

Identity Letters

Allrounder Baroque

About the Typeface: Allrounder Baroque

Designed by

Moritz Kleinsorge

First Release

2024

Current Release

2024

Styles

14

Glyphs

949

OpenType Features

Discretionary Ligatures , Standard Ligatures , Small Capitals , Small Capitals from Capitals , Case-sensitive Forms , Subscript , Superscript , Lining Figures , Old-style Figures , Proportional Figures , Tabular Figures , Slashed Zero , Fractions

Language Support

Afrikaans , Albanian , Azerbaijani , Basque , Bosnian , Catalan , Croatian , Czech , Danish , Dutch , English , Estonian , Faroese , Filipino , Finnish , French , Galician , German , Hungarian , Icelandic , Indonesian , Irish , Italian , Latvian , Lithuanian , Malay , Norwegian Bokmål , Polish , Portuguese , Romanian , Slovak , Slovenian , Spanish , Swahili , Swedish , Turkish , Welsh , Zulu

Classical elegance and authority. Cultured, but in style.

Allrounder Didone is a refined modern/classicist serif typeface from the Allrounder superfamily especially suited to fashion and culture as well as legal and scientific topics. Like the original designs by 18th/19th-century masters such as Didot, Bodoni, and Walbaum, Allrounder Didone comes in optical sizes, each with 12 styles and ~950 glyphs per font. The classic “Allrounder Didone” family is great for all-purpose typesetting even in small captions. In larger sizes, it makes headlines appear strong and confident. For the true high-contrast Didone look, we added “Allrounder Didone Big”. They can be employed solo, together, or combined with any other font from the Allrounder type system.

Language Support

Afrikaans, Albanian, Azerbaijani,
Basque, Bosnian, Catalan, Croatian,
Czech, Danish, Dutch, English,
Estonian, Faroese, Filipino,
Finnish, French, Galician, German,
Hungarian, Icelandic, Indonesian,
Irish, Italian, Latvian, Lithuanian,
Malay, Norwegian Bokmål, Polish,
Portuguese, Romanian, Slovak,
Slovenian, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish,
Turkish, Welsh, Zulu

A B C D E F
G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T
U V W X Y Z 1
2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
0 a b c d e f g h i
j k l m n o p q r

Overview of Styles

01 Light

02 Book

03 Regular

04 Medium

05 Bold

06 *Light Italic*

07 *Book Italic*

08 *Regular Italic*

09 *Medium Italic*

10 *Bold Italic*



Butterscotch
 Butterscotch
 Butterscotch
 Eclairs
 Identity Snackers®
 one pound net
 15 pieces

Identity Snackers®
 PREMIUM
 RISP
 Enjoy
 your
 healthy
 snack
 Identity Snackers®
 one pound net

Date & Sultana
 Cake 1/4
 Identity Snackers®
 one pound net
 Identity Snackers®
 one pound net
 Identity Snackers®
 one pound net

Identity Snackers® Date & Sultana Cake
 one pound net
 Ingredients: Milk Chocolate (60%) (Sugar, Cocoa
 Butter, Cocoa Mass, Skimmed Cows' Milk
 Powder, Cows' Milk Fat, Lactose (Cows' Milk),
 Emulsifier: Soya Lecithin), Cornflakes (40%) (Corn,
 Sugar, Salt, Barley Malt Extract, Iron, Niacin,
 Vitamin B6, Riboflavin, Folic Acid, Vitamin B12).

Actin **Brom** *Curium*
Alum *Cadm* **Darmstad**
Ame *Calci* **Dubnium**
Anti *Calif* **Dysprosiu**
Argo *Carbo* **Einsteinium**
Arse *Ceriu* **Erbium**
Asta *Cesiu* **Europium**
Barit *Chlor* *Fermium*
Berk *Chron* *Flerovium*
Bery *Coba* *Fluorine*
Bism *Cope* *Francium*
Bohr *Copp* **Gadolinium**
Boro *Curia* **Gallium**

Mosc Phosp Rubidium
Neoc Platini Ruthenium
Neor Plutor Rutherford
Nept Poloni Samarium
Nick Potass Scandium
Niho Praseo Seaborgium
Niob Prome Selenium
Nitro Protac Silicon
Nobe Radit **Silver**
Ogar Rado Sodium
Osm Rhen Strontium
Oxyg Rhod Sulfur
Pallac Roen *Tantalum*

Allrounder Baroque Light

24 pt / 10 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock

16 pt / 7,5 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock struck as Clarissa Dalloway laid her green dress on her bed, and the Warren Smiths walked down Harley Street.

12 pt / 5 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock struck as Clarissa Dalloway laid her green dress on her bed, and the Warren Smiths walked down Harley Street. Twelve was the hour of their appointment. Probably, Rezia thought, that was Sir William Bradshaw's house with the grey motor car in front of it. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. Indeed it was—Sir William Bradshaw's motor car; low, powerful, grey with plain initials interlocked on the panel, as if the pomps of heraldry were incongruous, this man

Virginia Woolf:
Mrs. Dalloway

Allrounder Baroque Light

11 pt / 5 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock struck as Clarissa Dalloway laid her green dress on her bed, and the Warren Smiths walked down Harley Street. Twelve was the hour of their appointment. Probably, Rezia thought, that was Sir William Bradshaw's house with the grey motor car in front of it. The leaden circles dissolved in the air.

Indeed it was—Sir William Bradshaw's motor car; low, powerful, grey with plain initials interlocked on the panel, as if the pomps of heraldry were incongruous, this man being the ghostly helper, the priest of science; and, as the motor car was grey, so to match its sober suavity, grey furs, silver grey rugs were heaped in it, to keep her ladyship warm while she waited. For often Sir William would travel sixty miles or more down into the country to visit the rich, the afflicted, who could afford the very large fee which Sir William very properly charged for his advice. Her ladyship waited

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock struck as Clarissa Dalloway laid her green dress on her bed, and the Warren Smiths walked down Harley Street. Twelve was the hour of their appointment. Probably, Rezia thought, that was Sir William Bradshaw's house with the grey motor car in front of it. The leaden circles dissolved in the air.

Indeed it was—Sir William Bradshaw's motor car; low, powerful, grey with plain initials interlocked on the panel, as if the pomps of heraldry were incongruous, this man being the ghostly helper, the priest of science; and, as the motor car was grey, so to match its sober suavity, grey furs, silver grey rugs were heaped in it, to keep her ladyship warm while she waited. For often Sir William would travel sixty miles or more down into the country to visit the rich, the afflicted, who could afford the very large fee which Sir William very properly charged for his advice. Her ladyship waited with the rugs about her knees an hour or more, leaning back, thinking sometimes of the patient, sometimes, excusably, of the wall of gold, mounting minute by minute while she waited; the wall of gold that was mounting between them and all shifts and anxieties (she had borne them bravely; they had had their struggles) until she felt wedged on a calm ocean, where only spice winds blow; respected, admired, envied, with scarcely anything left to wish for, though she regretted her stoutness; large dinner-parties every Thursday night to the profession; an occasional bazaar to be opened; Royalty greeted; too little time, alas, with her husband, whose work grew and grew; a boy doing well at Eton; she would have liked a daughter too; interests she had, however, in plenty; child welfare; the after-care of the epileptic, and photography, so that if there was a church building, or a church decaying, she bribed the sexton, got the key and took photographs, which were scarcely to be distinguished from the work of professionals, while she waited.

Sir William himself was no longer young. He had worked very hard; he had won his position by sheer ability (being the son of a shopkeeper); loved his profession; made a fine figurehead at ceremonies and spoke well—all of

6.5 pt / 2, 5 mm

It was precisely twelve o'clock; twelve by Big Ben; whose stroke was wafted over the northern part of London; blent with that of other clocks, mixed in a thin ethereal way with the clouds and wisps of smoke, and died up there among the seagulls—twelve o'clock struck as Clarissa Dalloway laid her green dress on her bed, and the Warren Smiths walked down Harley Street. Twelve was the hour of their appointment. Probably, Rezia thought, that was Sir William Bradshaw's house with the grey motor car in front of it. The leaden circles dissolved in the air.

Indeed it was—Sir William Bradshaw's motor car; low, powerful, grey with plain initials interlocked on the panel, as if the pomps of heraldry were incongruous, this man being the ghostly helper, the priest of science; and, as the motor car was grey, so to match its sober suavity, grey furs, silver grey rugs were heaped in it, to keep her ladyship warm while she waited. For often Sir William would travel sixty miles or more down into the country to visit the rich, the afflicted, who could afford the very large fee which Sir William very properly charged for his advice. Her ladyship waited with the rugs about her knees an hour or more, leaning back, thinking sometimes of the patient, sometimes, excusably, of the wall of gold, mounting minute by minute while she waited; the wall of gold that was mounting between them and all shifts and anxieties (she had borne them bravely; they had had their struggles) until she felt wedged on a calm ocean, where only spice winds blow; respected, admired, envied, with scarcely anything left to wish for, though she regretted her stoutness; large dinner-parties every Thursday night to the profession; an occasional bazaar to be opened; Royalty greeted; too little time, alas, with her husband, whose work grew and grew; a boy doing well at Eton; she would have liked a daughter too; interests she had, however, in plenty; child welfare; the after-care of the epileptic, and photography, so that if there was a church building, or a church decaying, she bribed the sexton, got the key and took photographs, which were scarcely to be distinguished from the work of professionals, while she waited.

Sir William himself was no longer young. He had worked very hard; he had won his position by sheer ability (being the son of a shopkeeper); loved his profession; made a fine figurehead at ceremonies and spoke well—all of which had by the time he was knighted given him a heavy look, a weary look (the stream of patients being so incessant, the responsibilities and privileges of his profession so onerous), which weariness, together with his grey hairs, increased the extraordinary distinction of his presence and gave him the reputation (of the utmost importance in dealing with nerve cases) not merely of lightning skill, and almost infallible accuracy in diagnosis but of sympathy; tact; understanding of the human soul. He could see the first moment they came into the room (the Warren Smiths they were called); he was certain directly he saw the man; it was a case of extreme gravity. It was a case of complete breakdown—complete physical and nervous breakdown, with every symptom in an advanced stage, he ascertained in two or three minutes (writing answers to questions, murmured discreetly, on a pink card).

How long had Dr. Holmes been attending him? Six weeks.

Prescribed a little bromide? Said there was nothing the matter? Ah yes (those general practitioners! thought Sir William. It took half his time to undo their blunders. Some were irreparable).

"You served with great distinction in the War?"

The patient repeated the word "war" interrogatively.

He was attaching meanings to words of a symbolical kind. A serious symptom, to be noted on the card.

Allrounder Baroque *Light Italic*

24 pt / 10 mm

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion

16 pt / 7,5 mm

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects

12 pt / 5 mm

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects of what I was now doing. Three years before I was engaged in the same manner, and had created a fiend whose unparalleled barbarity had desolated my heart, and filled it for ever with the bitterest remorse. I was now about to form another being, of whose dispositions I was alike ignorant; she might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate, and delight, for its own sake, in murder

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley:
Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus

Allrounder Baroque *Light Italic*

11 pt / 5 mm

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects of what I was now doing. Three years before I was engaged in the same manner, and had created a fiend whose unparalleled barbarity had desolated my heart, and filled it for ever with the bitterest remorse. I was now about to form another being, of whose dispositions I was alike ignorant; she might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate, and delight, for its own sake, in murder and wretchedness. He had sworn to quit the neighbourhood of man, and hide himself in deserts; but she had not; and she, who in all probability was to become a thinking and reasoning animal, might refuse to comply with a compact made before her creation. They might even hate each other; the creature who already lived loathed his own deformity, and might he not conceive a greater abhorrence for it when it came before his eyes in the female form? She also might turn with disgust from him to the superior beauty of man; she might quit him, and he be again alone, exasperated by the fresh provocation of being deserted by one of his own species.

Even if they were to leave Europe, and inhabit the deserts of the new world, yet one of the first results of those sympathies for which the daemon thirsted would be children, and a race of devils would be propagated upon the earth, who might make the very existence of the species of man a condition precarious and full of terror. Had I right, for my own benefit, to inflict this curse upon everlasting generations? I had before been moved by the sophisms of the being I had created; I had been struck senseless by his fiendish threats; but now, for the first time, the wickedness of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price, perhaps, of the existence of the whole human race.

I trembled, and my heart failed within me; when, on looking up, I saw, by the light of the moon, the daemon at the casement. A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he had allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests,

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects of what I was now doing. Three years before I was engaged in the same manner, and had created a fiend whose unparalleled barbarity had desolated my heart, and filled it for ever with the bitterest remorse. I was now about to form another being, of whose dispositions I was alike ignorant; she might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate, and delight, for its own sake, in murder and wretchedness. He had sworn to quit the neighbourhood of man, and hide himself in deserts; but she had not; and she, who in all probability was to become a thinking and reasoning animal, might refuse to comply with a compact made before her creation. They might even hate each other; the creature who already lived loathed his own deformity, and might he not conceive a greater abhorrence for it when it came before his eyes in the female form? She also might turn with disgust from him to the superior beauty of man; she might quit him, and he be again alone, exasperated by the fresh provocation of being deserted by one of his own species.

Even if they were to leave Europe, and inhabit the deserts of the new world, yet one of the first results of those sympathies for which the daemon thirsted would be children, and a race of devils would be propagated upon the earth, who might make the very existence of the species of man a condition precarious and full of terror. Had I right, for my own benefit, to inflict this curse upon everlasting generations? I had before been moved by the sophisms of the being I had created; I had been struck senseless by his fiendish threats; but now, for the first time, the wickedness of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price, perhaps, of the existence of the whole human race.

I trembled, and my heart failed within me; when, on looking up, I saw, by the light of the moon, the daemon at the casement. A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he had allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests,

6.5 pt / 2, 5 mm

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and the moon was just rising from the sea; I had not sufficient light for my employment, and I remained idle, in a pause of consideration of whether I should leave my labour for the night, or hasten its conclusion by an unremitting attention to it. As I sat, a train of reflection occurred to me, which led me to consider the effects of what I was now doing. Three years before I was engaged in the same manner, and had created a fiend whose unparalleled barbarity had desolated my heart, and filled it for ever with the bitterest remorse. I was now about to form another being, of whose dispositions I was alike ignorant; she might become ten thousand times more malignant than her mate, and delight, for its own sake, in murder and wretchedness. He had sworn to quit the neighbourhood of man, and hide himself in deserts; but she had not, and she, who in all probability was to become a thinking and reasoning animal, might refuse to comply with a compact made before her creation. They might even hate each other; the creature who already lived loathed his own deformity, and might he not conceive a greater abhorrence for it when it came before his eyes in the female form? She also might turn with disgust from him to the superior beauty of man; she might quit him, and he be again alone, exasperated by the fresh provocation of being deserted by one of his own species.

Even if they were to leave Europe, and inhabit the deserts of the new world, yet one of the first results of those sympathies for which the daemon thirsted would be children, and a race of devils would be propagated upon the earth, who might make the very existence of the species of man a condition precarious and full of terror. Had I right, for my own benefit, to inflict this curse upon everlasting generations? I had before been moved by the sophisms of the being I had created; I had been struck senseless by his fiendish threats; but now, for the first time, the wickedness of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price, perhaps, of the existence of the whole human race.

I trembled, and my heart failed within me; when, on looking up, I saw, by the light of the moon, the daemon at the casement. A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he had allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise.

As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and, with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew.

I left the room, and, locking the door, made a solemn vow in my own heart never to resume my labours; and then, with trembling steps, I sought my own apartment. I was alone; none were near me to dissipate the gloom, and relieve me from the sickening oppression of the most terrible reveries.

Several hours passed, and I remained near my window gazing on the sea; it was almost motionless, for the winds were hushed, and all nature reposed under the eye of the quiet moon. A few fishing vessels alone specked the water; and now and then the gentle breeze wafted the sound of voices, as the fishermen called to one another. I felt the silence, although I was hardly conscious of its extreme profundity, until my ear was suddenly arrested by the paddling of oars near the shore, and a person landed close to my house.

In a few minutes after, I heard the creaking of my door, as if some one endeavoured to open it softly. I trembled from head to foot; I felt a presentiment of who it was, and wished to rouse one of the peasants

24 pt / 10 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état

16 pt / 7,5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périroit s'il ne changeoit sa maniere d'être. Or comme les hommes ne peuvent

12 pt / 5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périroit s'il ne changeoit sa maniere d'être. Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais seulement unir & diriger celles qui existent, ils n'ont plus d'autre moyen pour se conserver, que de former par aggrégation une somme de forces qui puisse l'emporter sur la résistance, de les mettre en jeu par un seul mobile & de les faire agir de concert. Cette somme de forces ne peut naitre que du concours de plusieurs : mais la force

Jean-Jacques Rousseau:
Du contrat social ou Principes du droit politique

11 pt / 5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périroit s'il ne changeoit sa maniere d'être.

Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais seulement unir & diriger celles qui existent, ils n'ont plus d'autre moyen pour se conserver, que de former par aggrégation une somme de forces qui puisse l'emporter sur la résistance, de les mettre en jeu par un seul mobile & de les faire agir de concert.

Cette somme de forces ne peut naitre que du concours de plusieurs : mais la force & la liberté de chaque homme étant les premiers instrumens de sa conservation, comment les engagera-t-il sans se nuire, & sans négliger les soins qu'il se doit ? Cette difficulté ramenée à mon sujet peut s'énoncer en ces termes.

« Trouver une forme d'association qui défende & protege de toute la force commune la personne & les biens de chaque associé, & par laquelle chacun s'unissant à

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périroit s'il ne changeoit sa maniere d'être.

Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais seulement unir & diriger celles qui existent, ils n'ont plus d'autre moyen pour se conserver, que de former par aggrégation une somme de forces qui puisse l'emporter sur la résistance, de les mettre en jeu par un seul mobile & de les faire agir de concert.

Cette somme de forces ne peut naitre que du concours de plusieurs : mais la force & la liberté de chaque homme étant les premiers instrumens de sa conservation, comment les engagera-t-il sans se nuire, & sans négliger les soins qu'il se doit ? Cette difficulté ramenée à mon sujet peut s'énoncer en ces termes.

« Trouver une forme d'association qui défende & protege de toute la force commune la personne & les biens de chaque associé, & par laquelle chacun s'unissant à tous n'obéisse pourtant qu'à lui-même & reste aussi libre qu'auparavant ? » Tel est le problème fondamental dont le contract social donne la solution.

Les clauses de ce contract sont tellement déterminées par la nature de l'acte, que la moindre modification les rendroit vaines & de nul effet ; en sorte que, bien qu'elles n'aient peut-être jamais été formellement énoncées, elles sont par-tout les mêmes, par-tout tacitement admises & reconnues ; jusqu'à ce que, le pacte social étant violé, chacun rentre alors dans ses premiers droits & reprenne sa liberté naturelle, en perdant la liberté conventionnelle pour laquelle il y renonça.

Ces clauses bien entendues se réduisent toutes à une seule, savoir l'aliénation totale de chaque associé avec tous ses droits à toute la communauté : Car premierement, chacun se donnant tout entier, la condition est égale pour tous, & la condition étant égale pour tous, nul n'a intérêt de la rendre onéreuse aux autres.

De plus, l'aliénation se faisant sans reserve, l'union est aussi parfaite qu'elle peut l'être & nul associé n'a plus rien à réclamer : Car s'il restoit quelques droits aux particuliers, comme il n'y auroit aucun supérieur commun qui put

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

Je suppose les hommes parvenus à ce point où les obstacles qui nuisent à leur conservation dans l'état de nature, l'emportent par leur résistance sur les forces que chaque individu peut employer pour se maintenir dans cet état. Alors cet état primitif ne peut plus subsister, & le genre humain périroit s'il ne changeoit sa maniere d'être.

Or comme les hommes ne peuvent engendrer de nouvelles forces, mais seulement unir & diriger celles qui existent, ils n'ont plus d'autre moyen pour se conserver, que de former par aggrégation une somme de forces qui puisse l'emporter sur la résistance, de les mettre en jeu par un seul mobile & de les faire agir de concert.

Cette somme de forces ne peut naitre que du concours de plusieurs : mais la force & la liberté de chaque homme étant les premiers instrumens de sa conservation, comment les engagera-t-il sans se nuire, & sans négliger les soins qu'il se doit ? Cette difficulté ramenée à mon sujet peut s'énoncer en ces termes.

« Trouver une forme d'association qui défende & protege de toute la force commune la personne & les biens de chaque associé, & par laquelle chacun s'unissant à tous n'obéisse pourtant qu'à lui-même & reste aussi libre qu'auparavant ? » Tel est le problème fondamental dont le contract social donne la solution.

Les clauses de ce contract sont tellement déterminées par la nature de l'acte, que la moindre modification les rendroit vaines & de nul effet ; en sorte que, bien qu'elles n'aient peut-être jamais été formellement énoncées, elles sont par-tout les mêmes, par-tout tacitement admises & reconnues ; jusqu'à ce que, le pacte social étant violé, chacun rentre alors dans ses premiers droits & reprenne sa liberté naturelle, en perdant la liberté conventionnelle pour laquelle il y renonça.

Ces clauses bien entendues se réduisent toutes à une seule, savoir l'aliénation totale de chaque associé avec tous ses droits à toute la communauté : Car premierement, chacun se donnant tout entier, la condition est égale pour tous, & la condition étant égale pour tous, nul n'a intérêt de la rendre onéreuse aux autres.

De plus, l'aliénation se faisant sans reserve, l'union est aussi parfaite qu'elle peut l'être & nul associé n'a plus rien à réclamer : Car s'il restoit quelques droits aux particuliers, comme il n'y auroit aucun supérieur commun qui put prononcer entre eux & le public, chacun étant en quelque point son propre juge prétendrait bientôt l'être en tous, l'état de nature subsisteroit, & l'association deviendrait nécessairement tyrannique ou vaine.

Enfin chacun se donnant à tous ne se donne à personne, & comme il n'y a pas un associé sur lequel on n'acquiere le même droit qu'on lui cede sur soi, on gagne l'équivalent de tout ce qu'on perd, & plus de force pour conserver ce qu'on a.

Si donc on écarte du pacte social ce qui n'est pas de son essence, on trouvera qu'il se réduit aux termes suivans. Chacun de nous met en commun sa personne & toute sa puissance sous la suprême direction de la volonté générale ; & nous recevons en corps chaque membre comme partie indivisible du tout.

A l'instant, au lieu de la personne particuliere de chaque contractant, cet acte d'association produit un corps moral & collectif composé d'autant de membres que l'assemblée a de voix, lequel reçoit de ce même acte son unité, son moi commun, sa vie & sa volonté. Cette personne publique qui se forme ainsi par l'union de toutes les autres prenoit autrefois le nom de Cité [1], & prend maintenant celui de République ou de corps politique, lequel est appelé par ses membres État quand il est passif, Souverain quand il est actif, Puissance en le comparant à ses semblables. À l'égard des associés ils prennent collectivement le nom de peuple, & s'appellent en particulier Citoyens comme participans à l'autorité

24 pt / 10 mm

Aufklärung ist der Ausgang des Menschen aus seiner selbst verschuldeten Unmündigkeit. Unmündigkeit ist das Unvermögen, sich seines Verstandes ohne Leitung eines anderen zu bedienen. Selbstverschuldet ist diese Unmündigkeit, wenn die Ursache derselben

16 pt / 7,5 mm

Aufklärung ist der Ausgang des Menschen aus seiner selbst verschuldeten Unmündigkeit. Unmündigkeit ist das Unvermögen, sich seines Verstandes ohne Leitung eines anderen zu bedienen. Selbstverschuldet ist diese Unmündigkeit, wenn die Ursache derselben nicht am Mangel des Verstandes, sondern der EntschlieÙung und des Muthes

12 pt / 5 mm

Aufklärung ist der Ausgang des Menschen aus seiner selbst verschuldeten Unmündigkeit. Unmündigkeit ist das Unvermögen, sich seines Verstandes ohne Leitung eines anderen zu bedienen. Selbstverschuldet ist diese Unmündigkeit, wenn die Ursache derselben nicht am Mangel des Verstandes, sondern der EntschlieÙung und des Muthes liegt, sich seiner ohne Leitung eines andern zu bedienen. Sapere aude! Habe Muth dich deines eigenen Verstandes zu bedienen! ist also der Wahlspruch der Aufklärung. Faulheit und Feigheit sind die Ursachen, warum ein so großer Theil der Menschen, nachdem sie die Natur längst von fremder Leitung frei gesprochen (naturaliter majorenes), dennoch gerne Zeitlebens

Immanuel Kant:
Beantwortung der Frage: Was ist Aufklärung?

11 pt / 5 mm

Aufklärung ist der Ausgang des Menschen aus seiner selbst verschuldeten Unmündigkeit. Unmündigkeit ist das Unvermögen, sich seines Verstandes ohne Leitung eines anderen zu bedienen. Selbstverschuldet ist diese Unmündigkeit, wenn die Ursache derselben nicht am Mangel des Verstandes, sondern der EntschlieÙung und des Muthes liegt, sich seiner ohne Leitung eines andern zu bedienen. Sapere aude! Habe Muth dich deines eigenen Verstandes zu bedienen! ist also der Wahlspruch der Aufklärung.

Faulheit und Feigheit sind die Ursachen, warum ein so großer Theil der Menschen, nachdem sie die Natur längst von fremder Leitung frei gesprochen (naturaliter majorenes), dennoch gerne Zeitlebens unmündig bleiben; und warum es Anderen so leicht wird, sich zu deren Vormündern aufzuwerfen. Es ist so bequem, unmündig zu sein. Habe ich ein Buch, das für mich Verstand hat, einen Seelsorger, der für mich Gewissen hat, einen Arzt der für mich die Diät beurtheilt, u. s. w. so brauche ich mich ja nicht selbst zu bemühen. Ich habe nicht nöthig zu denken, wenn ich nur bezahlen kann; andere werden das

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

Aufklärung ist der Ausgang des Menschen aus seiner selbst verschuldeten Unmündigkeit. Unmündigkeit ist das Unvermögen, sich seines Verstandes ohne Leitung eines anderen zu bedienen. Selbstverschuldet ist diese Unmündigkeit, wenn die Ursache derselben nicht am Mangel des Verstandes, sondern der EntschlieÙung und des Muthes liegt, sich seiner ohne Leitung eines andern zu bedienen. Sapere aude! Habe Muth dich deines eigenen Verstandes zu bedienen! ist also der Wahlspruch der Aufklärung.

Faulheit und Feigheit sind die Ursachen, warum ein so großer Theil der Menschen, nachdem sie die Natur längst von fremder Leitung frei gesprochen (naturaliter majorenes), dennoch gerne Zeitlebens unmündig bleiben; und warum es Anderen so leicht wird, sich zu deren Vormündern aufzuwerfen. Es ist so bequem, unmündig zu sein. Habe ich ein Buch, das für mich Verstand hat, einen Seelsorger, der für mich Gewissen hat, einen Arzt der für mich die Diät beurtheilt, u. s. w. so brauche ich mich ja nicht selbst zu bemühen. Ich habe nicht nöthig zu denken, wenn ich nur bezahlen kann; andere werden das verdrieÙliche Geschäft schon für mich übernehmen. DaÙ der bei weitem größte Theil der Menschen (darunter das ganze schöne Geschlecht) den Schritt zur Mündigkeit, auÙer dem daß er beschwerlich ist, auch für sehr gefährlich halte: dafür sorgen schon jene Vormünder, die die Oberaufsicht über sie gütigst auf sich genommen haben. Nachdem sie ihr Hausvieh zuerst dumm gemacht haben, und sorgfältig verhüteten, daß diese ruhigen Geschöpfe ja keinen Schritt auÙer dem Gängelwagen, darin sie sie einsperreten, wagen durften; so zeigen sie ihnen nachher die Gefahr, die ihnen drohet, wenn sie es versuchen allein zu gehen. Nun ist diese Gefahr zwar eben so groß nicht, denn sie würden durch einigemahl Fallen wohl endlich gehen lernen; allein ein Beispiel von der Art macht doch schüchtern, und schreckt gemeinlich von allen ferneren Versuchen ab.

Es ist also für jeden einzelnen Menschen schwer, sich aus der ihm beinahe zur Natur gewordenen Unmündigkeit herauszuarbeiten. Er hat sie sogar lieb gewonnen, und ist vor der Hand wirklich unfähig, sich seines eigenen Verstandes zu bedienen, weil man ihn niemals den Versuch davon machen ließ. Satzungen und Formeln, diese mechanischen Werkzeuge eines

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

Aufklärung ist der Ausgang des Menschen aus seiner selbst verschuldeten Unmündigkeit. Unmündigkeit ist das Unvermögen, sich seines Verstandes ohne Leitung eines anderen zu bedienen. Selbstverschuldet ist diese Unmündigkeit, wenn die Ursache derselben nicht am Mangel des Verstandes, sondern der EntschlieÙung und des Muthes liegt, sich seiner ohne Leitung eines andern zu bedienen. Sapere aude! Habe Muth dich deines eigenen Verstandes zu bedienen! ist also der Wahlspruch der Aufklärung.

Faulheit und Feigheit sind die Ursachen, warum ein so großer Theil der Menschen, nachdem sie die Natur längst von fremder Leitung frei gesprochen (naturaliter majorenes), dennoch gerne Zeitlebens unmündig bleiben; und warum es Anderen so leicht wird, sich zu deren Vormündern aufzuwerfen. Es ist so bequem, unmündig zu sein. Habe ich ein Buch, das für mich Verstand hat, einen Seelsorger, der für mich Gewissen hat, einen Arzt der für mich die Diät beurtheilt, u. s. w. so brauche ich mich ja nicht selbst zu bemühen. Ich habe nicht nöthig zu denken, wenn ich nur bezahlen kann; andere werden das verdrieÙliche Geschäft schon für mich übernehmen. DaÙ der bei weitem größte Theil der Menschen (darunter das ganze schöne Geschlecht) den Schritt zur Mündigkeit, auÙer dem daß er beschwerlich ist, auch für sehr gefährlich halte: dafür sorgen schon jene Vormünder, die die Oberaufsicht über sie gütigst auf sich genommen haben. Nachdem sie ihr Hausvieh zuerst dumm gemacht haben, und sorgfältig verhüteten, daß diese ruhigen Geschöpfe ja keinen Schritt auÙer dem Gängelwagen, darin sie sie einsperreten, wagen durften; so zeigen sie ihnen nachher die Gefahr, die ihnen drohet, wenn sie es versuchen allein zu gehen. Nun ist diese Gefahr zwar eben so groß nicht, denn sie würden durch einigemahl Fallen wohl endlich gehen lernen; allein ein Beispiel von der Art macht doch schüchtern, und schreckt gemeinlich von allen ferneren Versuchen ab.

Es ist also für jeden einzelnen Menschen schwer, sich aus der ihm beinahe zur Natur gewordenen Unmündigkeit herauszuarbeiten. Er hat sie sogar lieb gewonnen, und ist vor der Hand wirklich unfähig, sich seines eigenen Verstandes zu bedienen, weil man ihn niemals den Versuch davon machen ließ. Satzungen und Formeln, diese mechanischen Werkzeuge eines vernünftigen Gebrauchs oder vielmehr Mißbrauchs seiner Naturgaben, sind die Fußschellen einer immerwährenden Unmündigkeit. Wer sie aus abwürfe, würde dennoch auch über den schmalesten Graben einen nur unsicheren Sprung thun, weil er zu dergleichen freier Bewegung nicht gewöhnt ist. Daher giebt es nur Wenige, denen es gelungen ist, durch eigene Bearbeitung ihres Geistes sich aus der Unmündigkeit heraus zu wikkeln, und dennoch einen sicheren Gang zu thun.

DaÙ aber ein Publikum sich selbst aufkläre, ist eher möglich; ja es ist, wenn man ihm nur Freiheit läÙt, beinahe unausbleiblich. Denn da werden sich immer einige Selbstdenkende, sogar unter den eingesetzten Vormündern des großen Haufens, finden, welche, nachdem sie das Joch der Unmündigkeit selbst abgeworfen haben, den Geist einer vernünftigen Schätzung des eigenen Werths und des Berufs jedes Menschen selbst zu denken um sich verbreiten werden. Besonders ist hiebei: daß das Publikum, welches zuvor von ihnen unter dieses Joch gebracht worden, sie hernach selbst zwingt darunter zu bleiben, wenn es von einigen seiner Vormünder, die selbst aller Aufklärung unfähig sind, dazu aufgewiegelt worden; so schädlich ist es Vorurtheile zu pflanzen, weil sie sich zuletzt an denen selbst rächen, die, oder deren Vorgänger, ihre Urheber gewesen sind. Daher kann ein Publikum nur langsam zur Aufklärung gelangen. Durch eine Revolution wird vielleicht wohl ein Abfall von persönlichem Despotismus und gewinnsüchtiger oder herrschsüchtiger Bedrückung, aber niemals

Allrounder Baroque Regular

24 pt / 10 mm

That evening, Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk,

16 pt / 7,5 mm

That evening, Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully

12 pt / 5 mm

That evening, Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had

Robert Louis Stevenson:
Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

Allrounder Baroque Regular

11 pt / 5 mm

That evening, Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his 'friend and benefactor Edward Hyde' but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's 'disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months,' the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

'I thought it was madness,' he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, 'and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.'

With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. 'If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,' he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

That evening, Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his 'friend and benefactor Edward Hyde' but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's 'disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months,' the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

'I thought it was madness,' he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, 'and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.'

With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. 'If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,' he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from

6.5 pt / 2, 5 mm

That evening, Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his 'friend and benefactor Edward Hyde' but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's 'disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months,' the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

'I thought it was madness,' he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, 'and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.'

With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. 'If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,' he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and, what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

'I suppose, Lanyon,' said he, 'you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?'

'I wish the friends were younger,' chuckled Dr. Lanyon. 'But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now.'

'Indeed?' said Utterson. 'I thought you had a bond of common interest.'

'We had,' was the reply. 'But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash,' added the doctor, flushing suddenly

24 pt / 10 mm

L'année 1866 fut marquée par un événement bizarre, un phénomène inexpliqué et inexplicable que personne n'a sans doute oublié. Sans parler des rumeurs qui agitaient les populations des ports et surexcitaient l'esprit public à l'intérieur des continents, les

16 pt / 7,5 mm

L'année 1866 fut marquée par un événement bizarre, un phénomène inexpliqué et inexplicable que personne n'a sans doute oublié. Sans parler des rumeurs qui agitaient les populations des ports et surexcitaient l'esprit public à l'intérieur des continents, les gens de mer furent particulièrement émus. Les négociants, armateurs,

12 pt / 5 mm

L'année 1866 fut marquée par un événement bizarre, un phénomène inexpliqué et inexplicable que personne n'a sans doute oublié. Sans parler des rumeurs qui agitaient les populations des ports et surexcitaient l'esprit public à l'intérieur des continents, les gens de mer furent particulièrement émus. Les négociants, armateurs, capitaines de navires, skippers et masters de l'Europe et de l'Amérique, officiers des marines militaires de tous pays, et, après eux, les gouvernements des divers États des deux continents, se préoccupèrent de ce fait au plus haut point.

En effet, depuis quelque temps, plusieurs navires s'étaient rencontrés sur mer avec « une chose énorme, » un objet long, fusiforme, parfois phosphorescent,

*Jules Verne:
Vingt mille lieues sous les mers*

Allrounder Baroque *Regular Italic*

11 pt / 5 mm

L'année 1866 fut marquée par un événement bizarre, un phénomène inexplicable et inexplicable que personne n'a sans doute oublié. Sans parler des rumeurs qui agitaient les populations des ports et surexcitaient l'esprit public à l'intérieur des continents, les gens de mer furent particulièrement émus. Les négociants, armateurs, capitaines de navires, skippers et masters de l'Europe et de l'Amérique, officiers des marines militaires de tous pays, et, après eux, les gouvernements des divers États des deux continents, se préoccupèrent de ce fait au plus haut point.

En effet, depuis quelque temps, plusieurs navires s'étaient rencontrés sur mer avec « une chose énorme, » un objet long, fusiforme, parfois phosphorescent, infiniment plus vaste et plus rapide qu'une baleine.

Les faits relatifs à cette apparition, consignés aux divers livres de bord, s'accordaient assez exactement sur la structure de l'objet ou de l'être en question, la vitesse inouïe de ses mouvements, la puissance surprenante de sa locomotion, la vie particulière dont il semblait doué. Si c'était un cétacé, il surpassait en volume tous ceux que la science

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

L'année 1866 fut marquée par un événement bizarre, un phénomène inexplicable et inexplicable que personne n'a sans doute oublié. Sans parler des rumeurs qui agitaient les populations des ports et surexcitaient l'esprit public à l'intérieur des continents, les gens de mer furent particulièrement émus. Les négociants, armateurs, capitaines de navires, skippers et masters de l'Europe et de l'Amérique, officiers des marines militaires de tous pays, et, après eux, les gouvernements des divers États des deux continents, se préoccupèrent de ce fait au plus haut point.

En effet, depuis quelque temps, plusieurs navires s'étaient rencontrés sur mer avec « une chose énorme, » un objet long, fusiforme, parfois phosphorescent, infiniment plus vaste et plus rapide qu'une baleine.

Les faits relatifs à cette apparition, consignés aux divers livres de bord, s'accordaient assez exactement sur la structure de l'objet ou de l'être en question, la vitesse inouïe de ses mouvements, la puissance surprenante de sa locomotion, la vie particulière dont il semblait doué. Si c'était un cétacé, il surpassait en volume tous ceux que la science avait classés jusqu'alors. Ni Cuvier, ni Lacépède, ni M. Dumeril, ni M. de Quatrefages n'eussent admis l'existence d'un tel monstre — à moins de l'avoir vu, ce qui s'appelle vu de leurs propres yeux de savants.

À prendre la moyenne des observations faites à diverses reprises, — en rejetant les évaluations timides qui assignaient à cet objet une longueur de deux cents pieds, et en repoussant les opinions exagérées qui le disaient large d'un mille et long de trois, — on pouvait affirmer, cependant, que cet être phénoménal dépassait de beaucoup toutes les dimensions admises jusqu'à ce jour par les ichthyologistes, — s'il existait toutefois.

Or, il existait, le fait en lui-même n'était plus niable, et, avec ce penchant qui pousse au merveilleux la cervelle humaine, on comprendra l'émotion produite dans le monde entier par cette surnaturelle apparition. Quant à la rejeter au rang des fables, il fallait y renoncer.

En effet, le 20 juillet 1866, le steamer Governor-Higginson, de Calcutta and Burnach steam navigation Company, avait rencontré cette masse mouvante à cinq milles dans l'est des côtes de l'Australie. Le capitaine Baker se crut, tout d'abord, en présence d'un écueil inconnu ; il se disposait même à en déterminer la situation exacte, quand deux colonnes

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

L'année 1866 fut marquée par un événement bizarre, un phénomène inexplicable et inexplicable que personne n'a sans doute oublié. Sans parler des rumeurs qui agitaient les populations des ports et surexcitaient l'esprit public à l'intérieur des continents, les gens de mer furent particulièrement émus. Les négociants, armateurs, capitaines de navires, skippers et masters de l'Europe et de l'Amérique, officiers des marines militaires de tous pays, et, après eux, les gouvernements des divers États des deux continents, se préoccupèrent de ce fait au plus haut point.

En effet, depuis quelque temps, plusieurs navires s'étaient rencontrés sur mer avec « une chose énorme, » un objet long, fusiforme, parfois phosphorescent, infiniment plus vaste et plus rapide qu'une baleine.

Les faits relatifs à cette apparition, consignés aux divers livres de bord, s'accordaient assez exactement sur la structure de l'objet ou de l'être en question, la vitesse inouïe de ses mouvements, la puissance surprenante de sa locomotion, la vie particulière dont il semblait doué. Si c'était un cétacé, il surpassait en volume tous ceux que la science avait classés jusqu'alors. Ni Cuvier, ni Lacépède, ni M. Dumeril, ni M. de Quatrefages n'eussent admis l'existence d'un tel monstre — à moins de l'avoir vu, ce qui s'appelle vu de leurs propres yeux de savants.

À prendre la moyenne des observations faites à diverses reprises, — en rejetant les évaluations timides qui assignaient à cet objet une longueur de deux cents pieds, et en repoussant les opinions exagérées qui le disaient large d'un mille et long de trois, — on pouvait affirmer, cependant, que cet être phénoménal dépassait de beaucoup toutes les dimensions admises jusqu'à ce jour par les ichthyologistes, — s'il existait toutefois.

Or, il existait, le fait en lui-même n'était plus niable, et, avec ce penchant qui pousse au merveilleux la cervelle humaine, on comprendra l'émotion produite dans le monde entier par cette surnaturelle apparition. Quant à la rejeter au rang des fables, il fallait y renoncer.

En effet, le 20 juillet 1866, le steamer Governor-Higginson, de Calcutta and Burnach steam navigation Company, avait rencontré cette masse mouvante à cinq milles dans l'est des côtes de l'Australie. Le capitaine Baker se crut, tout d'abord, en présence d'un écueil inconnu ; il se disposait même à en déterminer la situation exacte, quand deux colonnes d'eau, projetées par l'inexplicable objet, s'élançèrent en sifflant à cent cinquante pieds dans l'air. Donc, à moins que cet écueil ne fût soumis aux expansions intermittentes d'un geysier, le Governor-Higginson avait affaire bel et bien à quelque mammifère aquatique, inconnu jusque-là, qui rejetait par ses événements des colonnes d'eau, mélangées d'air et de vapeur.

Pareil fait fut également observé le 23 juillet de la même année, dans les mers du Pacifique, par le Cristobal-Colon, de West India and Pacific steam navigation Company. Donc, ce cétacé extraordinaire pouvait se transporter d'un endroit à un autre avec une vélocité surprenante, puisque à trois jours d'intervalle, le Governor-Higginson et le Cristobal-Colon l'avaient observé en deux points de la carte séparés par une distance de plus de sept cents lieues marines.

Quinze jours plus tard, à deux mille lieues de là, l'Helvetia, de la Compagnie Nationale, et le Shannon, du Royal-Mail, marchant à contrebord dans cette portion de l'Atlantique comprise entre les États-Unis et l'Europe, se signalèrent respectivement le monstre par 42° 15' de latitude nord, et 60° 35' de longitude à l'ouest du méridien de Greenwich. Dans cette observation simultanée, on crut pouvoir évaluer la longueur minimum du mammifère à plus de trois cent cinquante pieds anglais [1], puisque le Shannon et l'Helvetia étaient de dimension inférieure à lui, bien qu'ils mesurassent cent mètres de l'étrave à l'étambot. Or, les plus vastes baleines, celles qui

24 pt / 10 mm

O ferimento de Simão Botelho era melindroso de mais para obedecer prontamente ao curativo do ferrador, enfrornado em aphorismos de alveitaria. A bala passára-lhe de revez a porção muscular do braço esquerdo; mas algum

16 pt / 7,5 mm

O ferimento de Simão Botelho era melindroso de mais para obedecer prontamente ao curativo do ferrador, enfrornado em aphorismos de alveitaria. A bala passára-lhe de revez a porção muscular do braço esquerdo; mas algum vaso importante rompêra, que não bastavam compressas a vedar-lhe o sangue. Horas depois de ferido, o academico deitou-se

12 pt / 5 mm

O ferimento de Simão Botelho era melindroso de mais para obedecer prontamente ao curativo do ferrador, enfrornado em aphorismos de alveitaria. A bala passára-lhe de revez a porção muscular do braço esquerdo; mas algum vaso importante rompêra, que não bastavam compressas a vedar-lhe o sangue. Horas depois de ferido, o academico deitou-se febril, deixando-se medicar pelo ferrador. O arreeiro partiu para Coimbra, encarregado de espalhar a noticia de ter ficado no Porto Simão Botelho. Mais que as dôres e os receios da amputação, o mortificava a ancia de saber novas de Thereza. João da Cruz estava sempre de sobre-rolda, precavido contra algum procedimento judicial por suspeitas

Camilo Castelo Branco:
Amor de Perdição

Allrounder Baroque Medium

11 pt / 5 mm

O ferimento de Simão Botelho era melindroso de mais para obedecer prontamente ao curativo do ferrador, enfronhado em aphorismos de alveitaria. A bala passára-lhe de revez a porção muscular do braço esquerdo; mas algum vaso importante rompêra, que não bastavam compressas a vedar-lhe o sangue. Horas depois de ferido, o academico deitou-se febril, deixando-se medicar pelo ferrador. O arreeiro partiu para Coimbra, encarregado de espalhar a noticia de ter ficado no Porto Simão Botelho.

Mais que as dôres e os receios da amputação, o mortificava a ancia de saber novas de Thereza. João da Cruz estava sempre de sobre-rola, precavido contra algum procedimento judicial por suspeitas d'elle. As pessoas que vinham de feirar na cidade contavam todas que dois homens tinham apparecido mortos, e constava serem criados d'um fidalgo de Gastro-d'Aire. Ninguem, porém, ouvira imputar o assassinio a determinadas pessoas.

Na tarde d'esse dia recebeu Simão a seguinte carta de Thereza:

«Deus permitia que tenhas chegado sem perigo a casa d'essa boa gente. Eu não sei

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

O ferimento de Simão Botelho era melindroso de mais para obedecer prontamente ao curativo do ferrador, enfronhado em aphorismos de alveitaria. A bala passára-lhe de revez a porção muscular do braço esquerdo; mas algum vaso importante rompêra, que não bastavam compressas a vedar-lhe o sangue. Horas depois de ferido, o academico deitou-se febril, deixando-se medicar pelo ferrador. O arreeiro partiu para Coimbra, encarregado de espalhar a noticia de ter ficado no Porto Simão Botelho.

Mais que as dôres e os receios da amputação, o mortificava a ancia de saber novas de Thereza. João da Cruz estava sempre de sobre-rola, precavido contra algum procedimento judicial por suspeitas d'elle. As pessoas que vinham de feirar na cidade contavam todas que dois homens tinham apparecido mortos, e constava serem criados d'um fidalgo de Gastro-d'Aire. Ninguem, porém, ouvira imputar o assassinio a determinadas pessoas.

Na tarde d'esse dia recebeu Simão a seguinte carta de Thereza:

«Deus permitia que tenhas chegado sem perigo a casa d'essa boa gente. Eu não sei o que se passa, mas ha coisa mysteriosa que eu não posso adivinhar. Meu pae tem estado toda a manhã fechado com o primo, e a mim não me deixa sahir do quarto. Mandou-me tirar o tinteiro; mas eu felizmente estava prevenida com outro. Nossa Senhora quiz que a pobre viesse pedir esmola debaixo da janella do meu quarto; senão eu nem tinha modo de lhe dar signal para ella esperar esta carta. Não sei o que ella me disse. Fallou-me em criados mortos; mas eu não pude entender... Tua mana Rita está-me acenando por traz dos vidros do teu quarto...

Disse-me tua mana que os moços de meu primo tinham apparecido mortos perto da estrada. Agora já sei tudo. Estive para lhe dizer que tu ahí estás; mas não me deram tempo. Meu pae de hora a hora dá passeios no corredor, e solta uns ais muito altos.

Ó meu querido Simão, que será feito de ti?... Estarás tu ferido? Serei eu a causa da tua morte?

Diz-me o que souberes. Eu já não peço a Deus senão a tua vida. Foge d'esses sitios; vai para Coimbra, e espera que o tempo melhore a nossa situação.

Tem confiança n'esta desgraçada, que é digna da tua dedicação.... Chega a pobre:

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

O ferimento de Simão Botelho era melindroso de mais para obedecer prontamente ao curativo do ferrador, enfronhado em aphorismos de alveitaria. A bala passára-lhe de revez a porção muscular do braço esquerdo; mas algum vaso importante rompêra, que não bastavam compressas a vedar-lhe o sangue. Horas depois de ferido, o academico deitou-se febril, deixando-se medicar pelo ferrador. O arreeiro partiu para Coimbra, encarregado de espalhar a noticia de ter ficado no Porto Simão Botelho.

Mais que as dôres e os receios da amputação, o mortificava a ancia de saber novas de Thereza. João da Cruz estava sempre de sobre-rola, precavido contra algum procedimento judicial por suspeitas d'elle. As pessoas que vinham de feirar na cidade contavam todas que dois homens tinham apparecido mortos, e constava serem criados d'um fidalgo de Gastro-d'Aire. Ninguem, porém, ouvira imputar o assassinio a determinadas pessoas.

Na tarde d'esse dia recebeu Simão a seguinte carta de Thereza:

«Deus permitia que tenhas chegado sem perigo a casa d'essa boa gente. Eu não sei o que se passa, mas ha coisa mysteriosa que eu não posso adivinhar. Meu pae tem estado toda a manhã fechado com o primo, e a mim não me deixa sahir do quarto. Mandou-me tirar o tinteiro; mas eu felizmente estava prevenida com outro. Nossa Senhora quiz que a pobre viesse pedir esmola debaixo da janella do meu quarto; senão eu nem tinha modo de lhe dar signal para ella esperar esta carta. Não sei o que ella me disse. Fallou-me em criados mortos; mas eu não pude entender... Tua mana Rita está-me acenando por traz dos vidros do teu quarto...

Disse-me tua mana que os moços de meu primo tinham apparecido mortos perto da estrada. Agora já sei tudo. Estive para lhe dizer que tu ahí estás; mas não me deram tempo. Meu pae de hora a hora dá passeios no corredor, e solta uns ais muito altos.

Ó meu querido Simão, que será feito de ti?... Estarás tu ferido? Serei eu a causa da tua morte?

Diz-me o que souberes. Eu já não peço a Deus senão a tua vida. Foge d'esses sitios; vai para Coimbra, e espera que o tempo melhore a nossa situação.

Tem confiança n'esta desgraçada, que é digna da tua dedicação.... Chega a pobre: não quero demoral-a mais... Perguntei-lhe se se dizia de ti alguma coisa, e ella respondeu que não. Deus o queira.»

Respondeu Simão a querer tranquillisar o animo de Thereza. Do seu ferimento fallava tão de passagem, que dava a suppôr que nem o curativo era necessario. Promettia partir para Coimbra logo que o podesse fazer sem receio de Thereza soffrer na sua ausencia. Animava-a a chamal-o, assim que as ameaças de convento passassem a ser realisadas.

Entretanto Balthazar Coutinho, chamado ás autoridades judicias para esclarecer a devassa instaurada, respondeu que effectivamente os homens mortos eram seus criados, de quem elle e sua familia se acompanhára de Castro-d'Aire. Accrescentou que não sabia que elles tivessem inimigos em Vizeu, nem tinha contra alguem as mais leves presumpções.

Os mais proximos visinhos da localidade, onde os cadaveres tinham apparecido, apenas depunham que, alta noite, tinham ouvido dois tiros ao mesmo tempo, e outro, pouco depois. Um apenas adiantava coisa que não podia alumiá a justiça, e vinha a ser que o mato, nas visinhanças do local, fôra chapotado. N'esta escuridade a justiça não podia dar passo algum.

Thadeu de Albuquerque era connivente no attentado contra a vida de Simão Botelho. Fôra seu o alvitre, quando o sobrinho denunciou a causa das sahidas frequentes de Thereza, na noite do baile. Tanto ao velho como ao morgado convinha apagar algum indício que podesse envolvê-os no mysterio d'aquellas duas mortes. Os criados não mereciam

Allrounder Baroque *Medium Italic*

24 pt / 10 mm

Parę miesięcy minęło. Ciepły dzień majowy kończył się wieczorem wonnym i pogodnym. Niewiele przed zachodem słońca, brzegiem wązkiej uliczki, najuboższymi z pomiędzy wszystkich domowstwami ostawionój, postępowały zwolna dwie istoty. Jedną z

16 pt / 7,5 mm

Parę miesięcy minęło. Ciepły dzień majowy kończył się wieczorem wonnym i pogodnym. Niewiele przed zachodem słońca, brzegiem wązkiej uliczki, najuboższymi z pomiędzy wszystkich domowstwami ostawionój, postępowały zwolna dwie istoty. Jedną z nich była koza, biała jak śnieg, drugą, — dziewczyna wysmukła i chuda. Koza

12 pt / 5 mm

Parę miesięcy minęło. Ciepły dzień majowy kończył się wieczorem wonnym i pogodnym. Niewiele przed zachodem słońca, brzegiem wązkiej uliczki, najuboższymi z pomiędzy wszystkich domowstwami ostawionój, postępowały zwolna dwie istoty. Jedną z nich była koza, biała jak śnieg, drugą, — dziewczyna wysmukła i chuda. Koza szła naprzód, podskakiwała co chwila, aby uczepić się gałęzi drzew, rosnących tu i ówdzie. Wydawała się zwinną, swawolną i szczęśliwą. Idąca za nią dziewczyna poważną była i zamyśloną. Wiek jój trudnoby określić. Mogła mieć lat trzynaście, albo siedmnaście. Jakkolwiek bowiem wysoką była, kształty ciała jój drobne, suche, z powstrzymanym może

Eliza Orzeszkowa:
Meir Ezofowicz

Allrounder Baroque *Medium Italic*

11 pt / 5 mm

Parę miesięcy minęło. Ciepły dzień majowy kończył się wieczorem wonnym i pogodnym.

Niewiele przed zachodem słońca, brzegiem wązkiej uliczki, najuboższemi z pomiędzy wszystkich domowstwami ostawionój, postępowały zwolna dwie istoty. Jedną z nich była koza, biała jak śnieg, drugą, — dziewczyna wysmukła i chuda. Koza szła naprzód, podskakiwała co chwila, aby ucześcić się gałęzi drzew, rosnących tu i ówdzie. Wydawała się zwinną, swawolną i szczęśliwą. Idąca za nią dziewczyna poważną była i zamysłoną. Wiek jój trudnoby określić. Mogła mieć lat trzynaście, albo siedmnaście. Jakkolwiek bowiem wysoką była, kształty ciała jój drobne, suche, z powstrzymanym może rozrostem, wydawały się dziecinnemi. Ale chód jój i wyraz twarzy posiadały powagę i smutek wczesnej dojrzałości. Na pierwszy rzut oka wydawała się brzydką. Nie przyozdabiał jój wcale, wdzięków jój, jeżeli miała jakie, nie udwydatniał strój ubogi, złożony ze splłowiałej perkalikowój sukni, z pod której wązkich fałd ukazywały się stopy, naupół tylko okryte obuwiem grubém i płytkiém, a której stanik luźny i obwisły krył się u szyi pod kilku sznurami drobnych, w różne kształty połamanych, koralai. Od czerwoności jedynój tój, zbytównój ozdoby jój stroju, żywo odbijała głęboka śniadość, okrywająca chude i zapadłe nieco jój policzki; pod gęstemi brwiami wielkie, głęboko osadzone oczy patrzyły czarną jak aksamit żrenicą, a nad wazkiém, ciemnym czołem, wiły się, splątanemi kędziory, włosy hebanowój czarności.

W całój postaci dziecka tego, czy tój kobiety, było coś dumnego i dzikiego zarazem. Szła wyprostowana, poważna, zamysłonym wzrokiem śmiało patrząca kędys w dal; lecz przy każdym żywszym usłyszonym szmerze ludzkich głosów, przystawała i, przycisnąwszy się do płotu albo ściany, spuszczała oczy, nie trwożnie, posępnie raczój i niechętnie, tak, jakby wszelkie spotkanie się z ludźmi przykrém jój być musiało. Jedna tylko biała koza nie sprawiała jój obecnością swą żadnej przykrości. Owszem, dziewczyna wiodła za nią od chwili do chwili baczném wejrzeniem, a gdy zwinne stworzenie oddalało się od niój zbytównie, przywoływała je ku sobie przyciszonemi, krótkiemi wykrzyki. Wzajemnie koza rozumiała ją snadź dobrze i, wołaniu jój posłuszna, wracała ku niój, z pytającém jakby beczaniem. U końca ciasnej, blednój uliczki błysnęła świeża, majowa, rosa operłona i słońcem pozłocona, zieloność. Była to łączka niewielka, tuż za miasteczkiem leżąca, z jednój strony otoczona gęstym brzożowym gajem, z drugój otwierająca się na ogromne rozłogi pól, za którymi w głębokiój dali siniai długi pas wielkich borów.

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

Parę miesięcy minęło. Ciepły dzień majowy kończył się wieczorem wonnym i pogodnym.

Niewiele przed zachodem słońca, brzegiem wązkiej uliczki, najuboższemi z pomiędzy wszystkich domowstwami ostawionój, postępowały zwolna dwie istoty. Jedną z nich była koza, biała jak śnieg, drugą, — dziewczyna wysmukła i chuda. Koza szła naprzód, podskakiwała co chwila, aby ucześcić się gałęzi drzew, rosnących tu i ówdzie. Wydawała się zwinną, swawolną i szczęśliwą. Idąca za nią dziewczyna poważną była i zamysłoną. Wiek jój trudnoby określić. Mogła mieć lat trzynaście, albo siedmnaście. Jakkolwiek bowiem wysoką była, kształty ciała jój drobne, suche, z powstrzymanym może rozrostem, wydawały się dziecinnemi. Ale chód jój i wyraz twarzy posiadały powagę i smutek wczesnej dojrzałości. Na pierwszy rzut oka wydawała się brzydką. Nie przyozdabiał jój wcale, wdzięków jój, jeżeli miała jakie, nie udwydatniał strój ubogi, złożony ze splłowiałej perkalikowój sukni, z pod której wązkich fałd ukazywały się stopy, naupół tylko okryte obuwiem grubém i płytkiém, a której stanik luźny i obwisły krył się u szyi pod kilku sznurami drobnych, w różne kształty połamanych, koralai. Od czerwoności jedynój tój, zbytównój ozdoby jój stroju, żywo odbijała głęboka śniadość, okrywająca chude i zapadłe nieco jój policzki; pod gęstemi brwiami wielkie, głęboko osadzone oczy patrzyły czarną jak aksamit żrenicą, a nad wazkiém, ciemnym czołem, wiły się, splątanemi kędziory, włosy hebanowój czarności.

W całój postaci dziecka tego, czy tój kobiety, było coś dumnego i dzikiego zarazem. Szła wyprostowana, poważna, zamysłonym wzrokiem śmiało patrząca kędys w dal; lecz przy każdym żywszym usłyszonym szmerze ludzkich głosów, przystawała i, przycisnąwszy się do płotu albo ściany, spuszczała oczy, nie trwożnie, posępnie raczój i niechętnie, tak, jakby wszelkie spotkanie się z ludźmi przykrém jój być musiało. Jedna tylko biała koza nie sprawiała jój obecnością swą żadnej przykrości. Owszem, dziewczyna wiodła za nią od chwili do chwili baczném wejrzeniem, a gdy zwinne stworzenie oddalało się od niój zbytównie, przywoływała je ku sobie przyciszonemi, krótkiemi wykrzyki. Wzajemnie koza rozumiała ją snadź dobrze i, wołaniu jój posłuszna, wracała ku niój, z pytającém jakby beczaniem. U końca ciasnej,

6.5 pt / 2, 5 mm

Parę miesięcy minęło. Ciepły dzień majowy kończył się wieczorem wonnym i pogodnym.

Niewiele przed zachodem słońca, brzegiem wązkiej uliczki, najuboższemi z pomiędzy wszystkich domowstwami ostawionój, postępowały zwolna dwie istoty. Jedną z nich była koza, biała jak śnieg, druga, — dziewczyna wysmukła i chuda. Koza szła naprzód, podskakiwała co chwila, aby ucześcić się gałęzi drzew, rosnących tu i ówdzie. Wydawała się zwinną, swawolną i szczęśliwą. Idąca za nią dziewczyna poważną była i zamysłoną. Wiek jój trudnoby określić. Mogła mieć lat trzynaście, albo siedmnaście. Jakkolwiek bowiem wysoką była, kształty ciała jój drobne, suche, z powstrzymanym może rozrostem, wydawały się dziecinnemi. Ale chód jój i wyraz twarzy posiadały powagę i smutek wczesnej dojrzałości. Na pierwszy rzut oka wydawała się brzydką. Nie przyozdabiał jój wcale, wdzięków jój, jeżeli miała jakie, nie udwydatniał strój ubogi, złożony ze splłowiałej perkalikowój sukni, z pod której wązkich fałd ukazywały się stopy, naupół tylko okryte obuwiem grubém i płytkiém, a której stanik luźny i obwisły krył się u szyi pod kilku sznurami drobnych, w różne kształty połamanych, koralai. Od czerwoności jedynój tój, zbytównój ozdoby jój stroju, żywo odbijała głęboka śniadość, okrywająca chude i zapadłe nieco jój policzki; pod gęstemi brwiami wielkie, głęboko osadzone oczy patrzyły czarną jak aksamit żrenicą, a nad wazkiém, ciemnym czołem, wiły się, splątanemi kędziory, włosy hebanowój czarności.

W całój postaci dziecka tego, czy tój kobiety, było coś dumnego i dzikiego zarazem. Szła wyprostowana, poważna, zamysłonym wzrokiem śmiało patrząca kędys w dal; lecz przy każdym żywszym usłyszonym szmerze ludzkich głosów, przystawała i, przycisnąwszy się do płotu albo ściany, spuszczała oczy, nie trwożnie, posępnie raczój i niechętnie, tak, jakby wszelkie spotkanie się z ludźmi przykrém jój być musiało. Jedna tylko biała koza nie sprawiała jój obecnością swą żadnej przykrości. Owszem, dziewczyna wiodła za nią od chwili do chwili baczném wejrzeniem, a gdy zwinne stworzenie oddalało się od niój zbytównie, przywoływała je ku sobie przyciszonemi, krótkiemi wykrzyki. Wzajemnie koza rozumiała ją snadź dobrze i, wołaniu jój posłuszna, wracała ku niój, z pytającém jakby beczaniem. U końca ciasnej, blednój uliczki błysnęła świeża, majowa, rosa operłona i słońcem pozłocona, zieloność. Była to łączka niewielka, tuż za miasteczkiem leżąca, z jednój strony otoczona gęstym brzożowym gajem, z drugój otwierająca się na ogromne rozłogi pól, za którymi w głębokiój dali siniai długi pas wielkich borów.

Na widok łączki, dziewczyna nie przyspieszyła kroku, owszem zwolniła go, a po chwili, przywoławszy ku sobie kożę swą i ręką ująwszy jeden z małych jój różków, stanęła. Stanęła i patrzyła na ruchliwą scenę, która odbywała się na łączce i od której dolatywał uszu jój gwar mieszany z dziecięcych śmiechów, krzyków i ze zwierzęcych beczeń. Zrazu scena ta wydawała się tylko tłumnym i chaotycznym migotaniem stworzeń mlecznój białości i pstrokatych postaci dziecinnych po zielonym tle. Po dłuższém dopięro patrzeniu, rozróżnić było można kilkanaście małych dziewcząt, spędzających z pastwiska kilkadziesiąt kóz.

Dziewczęta były swawolne i śpieszyły się do domów. Kozy były uparte i chciały pozostać na łące. Pomiędzy jednemi zawiązywały się uporne walki, w których zwierzęta odnosiły nad dziećmi najczęstsze zwycięstwa. Wymykały się one z rąk przewodniczek swych i w zwinnych podskokach biegly ku porastającym gdzieniegdzie łąkę krzaczystym leszczynom. Dziewczęta goniły je, a dogoniwszy i pochwyciwszy obu rękoma długie pasmo szorstkiej ich sierści, nie wiedziały co czynić dalej. Jedne przyzywały na pomoc towarzyszyki swe, również

Allrounder Baroque **Bold**

24 pt / 10 mm

Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor

16 pt / 7,5 mm

Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood. Not that he will for an instant admit that his rival could be right,

12 pt / 5 mm

Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood. Not that he will for an instant admit that his rival could be right, but he is less persistent in his incessant objections, and has sunk for the most part into an observant silence. I must hark back, however, and continue my narrative from where I dropped it. We are sending home one of our local Indians who is injured, and I am committing this letter to his charge, with considerable doubts in my mind as to whether it will ever come to hand.

Arthur Conan Doyle:
The Lost World

Allrounder Baroque **Bold**

11 pt / 5 mm

Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood. Not that he will for an instant admit that his rival could be right, but he is less persistent in his incessant objections, and has sunk for the most part into an observant silence. I must hark back, however, and continue my narrative from where I dropped it. We are sending home one of our local Indians who is injured, and I am committing this letter to his charge, with considerable doubts in my mind as to whether it will ever come to hand.

When I wrote last we were about to leave the Indian village where we had been deposited by the Esmeralda. I have to begin my report by bad news, for the first serious personal trouble (I pass over the incessant bickerings between the Professors) occurred this evening, and might have had a tragic ending. I have spoken of our English-speaking half-breed, Gomez—a fine

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood. Not that he will for an instant admit that his rival could be right, but he is less persistent in his incessant objections, and has sunk for the most part into an observant silence. I must hark back, however, and continue my narrative from where I dropped it. We are sending home one of our local Indians who is injured, and I am committing this letter to his charge, with considerable doubts in my mind as to whether it will ever come to hand.

When I wrote last we were about to leave the Indian village where we had been deposited by the Esmeralda. I have to begin my report by bad news, for the first serious personal trouble (I pass over the incessant bickerings between the Professors) occurred this evening, and might have had a tragic ending. I have spoken of our English-speaking half-breed, Gomez—a fine worker and a willing fellow, but afflicted, I fancy, with the vice of curiosity, which is common enough among such men. On the last evening he seems to have hid himself near the hut in which we were discussing our plans, and, being observed by our huge negro Zambo, who is as faithful as a dog and has the hatred which all his race bear to the half-breeds, he was dragged out and carried into our presence. Gomez whipped out his knife, however, and but for the huge strength of his captor, which enabled him to disarm him with one hand, he would certainly have stabbed him. The matter has ended in reprimands, the opponents have been compelled to shake hands, and there is every hope that all will be well. As to the feuds of the two learned men, they are continuous and bitter. It must be admitted that Challenger is provocative in the last degree, but Summerlee has an acid tongue, which makes matters worse. Last night Challenger said that he never cared to walk on the Thames Embankment and look up the river, as it was always sad to see one's own eventual goal. He is convinced, of course, that he is destined for Westminster Abbey. Summerlee rejoined, however, with a sour smile, by saying that he understood that Millbank Prison had been pulled down. Challenger's conceit is too colossal to

6.5 pt / 2, 5 mm

Our friends at home may well rejoice with us, for we are at our goal, and up to a point, at least, we have shown that the statement of Professor Challenger can be verified. We have not, it is true, ascended the plateau, but it lies before us, and even Professor Summerlee is in a more chastened mood. Not that he will for an instant admit that his rival could be right, but he is less persistent in his incessant objections, and has sunk for the most part into an observant silence. I must hark back, however, and continue my narrative from where I dropped it. We are sending home one of our local Indians who is injured, and I am committing this letter to his charge, with considerable doubts in my mind as to whether it will ever come to hand.

When I wrote last we were about to leave the Indian village where we had been deposited by the Esmeralda. I have to begin my report by bad news, for the first serious personal trouble (I pass over the incessant bickerings between the Professors) occurred this evening, and might have had a tragic ending. I have spoken of our English-speaking half-breed, Gomez—a fine worker and a willing fellow, but afflicted, I fancy, with the vice of curiosity, which is common enough among such men. On the last evening he seems to have hid himself near the hut in which we were discussing our plans, and, being observed by our huge negro Zambo, who is as faithful as a dog and has the hatred which all his race bear to the half-breeds, he was dragged out and carried into our presence. Gomez whipped out his knife, however, and but for the huge strength of his captor, which enabled him to disarm him with one hand, he would certainly have stabbed him. The matter has ended in reprimands, the opponents have been compelled to shake hands, and there is every hope that all will be well. As to the feuds of the two learned men, they are continuous and bitter. It must be admitted that Challenger is provocative in the last degree, but Summerlee has an acid tongue, which makes matters worse. Last night Challenger said that he never cared to walk on the Thames Embankment and look up the river, as it was always sad to see one's own eventual goal. He is convinced, of course, that he is destined for Westminster Abbey. Summerlee rejoined, however, with a sour smile, by saying that he understood that Millbank Prison had been pulled down. Challenger's conceit is too colossal to allow him to be really annoyed. He only smiled in his beard and repeated "Really! Really!" in the pitying tone one would use to a child. Indeed, they are children both—the one wizened and cantankerous, the other formidable and overbearing, yet each with a brain which has put him in the front rank of his scientific age. Brain, character, soul—only as one sees more of life does one understand how distinct is each.

The very next day we did actually make our start upon this remarkable expedition. We found that all our possessions fitted very easily into the two canoes, and we divided our personnel, six in each, taking the obvious precaution in the interests of peace of putting one Professor into each canoe. Personally, I was with Challenger, who was in a beatific humour, moving about as one in a silent ecstasy and beaming benevolence from every feature. I have had some experience of him in other moods, however, and shall be the less surprised when the thunderstorms suddenly come up amidst the sunshine. If it is impossible to be at your ease, it is equally impossible to be dull in his company, for one is always in a state of half-tremulous doubt as to what sudden turn his formidable temper may take.

For two days we made our way up a good-sized river, some hundreds of yards broad, and dark in colour, but transparent, so that one could usually see the bottom. The affluents of the Amazon are, half of them, of this nature, while the other half are whitish and opaque, the difference depending upon the class of country through which they have

24 pt / 10 mm

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más

16 pt / 7,5 mm

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lantejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los

12 pt / 5 mm

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lantejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los domingos, consumían las tres cuartas partes de su hacienda. El resto della concluían sayo de velarte, calzas de velludo para las fiestas, con sus pantuflos de lo mismo, y los días de entresemana se honraba con su vellorí de lo más fino. Tenía en su casa una ama que pasaba de los cuarenta, y una sobrina que no llegaba a los veinte, y un mozo de campo y plaza, que así ensillaba el rocín como

***Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra:
El ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha***

11 pt / 5 mm

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lantejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los domingos, consumían las tres cuartas partes de su hacienda. El resto della concluían sayo de velarte, calzas de velludo para las fiestas, con sus pantuflos de lo mismo, y los días de entresemana se honraba con su vellorí de lo más fino. Tenía en su casa una ama que pasaba de los cuarenta, y una sobrina que no llegaba a los veinte, y un mozo de campo y plaza, que así ensillaba el rocín como tomaba la podadera. Frisaba la edad de nuestro hidalgo con los cincuenta años; era de complexión recia, seco de carnes, enjuto de rostro, gran madrugador y amigo de la caza. Quieren decir que tenía el sobrenombre de Quijada, o Quesada, que en esto hay alguna diferencia en los autores que deste caso escriben; aunque, por conjeturas verosímiles, se deja entender que se llamaba

9 pt / 3, 75 mm

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lantejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los domingos, consumían las tres cuartas partes de su hacienda. El resto della concluían sayo de velarte, calzas de velludo para las fiestas, con sus pantuflos de lo mismo, y los días de entresemana se honraba con su vellorí de lo más fino. Tenía en su casa una ama que pasaba de los cuarenta, y una sobrina que no llegaba a los veinte, y un mozo de campo y plaza, que así ensillaba el rocín como tomaba la podadera. Frisaba la edad de nuestro hidalgo con los cincuenta años; era de complexión recia, seco de carnes, enjuto de rostro, gran madrugador y amigo de la caza. Quieren decir que tenía el sobrenombre de Quijada, o Quesada, que en esto hay alguna diferencia en los autores que deste caso escriben; aunque, por conjeturas verosímiles, se deja entender que se llamaba Quejana. Pero esto importa poco a nuestro cuento; basta que en la narración dél no se salga un punto de la verdad.

Es, pues, de saber que este sobredicho hidalgo, los ratos que estaba ocioso, que eran los más del año, se daba a leer libros de caballerías, con tanta afición y gusto, que olvidó casi de todo punto el ejercicio de la caza, y aun la administración de su hacienda. Y llegó a tanto su curiosidad y desatino en esto, que vendió muchas hanegas de tierra de sembradura para comprar libros de caballerías en que leer, y así, llevó a su casa todos cuantos pudo haber dellos; y de todos, ningunos le parecían tan bien como los que compuso el famoso Feliciano de Silva, porque la claridad de su prosa y aquellas enricadas razones suyas le parecían de perlas, y más cuando llegaba a leer aquellos requiebros y cartas de desafíos, donde en muchas partes hallaba escrito: La razón de la sinrazón que a mi razón se hace, de tal manera mi razón enflaquece, que con razón me quejo de la vuestra fermosura. Y también cuando leía: ...los altos cielos que de vuestra divinidad divinamente con las estrellas os fortifican, y os hacen merecedora del merecimiento que merece la vuestra grandeza.

Con estas razones perdía el pobre

6.5 pt / 2,5 mm

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lantejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los domingos, consumían las tres cuartas partes de su hacienda. El resto della concluían sayo de velarte, calzas de velludo para las fiestas, con sus pantuflos de lo mismo, y los días de entresemana se honraba con su vellorí de lo más fino. Tenía en su casa una ama que pasaba de los cuarenta, y una sobrina que no llegaba a los veinte, y un mozo de campo y plaza, que así ensillaba el rocín como tomaba la podadera. Frisaba la edad de nuestro hidalgo con los cincuenta años; era de complexión recia, seco de carnes, enjuto de rostro, gran madrugador y amigo de la caza. Quieren decir que tenía el sobrenombre de Quijada, o Quesada, que en esto hay alguna diferencia en los autores que deste caso escriben; aunque, por conjeturas verosímiles, se deja entender que se llamaba Quejana. Pero esto importa poco a nuestro cuento; basta que en la narración dél no se salga un punto de la verdad.

Es, pues, de saber que este sobredicho hidalgo, los ratos que estaba ocioso, que eran los más del año, se daba a leer libros de caballerías, con tanta afición y gusto, que olvidó casi de todo punto el ejercicio de la caza, y aun la administración de su hacienda. Y llegó a tanto su curiosidad y desatino en esto, que vendió muchas hanegas de tierra de sembradura para comprar libros de caballerías en que leer, y así, llevó a su casa todos cuantos pudo haber dellos; y de todos, ningunos le parecían tan bien como los que compuso el famoso Feliciano de Silva, porque la claridad de su prosa y aquellas enricadas razones suyas le parecían de perlas, y más cuando llegaba a leer aquellos requiebros y cartas de desafíos, donde en muchas partes hallaba escrito: La razón de la sinrazón que a mi razón se hace, de tal manera mi razón enflaquece, que con razón me quejo de la vuestra fermosura. Y también cuando leía: ...los altos cielos que de vuestra divinidad divinamente con las estrellas os fortifican, y os hacen merecedora del merecimiento que merece la vuestra grandeza.

Con estas razones perdía el pobre caballero el juicio, y desvelábase por entenderlas y desentrañarles el sentido, que no se lo sacara ni las entendiera el mismo Aristóteles, si resucitara para sólo ello. No estaba muy bien con las heridas que don Belianis daba y recibía, porque se imaginaba que, por grandes maestros que le hubiesen curado, no dejaría de tener el rostro y todo el cuerpo lleno de cicatrices y señales. Pero, con todo, alababa en su autor aquel acabar su libro con la promesa de aquella inacabable aventura, y muchas veces le vino deseo de tomar la pluma y darle fin al pie de la letra, como allí se promete; y sin duda alguna lo hiciera, y aun saliera con ello, si otros mayores y continuos pensamientos no se lo estorbaran. Tuvo muchas veces competencia con el cura de su lugar -que era hombre docto, graduado en Sigüenza-, sobre cuál había sido mejor caballero: Palmerín de Inglaterra o Amadís de Gaula; mas maese Nicolás, barbero del mismo pueblo, decía que ninguno llegaba al Caballero del Febo, y que si alguno se le podía comparar, era don Galaor, hermano de Amadís de Gaula, porque tenía muy acomodada condición para todo; que no era caballero melindroso, ni tan llorón como su hermano, y que en lo de la valentía no le iba en zaga.

En resolución, él se enfrascó tanto en su lectura, que se le pasaban las noches leyendo de claro en claro, y los días de turbio en turbio; y así, del poco dormir y del mucho leer, se le secó el cerebro, de manera que vino a perder el juicio. Llenósele la fantasía de todo aquello que leía en los libros, así de encantamientos como de penitencias, batallas,



How to Become A Millionaire By Selling ... Philosophy Books

*The unlikely story of an
obscure Delaware publishing
house that won over the hearts
(and wallets) of the web's most
influential philosophy geeks*

BY ROSE GUATTARI

READING TIME: 18 MINUTES

BOOKSELLING IS PROBABLY not the most
surefire way to amass a fortune these times
(if your last name is not Bezos, that is). Yet,
it's a feat that *Spinozazz*, a small publishing
house based out of a sleepy Delaware town,
has successfully pulled off—in a mere 19
months

FALLINGWATER & GOLDSTEIN



We believe in three things:
quality, reliability, and a
good client relationship.
We won't settle for less. In
our world, kindness is king
while coolness is overrated.
Sounds good? Come on in,
then. Let's create something
spectacular.

Thank you for taking a look at Allrounder Baroque.

Now get your **free test
fonts** or buy single styles
and family packages at
identity-letters.com.

Colophon

Specimen Design , Copywriting , Illustrations

Tipogris Books and Brands

Additional Illustrations

Atipo

Literature Excerpts

wikisource . org