

# Blithedale

A Typeface By Miranda Hayes

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## The Letterforms

A À Á Â Ã Ä Å Æ Ç È É Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ï  
J K L M N Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ø Ù Ú Û Ü Û  
V W ù ŵ ŵ ŵ ŵ X Y Ŷ ŷ Ÿ Ź  
a à á â ã ä å æ ç ð ñ ò ó ô õ ö ø ù ú û ü v w ŵ w ŵ x y ŷ ŷ ŷ z  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0  
= ≥ < > ≈ “ ” , ÷ · << >> ¡ ¢ ? ç + ™ € ø ≠  
| \ / ; : . { } [ ] ( ) \* & % \$ # ! ... ≤ - \_ \_ \_ ~

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## The 4 Styles

The Blithedale Serif  
The Blithedale Sans  
The Blithedale Slab  
The Blithedale Roman

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## The 4 Stances

The Blithedale Regular  
The Blithedale Expanded  
The Blithedale Condensed  
*The Blithedale Oblique*

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## The 8 Weights

The Blithedale Lightest  
The Blithedale Lighter  
The Blithedale Light  
The Blithedale Regular  
The Blithedale SemiBold  
The Blithedale Bold  
The Blithedale Bolder  
The Blithedale Boldest

# Blithedale

A Typeface By Miranda Hayes—The Blithedale Serifs

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A À Á Â Ã Ä Å ABC Ç D E È É Ê Ë F G H I Î Ï Ì  
J K L M N Ñ O Ô Ö Ò Ó Õ P Q R S T U Û Ü Ú  
V W Ẇ Ẅ W̉ X Y Ŷ Ÿ Ý ÿ Z

a à á â ã ä å b c ç d e è é ê ë f g h i ï ì í î ï j k l m n ñ ò  
ó ô õ ö p q r s t u ù ú û ü v w ẇ ẅ w̉ x y ŷ Ÿ ý ÿ z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

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| \ / ; : . { } [ ] ( ) \* & % \$ # ! ... ≤ - \_ --- ~

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Scale of TYPE

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Blithedale Serif Häs Lânguage Çômpâtibility

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THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS  
OVER THE LAZY DOG.

The Qucik Brown Fox Jumps Over  
The Lazy Dog.

The quick brown fox jumps over the  
lazy dog.

# Blithedale

A Typeface By Miranda Hayes—The Blithedale Sans

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A À Á Â Ã Ä Å ABC Ç D E È É Ê Ë F G H I Î Ï  
J K L M N Ñ O Ô Ö Ò Ó Ô P Q R S T U Û Ü Ú  
V W W̄ Ŵ X Y Ŷ Ÿ Ý ÿ Z

a à á â ã ä å b c ç d e è é ê ë f g h i î ï j k l m n ñ o ò  
ó ô õ ö p q r s t u ù ú û ü v w w̄ ŵ x y ŷ Ÿ ý ÿ z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

= > < > ≈ “ ” , ÷ · < < > > ! ¢ ? ç + T M € ø ÷

| \ / ; : . { } [ ] ( ) \* & % \$ # ! ... ≤ - \_ — — ~

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Scale of TYPE

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Blithedale Sans Has Långuage Çompatibility

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THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER  
THE LAZY DOG.

The Qucik Brown Fox Jumps Over The  
Lazy Dog.

The quick brown fox jumps over the  
lazy dog.

# Blithedale

A Typeface By Miranda Hayes—The Blithedale Slab

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A À Á Â Ã Ä Å ABC Ç D E È É Ê Ë F G H I Î Ï

J K L M N Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ø P Q R S T U Û Ü Ú

V W ù w ÿ ŵ X Y Ŷ ŷ Ý ÿ Z

a à á â ã ä å abc ç d e è é ê ë f g h i ï j k l m n ñ ò

ó ô õ ö p q r s t u ù ú û ü v w ŵ w ÿ x y ý ÿ ÿ z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

= > < > ≈ “ ” , ÷ · < < > > ! @ ? ç + T M € ø ÷

| \ / ; : . { } [ ] ( ) \* & % \$ # ! ... ≤ - \_ — — ~

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Scale of TYPE

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Blithedale Slab Has Language Compatibility

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THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS  
OVER THE LAZY DOG.

The Qucik Brown Fox Jumps Over  
The Lazy Dog.

The quick brown fox jumps over the  
lazy dog.

# Blithedale

A Typeface By Miranda Hayes—The Blithedale Roman

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AÀÁÂÃÄÅBCÇDEÈÉÊËFGHIÎÏ  
JKLMNÑOÔÖÒÓÕPQRSTUÛÜÙ  
VWẀẂẄXŸŶÿÝÿZ

aàáâãäåbcçddeèéêëfghiiîïjklmnoò  
óôõöpqrstuùúûüvwẁẃẅxyýÿÿz

1234567890

= ≥ < > ≈ “ ” , ÷ · < < > > ! ¢ ? ¿ + ™ € ø ≠

| \ / ; : . { } [ ] () \* & % \$ # ! ... ≤ - \_ — — ~

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Scale of TYPE

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Blithédale Rôman Häs Lângûagë Çômpátibility

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THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER  
THE LAZY DOG.

The Qucik Brown Fox Jumps Over The  
Lazy Dog.

The quick brown fox jumps over the  
lazy dog.

# Blithedale

*A Typeface by Miranda Hayes—The Blithedale Serifs*

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The Blithedale Serif Lightest

The Blithedale Serif Lightest Condensed

The Blithedale Serif Lightest Expanded

The Blithedale Lighter

The Blithedale Serif Lighter Condensed

The Blithedale Serif Lighter Expanded

The Blithedale Light

The Blithedale Light Condensed

The Blithedale Light Expanded

The Blithedale Regular

The Blithedale Regular Condensed

The Blithedale Regular Expanded

The Blithedale SemiBold

The Blithedale SemiBold Condensed

The Blithedale SemiBold Expanded

The Blithedale Bold

The Blithedale Bold Condensed

The Blithedale Bold Expanded

The Blithedale Bolder

The Blithedale Bolder Condensed

The Blithedale Bolder Expanded

The Blithedale Boldest

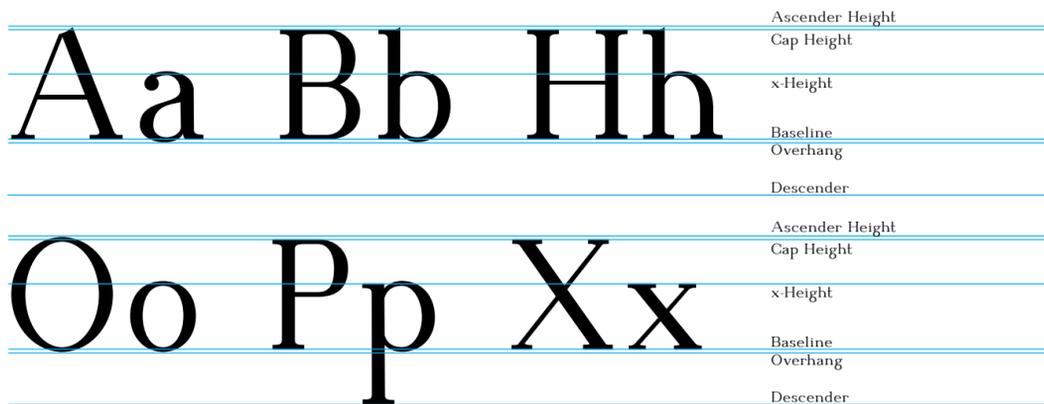
The Blithedale Boldest Condensed

The Blithedale Boldest Expanded

# Blithedale

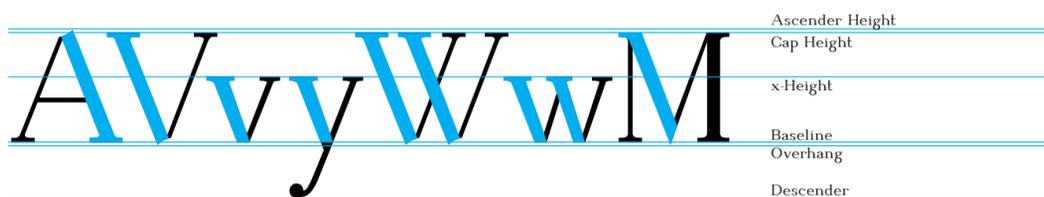
A Typeface by Miranda Hayes—The Anatomy of Blithedale

## The Structure

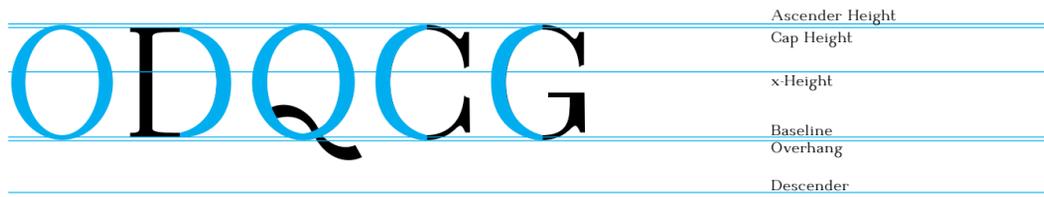


## The Characteristics

The angle of the A is repeated throughout the other angles in characters V, v, y, W, w, and M.



The curves in the O are repeated throughout the other curves in characters D, Q, C, and G.



The curves in the o are repeated throughout the other curves in characters b, p, q, d, c, and e.



The angle of the X is repeated throughout the other angles in characters x, K, k, Y, N, Z, and z.



The ascender of the l is repeated throughout the other ascenders in characters b, d, h, i, n, m, r, and k.



The shape of the B is repeated throughout the other shapes in characters R and P.



The ball serif of the a is repeated throughout the other ball serifs and tittles in characters f, r, c, g, j, i, and J.

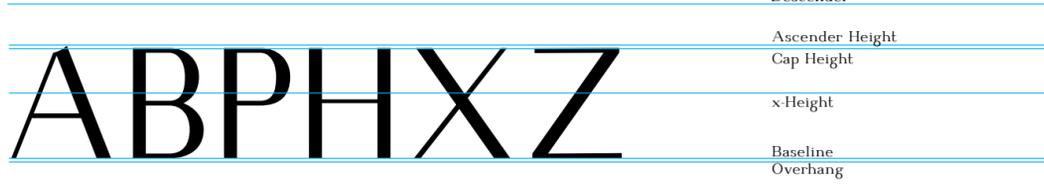
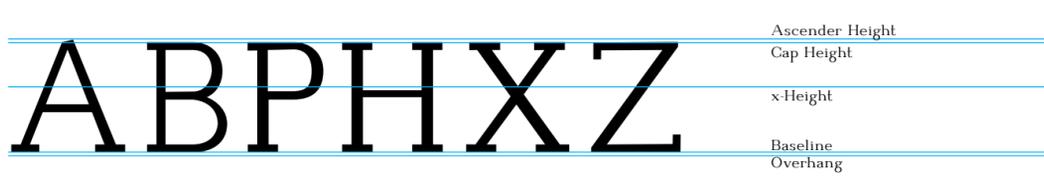
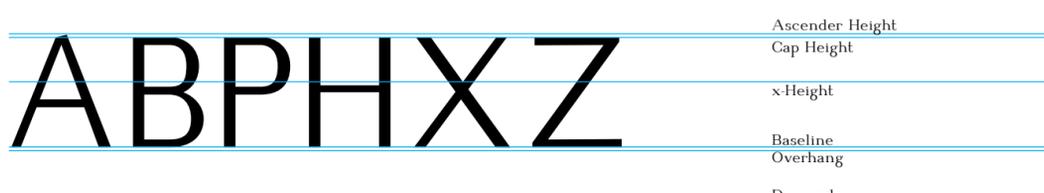
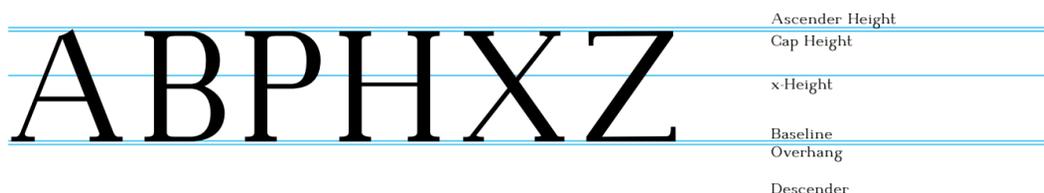


The shape of the n is repeated throughout the other shapes in characters m, r, h, and u.



## The Form in Style

The characteristics above are repeated throughout all the styles of Blithedale. The serifs in Blithedale Serif and Blithedale Serif are the same widths. The stroke widths of Blithedale Serif and Blithedale Roman are the same, and the stroke widths of Blithedale Sans and Blithedale Slab are the same. All of the typefaces share the same ascender height, cap height, x-height, baseline, overhang, and descenders. There are also certain characteristics—such as the angle in the A—that are repeated in all of the styles.



# The Blithedale Romance

Nathaniel Hawthorne

The transcendental tale of the tragic love and fatalistically mystery a small New England community named Blithedale. The mystery unfolds in the next few chapters, with a twist of faith and fate for an unforeseen ending.

# Chapter 1: Old Moodie

The evening before my departure for Blithedale, I was returning to my bachelor apartments, after attending the wonderful exhibition of the Veiled Lady, when an elderly man of rather shabby appearance met me in an obscure part of the street.

“Mr. Coverdale,” said he softly, “can I speak with you a moment?”

As I have casually alluded to the Veiled Lady, it may not be amiss to mention, for the benefit of such of my readers as are unacquainted with her now forgotten celebrity, that she was a phenomenon in the mesmeric line; one of the earliest that had indicated the birth of a new science, or the revival of an old humbug. Since those times her sisterhood have grown too numerous to attract much individual notice; nor, in fact, has any one of them come before the public under such skilfully contrived circumstances of stage effect as those which at once mystified and illuminated the remarkable performances of the lady in question. Nowadays, in the management of his “subject,” “clairvoyant,” or “medium,” the exhibitor affects the simplicity and openness of scientific experiment; and even if he profess to tread a step or two across the boundaries of the spiritual world, yet carries with him the laws of our actual life and extends them over his preternatural conquests. Twelve or fifteen years ago, on the contrary, all the arts of mysterious arrangement, of picturesque disposition, and artistically contrasted light and shade, were made available, in order to set the apparent miracle in the strongest attitude of opposition to ordinary facts. In the case of the Veiled Lady, moreover, the interest of the spectator was further wrought up by the enigma of her identity, and an absurd rumor (probably set afloat by the exhibitor, and at one time very prevalent) that a beautiful young lady, of family and fortune, was enshrouded within the misty drapery of the veil. It was white, with somewhat of a subdued silver sheen, like the sunny side of a cloud; and, falling over the wearer from head to foot, was supposed to insulate her from the material world, from time and space, and to endow her with many of the privileges of a disembodied spirit.

Her pretensions, however, whether miraculous or otherwise, have little to do with the present narrative—except, indeed, that I had propounded, for the Veiled Lady’s prophetic solution, a query as to the success of our Blithedale enterprise. The response, by the bye, was of the true Sibylline stamp,—nonsensical in its first aspect, yet on closer study unfolding a variety of interpretations, one of which has certainly accorded with the event. I was turning over this riddle in my mind, and trying to catch its slippery purport by the tail, when the old man above mentioned interrupted me.

“Mr. Coverdale!—Mr. Coverdale!” said he, repeating my name twice, in order to make up for the hesitating and ineffectual way in which he uttered it. “I ask your pardon, sir, but I hear you are going to Blithedale tomorrow.”

I knew the pale, elderly face, with the red-tipt nose, and the patch over one eye; and likewise saw something characteristic in the old fellow’s way of standing under the arch of a gate, only revealing enough of himself to make me recognize him as an acquaintance. He was a very shy personage, this Mr. Moodie; and the trait was the more singular, as his mode of getting his bread necessarily brought him into the stir and hubbub of the world more than the generality of men.

“Yes, Mr. Moodie,” I answered, wondering what interest he could take in the fact, “it is my intention to go to Blithedale to-morrow. Can I be of any service to you before my departure?”

“If you pleased, Mr. Coverdale,” said he, “you might do me a very great favor.”

“A very great one?” repeated I, in a tone that must have expressed but little alacrity of beneficence, although I was ready to do the old man any amount of kindness involving no special trouble to myself. “A very great favor, do you say? My time is brief, Mr. Moodie, and I have a good many preparations to make. But be good enough to tell me what you wish.”

# Coverdale

There can hardly remain for me (who am really getting to be a frosty bachelor, with another white hair, every week or so, in my mustache), there can hardly flicker up again so cheery a blaze upon the hearth, as that which I remember, the next day, at Blithedale.

# Priscilla

The cloak falling partly off, she was seen to be a very young woman dressed in a poor but decent gown, made high in the neck, and without any regard to fashion or smartness. Her brown hair fell down from beneath a hood, not in curls but with only a slight wave; her face was of a wan, almost sickly hue, betokening habitual seclusion from the sun and free atmosphere, like a flower-shrub that had done its best to blossom in too scanty light.

# Zenobia

She had assumed it, in the first instance, as her magazine signature; and, as it accorded well with something imperial which her friends attributed to this lady's figure and deportment, they half-laughingly adopted it in their familiar intercourse with her. She took the appellation in good part, and even encouraged its constant use; which, in fact, was thus far appropriate, that our Zenobia, however humble looked her new philosophy, had as much native pride as any queen would have known what to do with.

# Hollingsworth

Hereupon I went to the door, unbolted, and flung it wide open. There, sure enough, stood Hollingsworth, his shaggy greatcoat all covered with snow, so that he looked quite as much like a polar bear as a modern philanthropist. Sluggish hospitality this!" said he, in those deep tones of his, which seemed to come out of a chest as capacious as a barrel. "It would have served you right if I had lain down and spent the night on the doorstep."