

+ Peckham  
regular  
+ & *italic*

Style:

Regular

Design by:

Alex Chavot

Format:

Opentype (795 glyphs)

Published:

2015/2016

+ Peckham takes its roots in a surprising French Canon from Vincent Figgins specimen (1801/1815). It has the typical boldness of Figgins' display type but was adapted to the contemporary taste. While keeping the original contrasts and sharp verticality of Figgins' French Canon, Peckham is also nourished by early nineteenth century's Scotch Roman typefaces and later revivals of the genre.

Extracts from *The Raven* by Edgar Allan Poe

130/140 pts

Edgar  
Allan  
Poe  
(Jan.  
1845)

130/140 pts

*Edgar  
Allan  
Poe  
(Jan.  
1845)*

90/105 pts

Mystery  
Spoken  
Prophet  
Shadow  
Maiden  
Whisper  
Explore

90/105 pts

*Mystery*  
*Spoken*  
*Prophet*  
*Shadow*  
*Maiden*  
*Whisper*  
*Explore*

45/54 pts

The Black Raven  
Darkness There,  
& Nothing More  
Sculptured Bust  
Stood Wondering  
Dreaming Days

35/42 pts

Once upon a mid-  
night dreary, while  
I pondered, weak and  
weary, Over many  
a quaint and curious  
volume of forgotten  
lore, While I nodded,  
nearly napping,

45/54 pts

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volume of forgotten  
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26/30 pts

Deep into that darkness  
peering, long I stood there  
wondering, fearing, Doubting,  
dreaming dreams no mortal  
ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was  
unbroken, and the darkness  
gave no token, And the only  
word there spoken was the  
whispered word, “Lenore!”  
This I whispered, and an  
echo murmured back the  
word, “Lenore!” Merely this  
and nothing more. Back into  
the chamber turning, all my  
soul within me burning, Soon  
again I heard a tapping,  
somewhat louder than before.  
“Surely,” said I, “surely that  
is something at my window  
lattice; Let me see, then,  
what thereat is, and this  
mystery explore — Let my  
heart be still a moment and



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16/20 pts

The secret of a poem, no less than a jest's prosperity, lies in the ear of him that hears it. Yield to its spell, accept the poet's mood: this, after all, is what the sages answer when you ask them of its value. Even though the poet himself, in his other mood, tell you that his art is but sleight of hand, his food enchanter's food, and offer to show you the trick of it, – believe him not. Wait for his prophetic hour; then give yourself to his passion, his joy or pain. "We are in Love's hand to-day!" sings Gautier, in Swinburne's buoyant paraphrase, – and from morn to sunset we are wafted on the violent sea: there is but one love, one May, one flowery strand. Love is eternal, all else unreal and put aside. The vision has an end, the scene changes; but we have gained something, the memory of a charm.

As many poets, so many charms. There is the charm of Evanescence, that which lends to supreme beauty and grace an aureole of Pathos. Share with Landor his one "night of memories and of sighs" for Rose Aylmer, and you have this to the full. And now take the hand of a new-world minstrel, strayed from some proper habitat to that rude and dissonant America which, as Baudelaire saw, "was for Poe only a vast prison through which he ran, hither and thither, with the feverish agitation of a being created to breathe in a purer world," and where "his interior life, spiritual as a poet, spiritual even as a drunkard, was but one perpetual effort to escape the influence of this antipathetical atmosphere." Clasp the sensitive hand of a troubled singer dreeding thus his weird, and share with him the clime in which

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12/14,5 pts

To one land only he has power to lead you, and for one night only can you share his dream. A tract of neither Earth nor Heaven: "No-man's-land," out of Space, out of Time. Here are the perturbed ones, through whose eyes, like those of the Cenci, the soul finds windows though the mind is dazed; here spirits, groping for the path which leads to Eternity, are halted and delayed. It is the limbo of "planetary souls," wherein are all moonlight uncertainties, all lost loves and illusions. Here some are fixed in trance, the only respite attainable; others "move fantastically to a discordant melody:" while everywhere are "Sheeted Memories of the Past – Shrouded forms that start and sigh – As they pass the wanderer by."

10/12,5 pts

Such is the land, and for one night we enter it, – a night of astral phases and recurrent chimes. Its monodies are twelve poems, whose music strives to change yet ever is the same. One by one they sound, like the chiming of the brazen and ebony clock, in "The Masque of the Red Death," which made the waltzers pause with "disconcert and tremulousness and meditation," as often as the hour came round. Of all these mystical cadences, the plaint of The Raven, vibrating through the portal, chiefly has impressed the outer world. What things go to the making of a poem, – and how true in this, as in most else, that race which named its bards "the makers"? A work is called out of the void. Where there was nothing, it remains, – a new creation, part of the treasure of mankind. And a few exceptional lyrics, more than others that are equally creative, compel us to think anew how bravely the poet's pen turns things unknown "to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation, and a name."

09/11 pts

08/11 pts

Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven  
[come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently

Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea –  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On seas less hideously serene.

And they say (the starry choir  
And the other listening things)  
That Israfeli's fire  
Is owing to that lyre  
By which he sits and sings –  
The trembling living wire  
Of those unusual strings.

But "The Raven", like "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee," commends itself to the many and the few. I have said elsewhere that Poe's rarer productions seemed to me "those in which there is the appearance, at least, of spontaneity, – in which he yields to his feelings, while dying falls and cadences most musical, most melancholy, come from him unawares." This is still my belief; and yet, upon a fresh study of this poem, it impresses me more than at any time since my boyhood. Close acquaintance tells in favor of every true work of art. Induce the man, who neither knows art nor cares for it, to examine some poem or painting, and how soon its force takes hold of him! In fact, he will overrate the relative value of the first good work by which his attention has been fairly caught. "The Raven", also, has consistent qualities which even an expert must admire. In no other of its author's poems is the motive more palpably defined. "The Haunted Palace" is just as definite to the select reader, but Poe scarcely would have taken that subtle allegory for bald analysis. "The Raven" is wholly occupied with the author's typical theme – the irretrievable loss of an idolized and beautiful woman; but on other grounds, also, the public instinct is correct in thinking it his representative poem.

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Historical form

s → f

Historical

Contextual alternates

1x2 3x4

1x2 3x4

< + - = ←  
| + ^ = ↑  
^ + \ = ↖  
v + \ = ↙

- + > = →  
| + v = ↓  
/ + ^ = ↗  
\ + v = ↘

v + | + ^ = ⇕  
< + - + > = ⇔

Currency, slashed zeros & figures



Proportional lining

#€\$¢£¥f

0123456789

Tabular lining

#€\$¢£¥f

0123456789

Proportional old style

#€\$¢£¥f

0123456789

Tabular old style

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Punctuation (caps + small caps)

◊ ◊ ◄► ◄► () () () ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻  
- - - - — — , . : ; \_ ... ‘ ’ “ ” , ,,  
! ; i } ? ¿ ÷



Fractions

1/4 1/2 3/4 1/3 2/3 1/5 2/5 3/5 4/5 1/6 5/6 1/8 3/8 5/8 7/8  
% %  
12345/67890 12345/67890

Mathematical symbols

| | + - × ÷ = ≠ ≈ ~ < > ± ≤ ≥ / \  
μ ∂ Σ Π π ∫ Ω ¬ ∞ √ Δ ◊ ^ < > ^ ∨





Superiors  
& inferiors

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Numerators  
& denominators

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H , . ( ) + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Ordinals

OoO AaA o a

N<sup>o</sup> no No nO N<sup>o</sup> N<sup>o</sup>



Miscellaneous symbols  
(caps + small caps)

& & & @ @ A ® ¢ © ™ ™ N<sup>o</sup> ℓ e

§ ¶ † ‡ ° ª « \* " ' ¨ • • •

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ← ↑ → ↓

Geometric symbols

■ ◆ ● ▲

□ ◇ ○ △

◀ ▶ ▲ ▼

◁ ▷ △ ▽

◀ ▶ ▲ ▼

♥ ♡ ★ ☆



Circled figures

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩









Historical form

*s* → *f*

*Historical*

Contextual alternates

*1x2 3x4*

*1×2 3×4*

< + - = ←

- + > = →

*v* + / + ^ = ↕

/ + ^ = ↑

/ + *v* = ↓

< + - + > = ↔

^ + | = ↖

/ + ^ = ↗

*v* + | = ↙

| + *v* = ↘

Currency, slashed zeros & figures



Proportional lining

#€\$¢£¥f

0123456789

Tabular lining

#€\$¢£¥f

0123456789

Proportional old style

#€\$¢£¥f

0123456789

Tabular old style

#€\$¢£¥f

0123456789

Punctuation (caps + small caps)

<> <> «» «» () () () [] [] [] {} {} {}

- - - - — — , . : ; \_ ... ‘ ’ “ ” , „

! ; i } ? ð ÷



Fractions

$\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{1}{3}$   $\frac{2}{3}$   $\frac{1}{5}$   $\frac{2}{5}$   $\frac{3}{5}$   $\frac{4}{5}$   $\frac{1}{6}$   $\frac{5}{6}$   $\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{7}{8}$

% ‰

12345/67890 <sup>12345</sup>/<sub>67890</sub>

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// + - × ÷ = ≠ ≈ ~ < > ± ≤ ≥ / \

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Numerators & denominators

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*H* , . ( ) + - × ÷ = **0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9**

Ordinals

*OoO AaA* o a

*N<sup>o</sup> no No nO N<sup>o</sup>* *N<sup>o</sup>*



Miscellaneous symbols (caps + small caps)

**& & & @ @ A ® ¢ © ™ ™ N<sup>o</sup> ℓ e**

**§ ¶ † ‡ ° ª « \* " ' ¤ • • •**

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ← ↑ → ↓

Geometric symbols

■ ◆ ● ▲

□ ◇ ○ △

◀ ▶ ▲ ▼

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♥ ♡ ★ ☆



Circled figures

**① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩**

**① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩**





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