

PENNYROYAL
DJR



A TYPE SPECIMEN OF

P E N N Y R O Y A L
D J R

A TEXT TYPEFACE DESIGNED FOR

BARRY MOSER'S PENNYROYAL PRESS

BY DAVID JONATHAN ROSS

WITH ADDITIONAL DRAWING

BY LINH NGUYỄN

A NOTE ON THE TYPE.

Book designer, illustrator, engraver, and educator
BARRY MOSER commissioned this bookface
for his PENNYROYAL PRESS in 2017–18.

Sparkling, spacious, and bright, it was
drawn in the tradition of typefaces
created for British & American
private presses throughout
the early decades of the
twentieth century.

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I. ROMAN

CALL ME ISHMAEL. Some years ago—nevermind how long—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particularly interesting me on shore, I thought I would sail around a little and see the watery parts of the world. It is a way I have, of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and whenever my hypos get such an upper hand, that it requires a principle to prevent me from stepping into the street, and knocking people's hats off, it is time to get to sea.

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers, the Fates, put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage, when others were set down for magnificent parts in high tragedies, and short and easy parts in genteel comedies, and jolly parts in farces, though I cannot tell why this was exactly; yet, now that I recall all the circumstances, I think I can see a little into the springs and motives which being cunningly presented to me under various disguises, induced me to set about performing the part I did, besides cajoling me into the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my freewill and judgment.

Chief among these motives was the idea of the great whale himself. Such a portentous and mysterious monster roused all my curiosity. Then the wild, distant seas where he rolled his island bulk; the undeliverable, nameless perils of the whale; these, with all the attending marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds, helped to sway me to my wish. With other men, perhaps, such things would have been inducements as

II. ROMAN & ITALIC

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from yonder cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant woodlands winds a mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill-side blue.

But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd's head, yet all were vain, unless the shepherd's eye were fixed upon the magic stream before him. *Go visit the Prairies in June, when for scores on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger-lilies.*

Now having a night, a day, and still another night following before me in New Bedford, ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dubious-looking, nay, a very dark and dismal night, biting cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. *With anxious grapnels I had sounded my pocket, and only brought up a few pieces of silver.* So, wherever you go, Ishmael, said I to myself, as I stood in the middle of a dreary street shouldering my bag, and comparing the gloom towards the north with the darkness towards the south—wherever in your wisdom you may conclude to lodge for the night, my dear Ishmael, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular.

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers, the Fates, put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage, when others were

III. ROMAN & BOLD

Some years ago—nevermind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particularly interesting me on shore, I thought I would sail around a little and see the watery parts of the world. It is a way I have, of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and whenever my hypos get such an upper hand, that it requires a principle to prevent me from stepping into the street, and knocking people's hats off, **it is time to get to sea.**

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers, the Fates, put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage, when others were set down for magnificent parts in high tragedies, and short and easy parts in genteel comedies, and jolly parts in farces. **Though I cannot tell why this was exactly; yet, now that I recall all the circumstances, I think I can see a little into the springs and motives which being cunningly presented to me under various disguises.** Induced me to set about performing the part I did, besides cajoling me into the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my own unbiased freewill and discriminating judgment.

Chief among these motives was the idea of the great whale. Such a portentous and mysterious monster roused all my curiosity. Then the wild, distant seas where he rolled his island bulk; undeliverable, nameless perils of the whale; these, with all the attending marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds, helped in swaying

IV. SMALL CAPS

BUT HERE WE HAVE AN ARTIST. HE DESIRES TO PAINT YOU THE DREAMIEST, SHADIEST, QUIETEST, MOST ENCHANTING BIT OF ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE IN ALL THE VALLEY OF THE SACO. WHAT IS THE CHIEF ELEMENT HE EMPLOYS? THERE STAND HIS TREES, EACH WITH A HOLLOW TRUNK, AS IF A HERMIT AND A CRUCIFIX WERE WITHIN; AND HERE SLEEPS IN HIS MEADOW, AND THERE SLEEP HIS CATTLE; AND UP FROM YONDER COTTAGE GOES A SLEEPY SMOKE. DEEP INTO DISTANT WOODLANDS WINDING A MAZY WAY, REACHING TO OVERLAPPING SPURS OF MOUNTAINS BATHED IN THEIR HILL-SIDE BLUE. BUT THOUGH THE PICTURE LIES THUS TRANCED, AND THOUGH THIS PINE-TREE SHAKES DOWN ITS SIGHS LIKE LEAVES UPON THIS SHEPHERD'S HEAD, YET ALL WERE VAIN, UNLESS THE SHEPHERD'S EYE WERE FIXED UPON THE MAGIC STREAM BEFORE HIM. GO VISIT THE PRAIRIES IN JUNE, WHEN FOR SCORES ON SCORES OF MILES, YOU WADE KNEE-DEEP AMONG TIGER-LILIES. NOW HAVING A NIGHT, A DAY, AND STILL ANOTHER NIGHT FOLLOWING BEFORE ME IN NEW BEDFORD, ERE I COULD EMBARK FOR MY DESTINED PORT, IT BECAME A MATTER OF CONCERNMENT WHERE I WAS TO EAT AND SLEEP MEANWHILE. IT WAS A VERY DUBIOUS-LOOKING, NAY, A VERY DARK AND DISMAL NIGHT, BITINGLY COLD AND CHEERLESS. I KNEW NO ONE IN THE PLACE. WITH ANXIOUS GRAPNELS I HAD SOUNDED MY POCKET, AND ONLY BROUGHT UP A FEW PIECES OF SILVER, SO, WHEREVER YOU GO, ISHMAEL, SAID I TO MYSELF, AS I STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF A DREARY STREET SHOULDERING

CHAPTER I.

CALL ME ISHMAEL. Some years ago – never mind how long precisely – having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off, then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can.

This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs, commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see? – Posted like silent sen-

tinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep.

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand – miles of them – leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues – north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries – stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he em-

REPRESENTING

EFFERVESCENT

INFREQUENTLY

HIGHLIGHTING

IRONMONGERY

INTERMEDIATE

CONVERGENCE

COMMONWEALTH

UNQUESTIONABLE

EXEMPLIFICATION

REARRANGEMENT

HISTORIOGRAPHY

ORNITHOLOGICAL

FOREKNOWLEDGE

OPENTYPE FEATURES

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BUT HERE IS AN ARTIST.

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CHARACTER SET

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“Oh, time, strength, cash, and patience!”

+ + +

MOBY-DICK, BY HERMAN MELVILLE