THE DOVES TYPE® is Robert Green’s digital recreation of the Doves Press Fount of Type.

Original type conceived, commissioned & directed by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, London, 1899.


Produced in a single size, 2 Line Brevier (16 pt.), by Miller & Richard, Edinburgh, 1899 — 1905.

First sorts delivered October 1899, full fount of characters completed July 1901.

Punches & matrices thrown into the River Thames by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, March 1913.

Entire type dropped into the River Thames by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, August 1916 — January 1917.

Digital facsimile Doves Type® developed 2010 — 2015.

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Created using sources from original Doves Press publications & 150 metal sorts recovered from the River Thames by Robert Green & the Port of London Authority salvage team, October & November 2014.

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GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. ¶ AND THE EARTH WAS WITHOUT FORM, AND VOID; AND DARKNESS WAS UPON THE FACE OF THE DEEP, & THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE FACE OF THE WATERS. ¶(And God said, Let there be light: & there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: & God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day. ¶And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, & let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: & it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening & the morning were the second day. ¶And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: & it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening & the morning were the third day. ¶And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, & every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, & every winged fowl after his kind: & God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, & multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening & the morning were the fifth day. ¶And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the
CLARORUM VIRORUM FACTA MORES

que posteris tradere, antiquitus usitatum, ne nostris quidem temporibus quamquam incuriosa suorum ac tas omisit, quotiens magna aliqua ac nobilis virtus vi cit ac superrgressa est vitium parvis magnisque civita tibus commune, ignorantiam recti et invidiam. Sed apud priores ut agere digna meme atu pronum magis que in aperto erat, ita celeberrimus quisque ingenio ad prodendam virtutis memoriarm sine gratia aut ambit ione bonae tantum conscientiae pretio ducabantur: ac plerique suam ipsi vitam narrare fiduciam potius mo rum quam adrogantiam arbitrati sunt, nec id Rutilio et Scauro citra fidem aut obtrectationi fuit: adeo vir tutes isdem temporibus optime aestimantur, quibus facillime gignuntur. At nunc narraturo mihi vitam defuncti hominis venia opus fuit, quam non petissem incusaturus: tam saeva et infesta virtutibus tempora.

Legimus, cum Aruleno Rustico Paetus Thrasea, He dannio Senecioni Priscus Helvidius laudati essent, ca pitale fuisse, neque in ipsos modo auctores, sed in li bros quoque eorum saevitum, delegato triumviris mi nisterio ut monumenta clarissimorum ingeniorum in comitio ac foro urerentur. Scilicet illo igne vocem populi Romani et libertatem senatus et conscientiam generis humani aboleri arbitrabantur, expulsis insup er sapientiae professoribus atque omni bona arte in ex ilium acta, ne quid usquam honestum occurreret. De dimus profecto grande patientiae documentum; et sic
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire

TORQUATO TASSO

This most afflicts me, that departing hence,

PARADISE LOST

N° 1 The Terrace, Hammersmith W.

GÖTHE

And that which remaineth of the flesh

Risplende il Manso——

CATALOGUE RAISONNÈ

The Doves Press & Bindery

&TACITUS

TENNYSON

MORRIS

KING JAMES

COBDEN-SANDERSON

MILTON

KEATS & SHELLEY

BROWNING

SHAKESPEARE

GOETHE
‘COURAGE!’ he said, and pointed toward the land,
‘This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.’
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro’ wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush’d: and, dew’d with showy drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger’d low adown
In the red West: thro’ mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border’d with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galangale;
A land where all things always seem’d the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.
“The handle of this organ, grind
And what he poured in at the mill
As a Thirty-third Sonata, (fancy)
Comes from the hopper as bran
The Shakers’ Hymn in G, with a natural F
Or the ‘Stars and Stripes’ set to
Sir, where’s the scrape you did not help me through
You that are wise? And for the fools, the folk
Who came to see, — the guests, (observe that word!)
Pray do you find guests criticize your wine,
Your furniture, your grammar, or your nose?
Then, why your “medium”? Why
Prove your madeira red-ink and gamboge,
Your Sludge, a cheat — then, some
For vaunting both as genuine. “Oh
They’ll make a wry face, nor too much of that,
And leave you in your glory.

Perculsosque metu subito, casúmque stupentes (125)
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus

Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas & Aphrodítè, claiming each

Wölbungen droben!

Ha! welche Wonne fließt in diesem Blick
Auf einmal mir durch alle meine Sinnen!
Ich fühle junges, heil’ges Lebensglück
Neu glühend mir durch Nerv’ und Adern rinnen.
War es ein Gott, der diese Zeichen schrieb,
Die mir das innre Toben stillen,
Das arme Herz mit Freude füllen,
Und mit geheimnisvollem Trieb
Die Kräfte der Natur rings um mich her enthüllen?

Catalogue Raisonné

Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Though this practice was rarer. Occasionally set in lieu of a grave or acute, Cut down exclamation marks were also on its side was used to represent a diacritic. As the original uppercase contained no ¶Ligatures plus tied & special characters.

Sanderson as a ‘Luddite’, a word which, intended in its headings & initials by Edward Johnston, appeared only pure white space. The sole additional elements, calligraphic Roman typefaces by Jenson & Rubeus, the type was set in applying rigid ‘emphasis of capital divisions’ rather than the ‘splendour of applied ornament’, type was central to the Doves project. A pared-down, modern take on the earliest Roman typefaces by Jenson & Rubeus, the type was set in the ‘consecration’? Or his reported depressions, combined with the fiery egotism of, in his own words, ‘a fanatic’? If events were otherwise & Walker himself had helped advance the development of photo-engraving technology through his company, Walker & Boutall.

With Morris’s death in 1896 & a new century turning, the Press slammed the door on the florid excesses of Victorian craftsmanship, pointing towards the Modernist future. In applying rigid ‘emphasis of capital divisions’ rather than the ‘splendour of applied ornament’, type was central to the Doves project. A pared-down, modern take on the earliest Roman typefaces by Jenson & Rubeus, the type was set in pure white space. The sole additional elements, calligraphic headings & initials by Edward Johnston, appeared only occasionally, applied to stark, monumental layouts.

One recent report audaciously described Cobden-Sanderson as a ‘Luddite’, a word which, intended in its modern, de-politicised sense certainly does not apply. His vision was far ahead of its time & vastly influential, much more so than he is currently given credit for.

It is a story of agreements agreed then reneged upon and, more to the point, convoluted disagreements about who agreed to which agreements in the first place! Long lulls also regularly punctuate the action; three years between Cobden-Sanderson’s first attempt to end the partnership & its official dissolution: four years between obtaining the punches & matrices from Miller & Richard and lobbing them into the Thames; and three years from then until the final act of ‘dedicating & consecrating’ the type itself.

So why did he do it? Simply put, to prevent Walker or anyone else from owning it. However, no single motive completely explains Cobden-Sanderson’s actions.

Many factors contributed: Unbeknown to Walker, he had called in lawyers against his old friend Cobden-Sanderson at the very point at which Cobden-Sanderson, having behaved erratically & not wholly honourably, was about to concede that Walker should inherit the type. Incensed, Cobden-Sanderson transformed, as he put it, into a ‘two-handed engine at the door’ — an instrument of vengeance lain in wait. Then there is Cobden-Sanderson’s line about not wanting the type to be used on a press other than one pulled ‘by hand or arm’. Several reasons alone account for this: The effects of industrialisation on the human spirit, subject of Morris’s ‘Useful Work v. Useless Tool’, were a major rationale for the Arts & Crafts Movement’s existence. But aside from depriving workers of edification & job opportunities, an ‘inferior’ mechanised press, or any other for that matter, could churn out faux Doves books, to not mention crass advertising messages. Finally, what of the part played by his personal catechism — his Credo & its official dissolution; four years between obtaining the punches & matrices from Miller & Richard and lobbing them into the Thames; and three years from then until the final act of ‘dedicating & consecrating’ the type itself.

In reading about the Doves Press on the internet there is a danger of consuming the story as fiction. I could not have undertaken this digital recreation or the task of recovering the real type without hard facts. I found these in Marianne Tidcombe’s book on the Doves Press. If you have any further interest in the story, please seek it out.

— Robert Green, 6th March 2015