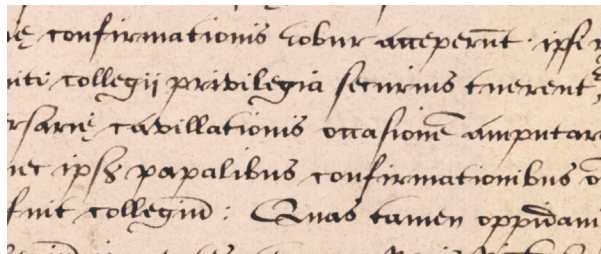


Joscelyn

THE JOSCELYN FONT reproduces “secretary hand,” a style of script used for many purposes in the sixteen and early seventeenth centuries. Optimized for rapid writing, secretary hand is an outgrowth of late medieval cursive gothic. The script looks foreign today, since it was displaced in the course of the seventeenth century by the ancestor of the cursive that is still commonly taught in schools. The world’s libraries contain millions of documents in secretary hand, many of which have never been transliterated; historians and literary scholars must undergo rigorous training before reading these documents.

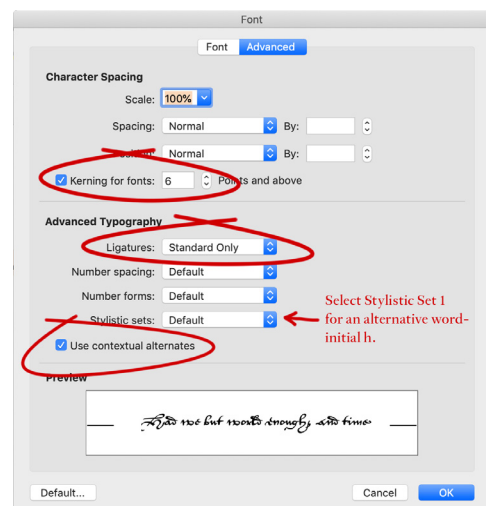
Joscelyn was created with two aims: one is the mere pleasure of using an ancient script font, even a rather impractical one. Another is to allow students to learn the basics of secretary hand by simply typing any text at all in this font and seeing how it looks.

The font is based on the main hand of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, MS 488, a copy of *Historiola Collegii Corporis Christi* by John Joscelyn, secretary to Archbishop Matthew Parker. This hand (not Joscelyn’s own) is much more formal than many secretary hands and with fewer complications. But like any variety of secretary hand, it is characterized by many flourishes, extravagant loops, extreme variability of letter-shapes, and an utter lack of concern for colliding and overlapping letters.



Joscelyn is simple to use: just change the font to “Joscelyn” and type. Most software (including Adobe InDesign and LibreOffice) automatically enables the OpenType features that govern the cursive attachment of letters and their variability by context (for example, the use of the sigma-like *s* at the ends of words). But in Microsoft Word these features are not enabled by default: they must be switched on. This is done on the “Advanced” tab of the “Font” dialog (see illustration, right). Alternatively, start a document by double-clicking Joscelyn.dotx, a MS Word template, and apply the character style “Joscelyn.” The following specimen is from Sir Philip Sidney’s *Defence of Poesie*.

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When the right bestow'd E. W. and I were at the Emperours Court together, wee gave our selves to learne horsemanship of Hon Pietro Pugliano, one that with great commendation had the place of an Esquire in his stable: and wee knowing to the fertilitye of the Italian wit, did not onely afford us the demonstration of his practise, but sought to enrich our mindes with the contemplations therein, which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine eares were at any time more loaden, then when (either angered with slow payment, or moved with our learnerlike admiration) hee adorned his speech in the praise of his facultie. He said soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said they were the maisters of warre, and ornaments of peace, speedie goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in Camps and Courts: nay to so unbleebed a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horseman. Skill of government was but a Pedentaria in comparison, then would hee adde certaine praises by telling us what a peerlesse beast the horse was, the one serviceable Courtier without flattery, the beast of most bewtie, faithfulnessse, courage, and such more, that if I had not bene a peere of a Logirian before I came to him, I thinke he would have perswaded me to have wisht myselfe a horse. But thus much at least, with his no few words he drabe into me, that selflove is better than any guilt, to make that seem gorgeous wherein our selves be partied. Wherein if Iulianus strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfie you, I will give you a nearer example of my selfe, who I know not by what mischance in these my not old yeares and latest times, having slipped into the title of a Poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my uncleried vocation, which if I handle with more good will, then good reason, beare with me, since the scholler is to be pardoned that followeth in the steps of his maister.