. This offer was declined by Mr. Walker; but, though not concerned with the financial side of the enterprise, he was virtually a partner in the Kelmscott Press from its first beginnings to its end, and no important step was taken without his advice and approval. He had made a small collection of such books years before, but had parted with most of them, to his great regret. He now bought with the definite purpose of studying the type and methods of the early printers. This fount consists of eighty-one designs, including stops, figures, and tied letters. The lower case alphabet was finished in a few months. The first letter having been cut in Great Primer size by Mr. By the middle of August, , eleven punches had been cut. At the end of the year the fount was all but complete. William Bowden, a retired master-printer, had already been engaged to act as compositor and pressman. Enough type was then cast for a trial page, which was set up and printed on Saturday, Jan. About a fortnight later ten reams of paper were delivered. Bowden, who subsequently became overseer, then joined his father as compositor, and the first chapters of *The Glittering Plain* were set up. The first sheet appears to have been printed on March 2nd, when the staff was increased to three by the addition of a pressman named Giles, who left as soon as the book was finished. A friend who saw William Morris on the day after the printing of the page above mentioned recalls his elation at the success of his new type. The first volume of the *Saga Library*, a creditable piece of printing, was brought out and put beside this trial page, which much more than held its own. The poet then declared his intention to set to work immediately on a black-letter fount; illness, however, intervened and it was not begun until June. The lower case alphabet was finished by the beginning of August, with the exception of the tied letters, the designs for which, with those for the capitals, were sent to Mr. Prince on September 11th. In each of these a capital I is used that was immediately discarded. On the last day of the full stock of Troy type was despatched from the foundry. Its first appearance was in a paragraph, announcing the book from which it took its name, in the list dated May, . It was cut by Mr. Prince between February and May, , and was ready in June. Its first appearance is in the list of chapters and glossary of *The Recuyell of the*

Historyes of Troye, which was issued on November 24th, On June 2nd of that year, William Morris wrote to Mr. He at once designed a lower case alphabet on this model, but was not satisfied with it and did not have it cut. This was his last actual experiment in the designing of type, though he sometimes talked of designing a new fount, and of having the Golden type cut in a larger size. Next in importance to the type are the initials, borders, and ornaments designed by William Morris. The first book contains a single recto border and twenty different initials. In the next book, Poems by the Way, the number of different initials is fifty-nine. These early initials, many of which were soon discarded, are for the most part suggestive, like the first border, of the ornament in Italian manuscripts of the fifteenth century. From that time onwards fresh designs were constantly added, the tendency being always towards larger foliage and lighter backgrounds, as the early initials were found to be sometimes too dark for the type. The total number of initials of various sizes designed for the Kelmscott Press, including a few that were engraved but never used, is three hundred and eighty-four. Of the letter T alone there are no less than thirty-four varieties. The total number of different borders engraved for the Press, including one that was not used, but excluding the three borders designed for The Earthly Paradise by R. The first book to contain a marginal ornament, other than these full borders, was The Defence of Guenevere, which has a half-border on p. There are two others in the preface to The Golden Legend. The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye is the first book in which there is a profusion of such ornament. One hundred and eight different designs for marginal ornaments were engraved. All the initials and ornaments that recur were printed from electrotypes, while most of the title-pages and initial words were printed direct from the wood. Gere were also, with one or two exceptions, printed from the wood. The original designs by Sir E. Burne-Jones were nearly all in pencil, and were redrawn in ink by R. Catterson-Smith, and in a few cases by C.

3: William Morris, 1st Viscount Nuffield - Wikipedia

Mr. William Morris MFT is a male health care provider with Marriage & Family Therapist listed as his primary medical specialization. His credentials are: MFT. His office is located at W Foster Rd Santa Maria, CA

I mean when I am asleep. This dream is as it were a present of an architectural peep-show. I see some beautiful and noble building new made, as it were for the occasion, as clearly as if I were awake; not vaguely or absurdly, as often happens in dreams, but with all the detail clear and reasonable. Some Elizabethan house with its scrap of earlier fourteenth-century building, and its later degradations of Queen Anne and Silly Billy and Victoria, marring but not destroying it, in an old village once a clearing amid the sandy woodlands of Sussex. Or an old and unusually curious church, much churchwardened, and beside it a fragment of fifteenth-century domestic architecture amongst the not unpicturesque lath and plaster of an Essex farm, and looking natural enough among the sleepy elms and the meditative hens scratching about in the litter of the farmyard, whose trodden yellow straw comes up to the very jambs of the richly carved Norman doorway of the church. Or some new-seen and yet familiar cluster of houses in a grey village of the upper Thames overtopped by the delicate tracery of a fourteenth-century church; or even sometimes the very buildings of the past untouched by the degradation of the sordid utilitarianism that cares not and knows not of beauty and history: All this I have seen in the dreams of the night clearer than I can force myself to see them in dreams of the day. So that it would have been nothing new to me the other night to fall into an architectural dream if that were all, and yet I have to tell of things strange and new that befell me after I had fallen asleep. I had begun my sojourn in the Land of Nod by a very confused attempt to conclude that it was all right for me to have an engagement to lecture at Manchester and Mitcham Fair Green at half-past eleven at night on one and the same Sunday, and that I could manage pretty well. And then I had gone on to try to make the best of addressing a large open-air audience in the costume I was really then wearing--to wit, my night-shirt, reinforced for the dream occasion by a pair of braceless trousers. The consciousness of this fact so bothered me, that the earnest faces of my audience--who would NOT notice it, but were clearly preparing terrible anti-Socialist posers for me--began to fade away and my dream grew thin, and I awoke as I thought to find myself lying on a strip of wayside waste by an oak copse just outside a country village. I got up and rubbed my eyes and looked about me, and the landscape seemed unfamiliar to me, though it was, as to the lie of the land, an ordinary English low-country, swelling into rising ground here and there. The road was narrow, and I was convinced that it was a piece of Roman road from its straightness. Copses were scattered over the country, and there were signs of two or three villages and hamlets in sight besides the one near me, between which and me there was some orchard-land, where the early apples were beginning to redden on the trees. Also, just on the other side of the road and the ditch which ran along it, was a small close of about a quarter of an acre, neatly hedged with quick, which was nearly full of white poppies, and, as far as I could see for the hedge, had also a good few rose-bushes of the bright-red nearly single kind, which I had heard are the ones from which rose-water used to be distilled. Otherwise the land was quite unhedged, but all under tillage of various kinds, mostly in small strips. From the other side of a copse not far off rose a tall spire white and brand-new, but at once bold in outline and unaffectedly graceful and also distinctly English in character. This, together with the unhedged tillage and a certain unwonted trimness and handiness about the enclosures of the garden and orchards, puzzled me for a minute or two, as I did not understand, new as the spire was, how it could have been designed by a modern architect; and I was of course used to the hedged tillage and tumbledown bankrupt-looking surroundings of our modern agriculture. So that the garden-like neatness and trimness of everything surprised me. But after a minute or two that surprise left me entirely; and if what I saw and heard afterwards seems strange to you, remember that it did not seem strange to me at the time, except where now and again I shall tell you of it. Also, once for all, if I were to give you the very words of those who spoke to me you would scarcely understand them, although their language was English too, and at the time I could understand them at once. Well, as I stretched myself and turned my face toward the village, I heard horse-hoofs on the road, and presently a man and horse showed on the other end of the stretch of road and

drew near at a swinging trot with plenty of clash of metal. The man soon came up to me, but paid me no more heed than throwing me a nod. He was clad in armour of mingled steel and leather, a sword girt to his side, and over his shoulder a long-handled bill-hook. His armour was fantastic in form and well wrought; but by this time I was quite used to the strangeness of him, and merely muttered to myself, "He is coming to summon the squire to the leet;" so I turned toward the village in good earnest. Nor, again, was I surprised at my own garments, although I might well have been from their unwontedness. I was dressed in a black cloth gown reaching to my ankles, neatly embroidered about the collar and cuffs, with wide sleeves gathered in at the wrists; a hood with a sort of bag hanging down from it was on my head, a broad red leather girdle round my waist, on one side of which hung a pouch embroidered very prettily and a case made of hard leather chased with a hunting scene, which I knew to be a pen and ink case; on the other side a small sheath-knife, only an arm in case of dire necessity. Well, I came into the village, where I did not see nor by this time expected to see a single modern building, although many of them were nearly new, notably the church, which was large, and quite ravished my heart with its extreme beauty, elegance, and fitness. The chancel of this was so new that the dust of the stone still lay white on the midsummer grass beneath the carvings of the windows. The houses were almost all built of oak frame-work filled with cob or plaster well whitewashed; though some had their lower stories of rubble-stone, with their windows and doors of well-moulded freestone. There was much curious and inventive carving about most of them; and though some were old and much worn, there was the same look of deftness and trimness, and even beauty, about every detail in them which I noticed before in the field-work. They were all roofed with oak shingles, mostly grown as grey as stone; but one was so newly built that its roof was yet pale and yellow. This was a corner house, and the corner post of it had a carved niche wherein stood a gaily painted figure holding an anchor--St. Clement to wit, as the dweller in the house was a blacksmith. It stood on a set of wide stone steps, octagonal in shape, where three roads from other villages met and formed a wide open space on which a thousand people or more could stand together with no great crowding. All this I saw, and also that there was a goodish many people about, women and children, and a few old men at the doors, many of them somewhat gaily clad, and that men were coming into the village street by the other end to that by which I had entered, by twos and threes, most of them carrying what I could see were bows in cases of linen yellow with wax or oil; they had quivers at their backs, and most of them a short sword by their left side, and a pouch and knife on the right; they were mostly dressed in red or brightish green or blue cloth jerkins, with a hood on the head generally of another colour. As they came nearer I saw that the cloth of their garments was somewhat coarse, but stout and serviceable. I knew, somehow, that they had been shooting at the butts, and, indeed, I could still hear a noise of men thereabout, and even now and again when the wind set from that quarter the twang of the bowstring and the plump of the shaft in the target. I leaned against the churchyard wall and watched these men, some of whom went straight into their houses and some loitered about still; they were rough-looking fellows, tall and stout, very black some of them, and some red-haired, but most had hair burnt by the sun into the colour of tow; and, indeed, they were all burned and tanned and freckled variously. Their arms and buckles and belts and the finishings and hems of their garments were all what we should now call beautiful, rough as the men were; nor in their speech was any of that drawling snarl or thick vulgarity which one is used to hear from labourers in civilisation; not that they talked like gentlemen either, but full and round and bold, and they were merry and good-tempered enough; I could see that, though I felt shy and timid amongst them. One of them strode up to me across the road, a man some six feet high, with a short black beard and black eyes and berry-brown skin, with a huge bow in his hand bare of the case, a knife, a pouch, and a short hatchet, all clattering together at his girdle. And therewith my hand went into my purse, and came out again with but a few small and thin silver coins with a cross stamped on each, and three pellets in each corner of the cross. Never heed it, mate. It shall be a song for a supper this fair Sunday evening. But first, whose man art thou? Methinks thou comest from heaven down, and hast had a high place there too. A quaintly-carved side board held an array of bright pewter pots and dishes and wooden and earthen bowls; a stout oak table went up and down the room, and a carved oak chair stood by the chimney-corner, now filled by a very old man dim-eyed and white-bearded. That, except the rough stools and benches on which the company sat, was all the furniture. The walls were panelled roughly enough with oak boards to about six feet

from the floor, and about three feet of plaster above that was wrought in a pattern of a rose stem running all round the room, freely and roughly done, but with as it seemed to my unused eyes wonderful skill and spirit. On the hood of the great chimney a huge rose was wrought in the plaster and brightly painted in its proper colours. There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cased bows leaned against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the panelling, and in a corner of the room I saw half-a- dozen bill-hooks that looked made more for war than for hedge- shearing, with ashen handles some seven foot long. Three or four children were running about among the legs of the men, heeding them mighty little in their bold play, and the men seemed little troubled by it, although they were talking earnestly and seriously too. The men all looked up as we came into the room, my mate leading me by the hand, and he called out in his rough, good-tempered voice, "Here, my masters, I bring you tidings and a tale; give it meat and drink that it may be strong and sweet. My mate grinned again with the pleasure of making his joke once more in a bigger company: For I must tell you that I knew somehow, but I know not how, that the men of Essex were gathering to rise against the poll-groat bailiffs and the lords that would turn them all into villeins again, as their grandfathers had been. Good it were if we fell on all who are not guildsmen or men of free land, if we fell on soccage tenants and others, and brought both the law and the strong hand on them, and made them all villeins in deed as they are now in name; for now these rascals make more than their bellies need of bread, and their backs of homespun, and the overplus they keep to themselves; and we are more worthy of it than they. And if such things were done, and such an estate of noble rich men and worthy poor men upholden for ever, then would it be good times in England, and life were worth the living. But the people would not abide it; therefore, as I said, in Essex they were on the point of rising, and word had gone how that at St. Now, knowing all this I was not astonished that they shouted at the thought of their fellows the men of Essex, but rather that they said little more about it; only Will Green saying quietly, "Well, the tidings shall be told when our fellowship is greater; fall-to now on the meat, brother, that we may the sooner have thy tale. So without more ado, and as one used to it, I drew my knife out of my girdle and cut myself what I would of the flesh and bread on the table. Hast thou seen Oxford, scholar? God send us such men even here. The men all listened eagerly, and at whiles took up as a refrain a couplet at the end of a stanza with their strong and rough, but not unmusical voices. As they sang, a picture of the wild-woods passed by me, as they were indeed, no park-like dainty glades and lawns, but rough and tangled thicket and bare waste and heath, solemn under the morning sun, and dreary with the rising of the evening wind and the drift of the night-long rain. When he had done, another began in something of the same strain, but singing more of a song than a story ballad; and thus much I remember of it: The Sheriff is made a mighty lord, Of goodly gold he hath enow, And many a sergeant girt with sword; But forth will we and bend the bow. We shall bend the bow on the lily lea Betwixt the thorn and the oaken tree. With stone and lime is the burg wall built, And pit and prison are stark and strong, And many a true man there is spilt, And many a right man doomed by wrong. Now yeomen walk ye warily, And heed ye the houses where ye go, For as fair and as fine as they may be, Lest behind your heels the door clap to. Fare forth with the bow to the lily lea Betwixt the thorn and the oaken tree. Now bills and bows I and out a-gate! And turn about on the lily lea! And though their company be great The grey-goose wing shall set us free. Bent is the bow on the lily lea Betwixt the thorn and the oaken tree. But here the song dropped suddenly, and one of the men held up his hand as who would say, Hist! Then through the open window came the sound of another song, gradually swelling as though sung by men on the march. This time the melody was a piece of the plain-song of the church, familiar enough to me to bring back to my mind the great arches of some cathedral in France and the canons singing in the choir. All leapt up and hurried to take their bows from wall and corner; and some had bucklers withal, circles of leather, boiled and then moulded into shape and hardened: Will Green went to the corner where the bills leaned against the wall and handed them round to the first-comers as far as they would go, and out we all went gravely and quietly into the village street and the fair sunlight of the calm afternoon, now beginning to turn towards evening. None had said anything since we first heard the new-come singing, save that as we went out of the door the ballad-singer clapped me on the shoulder and said: The song still grew nearer and louder, and even as we looked we saw it turning the corner through the hedges of the orchards and closes, a good clump of men, more armed, as it

would seem, than our villagers, as the low sun flashed back from many points of bright iron and steel. Will Green had good-naturedly thrust and pulled me forward, so that I found myself standing on the lowest step of the cross, his seventy-two inches of man on one side of me. He chuckled while I panted, and said: Thou art tall across thy belly and not otherwise, and thy wind, belike, is none of the best, and but for me thou wouldst have been amidst the thickest of the throng, and have heard words muffled by Kentish bellies and seen little but swinky woollen elbows and greasy plates and jacks. Look no more on the ground, as though thou sawest a hare, but let thine eyes and thine ears be busy to gather tidings to bear back to Essex--or heaven! A buzz of general talk went up from the throng amidst the regular cadence of the bells, which now seemed far away and as it were that they were not swayed by hands, but were living creatures making that noise of their own wills. I looked around and saw that the newcomers mingled with us must have been a regular armed band; all had bucklers slung at their backs, few lacked a sword at the side. Some had bows, some "staves"--that is, bills, pole-axes, or pikes. Moreover, unlike our villagers, they had defensive arms. Most had steel-caps on their heads, and some had body armour, generally a "jack," or coat into which pieces of iron or horn were quilted; some had also steel or steel-and-leather arm or thigh pieces. There were a few mounted men among them, their horses being big-boned hammer-headed beasts, that looked as if they had been taken from plough or waggon, but their riders were well armed with steel armour on their heads, legs, and arms. Amongst the horsemen I noted the man that had ridden past me when I first awoke; but he seemed to be a prisoner, as he had a woollen hood on his head instead of his helmet, and carried neither bill, sword, nor dagger. He seemed by no means ill-at-ease, however, but was laughing and talking with the men who stood near him. When Adam delved and Eve span Who was then the gentleman? The banner came on and through the crowd, which at last opened where we stood for its passage, and the banner-bearer turned and faced the throng and stood on the first step of the cross beside me. A man followed him, clad in a long dark-brown gown of coarse woollen, girt with a cord, to which hung a "pair of beads" or rosary, as we should call it to-day and a book in a bag. He went slowly up the steps of the cross and stood at the top with one hand laid on the shaft, and shout upon shout broke forth from the throng. When the shouting died away into a silence of the human voices, the bells were still quietly chiming with that far-away voice of theirs, and the long-winged dusky swifts, by no means scared by the concourse, swung round about the cross with their wild squeals; and the man stood still for a little, eyeing the throng, or rather looking first at one and then another man in it, as though he were trying to think what such an one was thinking of, or what he were fit for. Sometimes he caught the eye of one or other, and then that kindly smile spread over his face, but faded off it into the sternness and sadness of a man who has heavy and great thoughts hanging about him.

4: The Art and Craft of Printing / William Morris

William Morris is a practicing Occupational Medicine doctor in Davenport, IA. Overview. Mr. Morris works in Davenport, IA and specializes in Occupational Medicine.

Testimony on the Restoration of Westminster Hall Mr. Do you attend here at the request of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings? And you are therefore able to state generally the views of that society with regard to the proposed building. Would you kindly state shortly the objections which you entertain to what is proposed to be done according to Mr. It has been said by some architects I do not myself know for what reason, as I am not myself an expert on that point, that it is necessary to protect from the weather the newly uncovered side of the Hall, including Richard II. I do not know how that may be, but speaking for my own part, my own impression is that it is not necessary at all: I see no necessity for making it particularly and specially ugly, but I mean to say that it ought to be perfectly simple and have visibly no intention of restoring or imitating the old work that was there, which, of course we know, followed something like the lines of the proposed restoration. I do not know that there is anything more that I need say. Does your objection to the new work go to this length, that even if it were shown that it would be an exact reproduction of what was originally there, you would still object to carrying it out? But supposing you assume it? But, certainly, assuming that it were in the ordinary sense of the word, and from the ordinary point of view, an exact restoration which, as you probably know, our society denies the possibility of of what had been there, we should still object to it. Would you also object to any buildings there if utility required them or made them desirable? Of course you might have to pull down Westminster Hall some day; but I should consider it a great disaster. Have you looked at the plan of the proposed building in order to form a judgment as to whether it is a restoration? Have you considered the portion of the proposal connected with the north end of the Hall, the raising of the towers? Nevertheless my own impression is that the present front does represent what the Hall was, and I think that the suggestions for the alterations are decidedly a mistake, I mean as regards raising the towers; it would give a totally new character to the Hall, a character from what people were accustomed to, for one thing; and judging by all that one sees of old cuts, and things of that sort, it seems to me that it is wrong. You are not an architect yourself, I think? But you are a prominent member of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings? Were you present when Mr. Somers Clarke and Mr. Stevenson gave their evidence in the autumn? I was not; but I think I know the general drift of Mr. Have you read it? Then, as I understand, you substantially agree with him as to what should be constructed under the buttresses? You agree that it is undesirable to leave the wall uncovered? This is not within your cognizance? Assuming that it is necessary to do something to preserve that ancient wall, would you agree with Mr. Somers Clarke that a lean-to should be erected under the buttresses? And that what is done should be simply for the purpose of preserving the surface of the wall? And with that view you think a lean-to should be erected? For the whole length? I think even that would be a pity, because it would hide the old wall. But if it is necessary to preserve the wall at all, the preservation should take the form of a lean-to? I presume that that lean-to would be a wooden structure? But have you seen the proposal both of Mr. Somers Clarke do substantially agree; do you agree substantially with those two gentlemen? If it is thought better to build it in stone by all means build it in stone. Do you think that a structure of that kind would be slightly? After all a stone wall is a very good thing. Most stone walls I have seen built at the present day are a great deal better than they are when they have got the architectural additions to them. A piece of architecture may be ugly; a stone wall cannot be. However inconsistent it may be with the main building? That is one of the principles of your society, that any additions made to an old building should be obviously modern, and should be in no way consistent with the old building itself? And you think that that principle should be carried out in Westminster Hall? That is quite a fair representation of our feelings. Of course there are many forms in which a penthouse might be erected besides the post and pan? When I was at the last meeting that I attended here I noticed that it seemed to be assumed that Mr. I do not think that he meant that; anyhow if he did I do not agree with him. I am not at all particular about that, though I should wish myself that it should not be unsightly of course. At all events, you would wish that whatever is put there

should be modern? I should like exactly to understand from you whether I am right in supposing that in giving us this opinion you simply suggest a mode of protecting the wall if the wall requires protection? And that you make the suggestion without any regard in any way to considerations of taste? I am an artist, and I consider certainly that that is the only way of dealing with the question, which would absolve you from having committed a crime against taste; that is the fact of the matter. What I understand is this: Will you look round at that model behind you; do I rightly understand that you suggest that a lean-to, either of stone, or some other material, should run within the buttresses the full length of that building? And how high would you suppose it to be necessary to carry it? Then that would come up a considerable distance towards the buttresses? It would have to be lighted, of course? How would you propose that that should be done? In that case the roof might be glass; or otherwise there might be windows cut in the external wall, which would give enough light to enable persons to see the place. But that would not be material, in your view? You think that as it is a sort of show place, though the outside might be ugly the inside should not? A necessary addition made in a reasonable way to a thing runs a very good chance of not being ugly; that is the fact, if it is done reasonably, and without pretence, and so on. At any rate there is one thing to be said about it, it would be small. You would have to carve on it: What would be the inscription upon your construction? Ought you not to add to that the words which you gave in your evidence in chief, "We are content with this, as it is not specially ugly. What do you consider to have been the object of the flying buttresses? Is it your opinion that they were intended to enclose a space in connection with the Hall, or that they were merely used as an alternative, instead of using ordinary buttresses; I mean that flying buttresses of that character are a very uncommon feature, are they not? But surely in the case of a cathedral they enclose a space inside? That is an exception. There is one at the east end of Ryde Church; but that may be looked upon as an exception? Pearson said that he knew of only two exceptions, the Chapter House at Westminster and Lincoln? I know of another case of a flying buttress at a little church in Oxfordshire, a little way from the Thames; at Langford. The aisle was a transition aisle which was hanging over, and the 14th century people put up a flying buttress there simply because it was convenient. Of course I quite admit that the flying buttresses were put here for convenience of some sort. They reported against the proposal? Who were the other members of the Committee who went with you? There were three or four others, were there not? Stevenson was one, but I do not remember who the others were. There were about half-a-dozen; Mr. Hebb; I think he was, but I am quite sure that Mr. Middleton is an architect, and now we may fairly say he is an archaeologist; he is engaged in writing archaeological articles for the new "Encyclopedia Britannica. Was there another gentleman there, an assistant in your own office? Wardle, I think he was, but I cannot say for certain. I understand your evidence very well from the ancient monument point of view, but I have a great difficulty in understanding it from the point of view of a resident in this city, knowing that we are dealing with a building which is always in view, and which is on one of the finest sites in Europe. Since we have been charged with the responsibility of doing something, you would surely have larger regard to the view which the building, when finished, presents to the general public moving about it, would you not, than to any other? I can understand that if you were dealing with an ancient monument on Salisbury Plain you would put up something to protect it, and you would not care much what it was, but I do not see in your evidence any sufficient recognition of the position and circumstances of this building, and the conditions under which it would be viewed as a finished work? If any such thing as a piece of a Cheshire-like house were put on, do you think that would be better than the proposed buildings? I only lay stress upon it because it is a suggestion made apparently in complete disregard of everything like what would be seemliness to the passer-by looking at this? But would it not be entirely and completely incongruous with the general effect of the building, with the general mass of the architecture? Did you hear the evidence of Mr. Charles Barry, I think, said that he thought the appropriate treatment would be an entirely open cloister; not a simple penthouse erection, but a cloister which should occupy the whole space between the building and the flying buttresses, to serve both as a protection to the wall and also to serve as a means of communication from one end of the building to the other; would such a structure meet the views of your society? I do not think that an open cloister would preserve the stone. If you have any doubt about that, go into the cloisters of Westminster Abbey and you will see the terrible ruin that the London atmosphere has made in the stone there. On the contrary, I

believe that such a cloister would do more harm than leaving the place quite open; because, first of all, you would get the London soot on it that is to say, sulphuric acid, practically , and you would not have anything to wash it off with. If it were open, the rain would wash it off; but with an open cloister, the London atmosphere would, in the first place, accumulate in it I should think quite as much as if it were entirely open, and then it would keep on, as it were, gnawing at it. Just consider the condition of the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, then you will see how very little protection a mere open cloister is. And so far as that goes, after all my objection to putting up a handsome architectural feature because that is what I do object to would apply quite as much to the open cloister as it would to the closed one.

5: William Morris - Testimony on the Restoration of Westminster Hall

William Richard Morris, 1st Viscount Nuffield GBE CH FRS (10 October - 22 August) was an English motor manufacturer and philanthropist. He was the founder of Morris Motors Limited and is remembered as the founder of the Nuffield Foundation, the Nuffield Trust and Nuffield College, Oxford.

This business being a success he opened a shop at 48 High Street and began to assemble as well as repair bicycles, labelling his product with a gilt cycle wheel and The Morris. Morris raced his own machines competing as far away as south London. He did not confine himself to one distance or time and at one point was champion of Oxford City and County, Berkshire and Buckinghamshire for distances varying between one and fifty miles. The outbreak of World War I saw the nascent car factory largely given over to the production of munitions – including 50, minesinkers for the North Sea Minefield – but in car production revived rising from cars in that year to 56, in During the period – he built or purchased factories at Abingdon, Birmingham, and Swindon to add to those in Oxford. The original MG Midget, launched in, was based on the Minor. When major component suppliers had difficulties he purchased them on his own account. His American engines were now made under licence for him by Hotchkiss in Coventry. When in they were unwilling to expand production Morris bought their business and called it Morris Engines Limited. It would become Morris engines branch when he later sold it to Morris Motors. Again when back-axle manufacturer E. Wrigley and Company ran into financial difficulties he bought and reconstituted it as Morris Commercial Cars Limited to manufacture an expanded truck and bus offering. Following the same policy he bought the manufacturer of SU Carburettors in But the two business tycoons had each met their match. Morris was "the most famous industrialist of his age". He had added another personal investment, Wolseley Motors Limited, to the portfolio of Morris Motors Limited in There was no legal substance to either of these groupings. Though ordered by the Air Ministry in March by early no single plane had been made. Lord Nuffield had offered his own expertise, and that of his Morris Organization, to design and construct a vast new factory at Castle Bromwich, to his own ideas of industrial planning, claiming he would build four times as many planes there as any other factory in the country. Nuffield had claimed he could produce 60 Spitfires a week but by May, the height of the Battle of France, not one Spitfire had been built at Castle Bromwich.

6: William Morris - Wikipedia

Mr. William Morris JR. DDS is a male health care provider with Dentist listed as his primary medical specialization. His credentials are: DDS. His office is located at South Park Terrace Eden, NC

See Article History William Morris, born March 24, , Walthamstow, near London, England—died October 3, , Hammersmith , near London , English designer, craftsman, poet, and early socialist, whose designs for furniture , fabrics, stained glass , wallpaper , and other decorative arts generated the Arts and Crafts movement in England and revolutionized Victorian taste. From his preparatory school , he went at age 13 to Marlborough College. In Morris went to Exeter College at the University of Oxford , where he met Edward Jones later the painter and designer Burne-Jones , who was to become his lifelong friend. Both Morris and Jones became deeply affected by the Oxford movement within the Church of England , and it was assumed that they would become clergymen. In the same year he financed the first 12 monthly issues of The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, where many of those poems appeared that, two years later, were reprinted in his remarkable first published work, The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems. It was at this time that he came under the powerful influence of the Pre-Raphaelite painter and poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti , who persuaded him to give up architecture for painting and enrolled him among the band of friends who were decorating the walls of the Oxford Union with scenes from Arthurian legend based on Le Morte Darthur by the 15th-century English writer Sir Thomas Malory. Only one easel painting by Morris survives: La Belle Iseult, or Queen Guenevere His model was Jane Burden, the beautiful, enigmatic daughter of an Oxford groom. He married her in , but the marriage was to prove a source of unhappiness to both. At the International Exhibition of at South Kensington they exhibited stained glass, furniture, and embroideries. This led to commissions to decorate the new churches then being built by G. The designs for these windows came to Morris uncoloured, and it was he who chose the colours and put in the lead lines. He also designed many other windows himself, for both domestic and ecclesiastical use. After a serious attack of rheumatic fever , brought on by overwork, he moved in to Bloomsbury in London. Iceland and socialism As a poet, Morris first achieved fame and success with the romantic narrative The Life and Death of Jason , which was soon followed by The Earthly Paradise —70 , a series of narrative poems based on classical and medieval sources. The best parts of The Earthly Paradise are the introductory poems on the months, in which Morris reveals his personal unhappiness. A sterner spirit informs his principal poetic achievement, the epic Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs , written after a prolonged study of the sagas medieval prose narratives read by Morris in the original Old Norse. The exquisitely illuminated A Book of Verse , telling once more of hopeless love and dedicated to Georgina Burne-Jones, belongs to In the same year Morris paid his first visit to Iceland , and the journal he kept of his travels contains some of his most vigorous descriptive writing. He returned to Iceland in In Morris also began his revolutionary experiments with vegetable dyes, which, after the removal in of the firm to larger premises at Merton Abbey in Surrey, resulted in its finest printed and woven fabrics, carpets, and tapestries. In he also founded the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in an attempt to combat the drastic methods of restoration then being carried out on the cathedrals and parish churches of Great Britain. The Morris family moved into Kelmscott House named after their country house in Oxfordshire , at Hammersmith, in On this occasion he marched with the playwright George Bernard Shaw at his side. But by this time Morris had quarreled with the autocratic Hyndman Federation and formed the Socialist League, with its own publication, The Commonweal, in which his two finest romances, A Dream of John Ball —87 and News from Nowhere , an idyllic vision of a socialist rural utopia , appeared. Subsequently, he founded the Hammersmith Socialist Society, which held weekly lectures in the coach house next door to Kelmscott House, as well as open-air meetings in different parts of London. The Kelmscott Press The Kelmscott Press was started in , with the printer and type designer Emery Walker as typographic adviser, and between that year and the press produced 53 titles in 66 volumes. Morris designed three type styles for his press: One of the greatest examples of the art of the printed book, Chaucer is the most ornate of the Kelmscott publications. He was buried in the Kelmscott churchyard beneath a simple gravestone designed by Webb. In his own time William

Morris was most widely known as the author of *The Earthly Paradise* and for his designs for wallpapers, textiles, and carpets. Since the mid-nineteenth century Morris has been celebrated as a designer and craftsman. Future generations may esteem him more as a social and moral critic, a pioneer of the society of equality.

7: Williams-Morris | The Sumter Item

Beloved, Mr. William Morris, transitioned peacefully unto the Lord on Tuesday, May 9, in Jackson, MS. Visitation will be Friday, May 19, at Peoples Funeral Home between the hours of P.M. Wake service will be between P.M.

8: William Morris Obituary - San Antonio, Texas - Porter Loring Mortuary

William Morris Testimony on the Restoration of Westminster Hall Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, called in; and Examined. Mr. Dick Peddie. Do you attend here at the request of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings?

9: Mr. Morris' English Class Site - Home

William Morris (24 March - 3 October) was a British textile designer, poet, novelist, translator, and socialist activist. Associated with the British Arts and Crafts Movement, he was a major contributor to the revival of traditional British textile arts and methods of production.

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