

**ABYME**

*Emma*

Balzac,  
Deberny,  
Tuleu

ABYME

Gustave  
Flaubert

*Madame  
Bovary*

1856

**ABYME**

SÉRIE N016

*FRANZÖSISCHE  
ANTIQUA*

MODERN  
ROUND FACE

*BIBLIOPHILE  
ANTIQUA*

**ABYME**

Rêve d'enfer

*Mémoires d'un Fou*

SALAMMBÔ

*L'Éducation Sentimentale*

La Tentation  
de Saint Antoine

Le Château des Cœurs

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*Typographische  
Monatsblätter*, N°6, 1950

André Breton, *Manifestes  
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Jean-Jacques Pauvert, 1962

Charles Peignot, «Les Peignot:  
Georges, Charles»,  
*Communication et langages*,  
N°59, 1984

One evening at the chemists Mme Bovary, whilst sewing, let drop a glove. Leon pushed it beneath the table, and when all were asleep, crept down on tiptoes to retrieve it, and then returned to his bed.

It was a yellow glove, with small creases, the calf skin of which seemed more greatly raised at the part above the thumb where the hand is at its fleshiest.

Leon, blinking, recalled Emma's buttoned wrist actively engaged in a multiplicity of various functions. He sniffed it. He kissed it. He slipped the four fingers of his right hand into it, then, his mouth upon it, fell asleep.

*'To Commerce'*

*'To Agriculture'*

*'To Industry'*

*'To the Fine Arts'*



We were in class when the head-master came in, followed by a ‘new fellow,’ not wearing the school uniform, and a school servant carrying a large desk. Those who had been asleep woke up, and every one rose as if just surprised at his work.

The head-master made a sign to us to sit down. Then, turning to the class-master, he said to him in a low voice—

‘Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he’ll be in the second. If his work and conduct are satisfactory, he will go into one of the upper classes, as becomes his age.’

The ‘new fellow,’ standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was cut square on his forehead like a village chorister’s; he looked reliable, but very ill at ease. Although he was not broad-shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the arm-holes, and showed at the opening of the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, in blue stockings, looked out from beneath yellow trousers, drawn tight by braces. He wore stout, ill-cleaned, hob-nailed boots.

We began repeating the lesson. He listened with all his ears, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o’clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us.

When we came back to work, we were in the habit of throwing our caps on the ground so as to have our hands more free; we used from the door to toss them under the form, so that they hit against the wall and made a lot of dust: it was ‘the thing.’

But, whether he had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the ‘new fellow,’ was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were over. It was one of those head-gears of composite order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock hat, seal-skin cap, and cotton night-cap; one of those poor things, in fine, whose dumb ugliness has depths of expression, like an imbecile’s face. Oval, stiffened with whalebone, it began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin separated by a red band; after that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding, from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads in the manner of a tassel. The cap was new; its peak shone.

*Thus Napoleon represented glory and Franklin liberty; Irma was perhaps a concession to romanticism, but Athalie was a homage to the greatest masterpiece of the French stage. For his philosophical convictions did not interfere with his artistic tastes; in him the thinker did not stifle the man of sentiment; he could make distinctions, make allowances for imagination and fanaticism. In this tragedy, for example, he found fault with the ideas, but admired the style; he detested the conception, but applauded all the details, and loathed the characters while he grew enthusiastic over their dialogue. When he read the fine passages he was transported, but when he thought that mummets would get something out of them for their show, he was disconsolate; and in this confusion of sentiments in which he was involved he would have liked at once to crown Racine with both his hands and discuss with him for a good quarter of an hour.*

*At last Emma remembered that at the chateau of Vaubyessard she had heard the Marchioness call a young lady Berthe; from that moment this name was chosen; and as old Rouault could not come, Monsieur Homais was requested to stand godfather. His gifts were all products from his establishment, to wit: six boxes of jujubes, a whole jar of racahout, three cakes of marshmallow paste, and six sticks of sugar-candy into the bargain that he had come across in a cupboard. On the evening of the ceremony there was a grand dinner; the curé was present; there was much excitement. Monsieur Homais towards liqueur-time began singing Le Dieu des bonnes gens. Monsieur Léon sang a barcarolle, and Madame Bovary senior who was godmother, a romance of the time of the Empire; finally, M. Bovary senior insisted on having the child brought down, and began baptising it with a glass of champagne that he poured over its head. This mockery of the first of the sacraments made the Abbé Bournisien angry; old Bovary replied by a quotation from La Guerre des Dieux; the curé wanted to leave; the ladies implored, Homais interfered; and they succeeded in making the priest sit down again, and he quietly went on with the half-finished coffee in his saucer.*

*Monsieur Bovary senior stayed at Yonville a month, dazzling the natives by a superb policeman's cap with silver tassels that he wore in the morning when he smoked his pipe in the square. Being also in the habit of drinking a good deal of brandy, he often sent the servant to the Lion d'Or to buy him a bottle, which was put down to his son's account, and to perfume his handkerchiefs he used up his daughter-in-law's whole*

When the game of cards was over, the druggist and the doctor played dominoes, and Emma, changing her place, leant her elbow on the table, turning over the leaves of *L'illustration*. She had brought her ladies' journal with her. Léon sat down near her; they looked at the engravings together, and waited for one another at the bottom of the pages. She often begged him to read her the verses; Léon declaimed them in a languid voice, to which he carefully gave a dying fall in the love passages. But the noise of the dominoes annoyed him. Monsieur Homais was strong at the game; he could beat Charles and give him a double-six. Then the three hundred finished, they both stretched themselves out in front of the fire, and were soon asleep. The fire was dying out in the cinders; the teapot was empty, Léon was still reading.

Emma listened to him, mechanically turning around the lamp-shade, on the gauze of which were painted clowns in carriages, and tight-rope dancers with their balancing-poles. Léon stopped, pointing with a gesture to his sleeping audience; then they talked in low tones, and their conversation seemed the more sweet to them because it was unheard.

Thus a kind of bond was established between them, a constant commerce of books and of romances. Monsieur Bovary, little given to jealousy, did not trouble himself about it.

On his birthday he received a beautiful phrenological head, all marked with figures to the thorax and painted blue. This was an attention of the clerk's. He showed him many others, even doing errands for him at Rouen; and the book of a novelist having made the mania for cactuses fashionable, Léon bought some for Madame Bovary, bringing them back on his knees in the *Hirondelle*, pricking his fingers on their hard hairs.

She had a board with a balustrade fixed against her window to hold the pots. The clerk, too, had his small hanging garden; they saw each other tending their flowers at their windows.

Of the windows of the village there was one yet more often occupied; for on Sundays from morning to night, and every morning when the weather was bright, one could see at the dormer window of the garret the profile of Monsieur Binet bending over his lathe, whose monotonous humming could be heard at the Lion d'Or.

One evening on coming home Léon found in his room a rug in velvet and wool with leaves on a pale ground. He called Madame Homais, Monsieur Homais, Justin, the children, the cook; he spoke of it to his

# ABYME

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Accented uppercase

À Á Â Ã Ä Å Æ Ç Ć Ĉ Ċ Ď Ę Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ĵ  
Ǧ Ģ Ĩ Ī Ĵ Ķ Ŀ Ł Ñ Ñ Ñ Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ø Æ  
Ř Ŕ Š Š Š Š Ť ť Û Ü Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů

Lowercase

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Accented lowercase

à á â ã ä å æ ç ć ĉ ċ đ ę ê ë ì í î ĵ  
ǧ ģ ĥ ħ ĩ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ  
ř ŕ š š š š ť ť ù ú û û û û ů ů ŷ ŷ ŷ ŷ Þ

Ligatures

ff fh fi fj fk fl ft ffi ffl

Small capitals

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Accented small capitals

À Á Â Ã Ä Å Æ Ç Ć Ĉ Ċ Ď Ę Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ĵ  
Ǧ Ģ Ĩ Ī Ĵ Ķ Ŀ Ł Ñ Ñ Ñ Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ø Æ  
Ř Ŕ Š Š Š Š Ť ť Û Ü Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů Ů

Figures

0123456789

0123456789

# ABYME

Punctuation

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\_ \_ \_ \_ ( ) [ ] { } # . , ; : ! ; ? ; ‘ ’ “ ” , , , © ®  
† ‡ \* \* \* \* \* " ' \ / @ & § ¶ • © ® ™

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Punctuation (case)

---

\_ \_ \_ \_ ( ) [ ] \ / @ .

---

Punctuation (small capitals)

---

() [] ! ; ? ; ‘ ’ “ ” © ® \ / &  
€ £ \$ ¥

---

Currency  
Mathematical operators

---

€ £ \$ ¥ ¢ ¢ ¢ % % % Δ μ Ω  
+ - ± ÷ × = < > ¬ || ∅ ^ ~ °

---

Fractions  
Ordinals

---

1/4 1/2 3/4 a<sup>o</sup> e N<sup>o</sup>

---

Superscripts  
Subscripts

---

H<sup>0123456789</sup> H<sub>0123456789</sub>

---

Numerators  
Denominators

---

H<sup>01234567890</sup> H<sub>01234567890</sub>

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Punctuation

— ( ) [ ] { } # . , ; : … ! ; ? ‘ ’ “ ” „ „ ‹ › ‰  
 † ‡ \* \* \* \* \* \* \* ′ ″ ⁄ \ @ & § ¶ • © ® ™

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Punctuation (case)

— ( ) [ ] \ @ .

---

Punctuation (small capitals)

( ) [ ] { } ! ; ? ‘ ’ “ ” ‹ › ⁄ \ &

€ £ \$ ¥

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Currency

Mathematical operators

€ £ \$ ¥ ¢ ₣ ∂ ∫ ∞ % ‰ Δ μ Ω

+ - ± ÷ × = < > ¬ ∥ ∕ ∅ ∆ ∼ °

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Fractions

Ordinals

$\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$  <sup>o</sup> e N<sup>o</sup>

---

Superscripts

Subscripts

H<sup>0123456789</sup> H<sub>0123456789</sub>

---

Numerators

Denominators

H<sup>01234567890</sup> H<sub>01234567890</sub>

Small capitals

SCULPTURE  
Réputation

SCULPTURE  
RÉPUTATION

Old style figures

1856

1856

Ligatures (on by default)

fine fleur

fine fleur

Stylistic set 3  
Double-storey g

gouvernement

gouvernement

Stylistic set 20  
Replace x by multiply

12x34

12×34

Historical forms  
Long s

sang

fang

Case-sensitive forms

(R-H MUNSCH)

(R-H MUNSCH)

Ordinals

1a 1e 1o No

1<sup>a</sup> 1<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>o</sup> N<sup>o</sup>

Superscripts

prote<sup>3</sup>

prote<sup>3</sup>

Subscripts

H<sub>2</sub>O

H<sub>2</sub>O

Arbitrary fractions

7/8

7/8



Small capitals

*PEINTURE*  
*Histoire*

*PEINTURE*  
*HISTOIRE*

Old style figures

*1887*

*1887*

Ligatures (on by default)

*fine fleur*

*fine fleur*

Stylistic set 1  
Alternate b

*beaux-arts*

*beaux-arts*

Stylistic set 2  
Alternate f

*funeste*

*funeste*

Stylistic set 4  
Alternate question mark

*typographiques?*

*typographiques?*

Stylistic set 20  
Replace x by multiply

*56 x 78*

*56 × 78*

Historical forms  
Long s

*sang*

*fang*

Case-sensitive forms

*(R-H MUNSCH)*

*(R-H MUNSCH)*

Ordinals

*1a 1e 1o No*

*1<sup>a</sup> 1<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>o</sup> N<sup>o</sup>*

Superscripts

*élève<sup>6</sup>*

*élève<sup>6</sup>*

Subscripts

*H<sub>2</sub>O*

*H<sub>2</sub>O*

Arbitrary fractions

*7/8*

*7/8*

# ABYME

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Name Berthe

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Styles Regular  
*Italic*

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Production Adrien Vasquez  
Year 2011–18  
Published July 2018  
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Formats .otf, .woff, .woff2

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Supported languages	Basque	Icelandic	Romanian (Latin)
	Breton	Indonesian	Sami (Southern)
	Croatian (Latin)	Irish	Serbian (Latin)
	Czech	Italian	Silesian
	Danish	Javanese (Latin)	Slovak
	Dutch	Hungarian	Slovenian
	English	Kashubian	Sorbian
	Estonian	Latvian	Spanish
	Faroese	Lithuanian	Swahili
	Finnish	Malay (Latin)	Swedish
	French	Moldovan (Latin)	Turkish
	Gaelic	Norwegian	Walloon
	Gagauz (Latin)	Polish	
	German	Portuguese	

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# ABYME

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy  
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN**OP**QRSTUVWXYZ  
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN**OP**QRSTUVWXYZ  
0123456789

*abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxy*  
*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN**OP**QRSTUVWXYZ*  
*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN**OP**QRSTUVWXYZ*  
*0123456789*