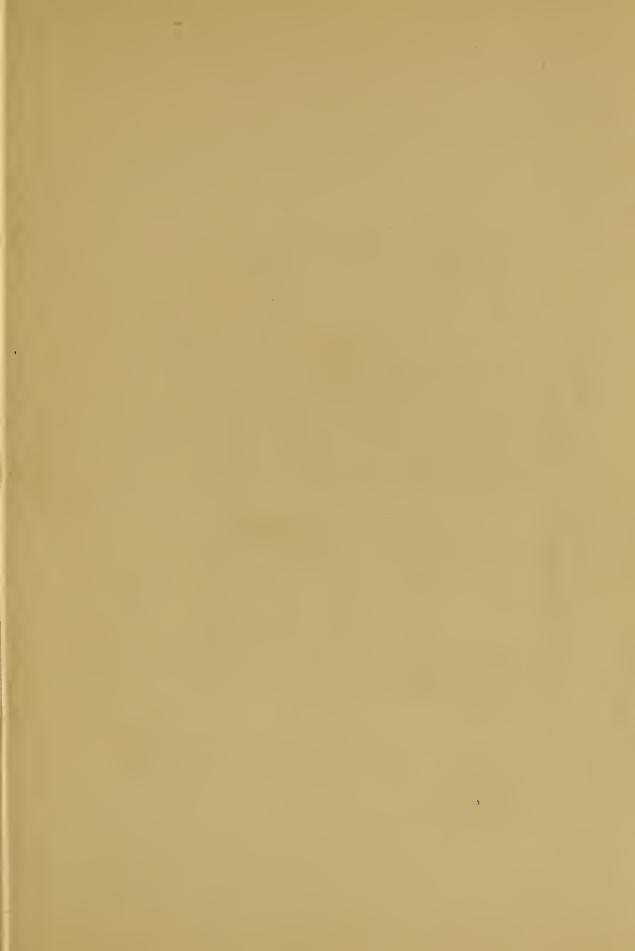
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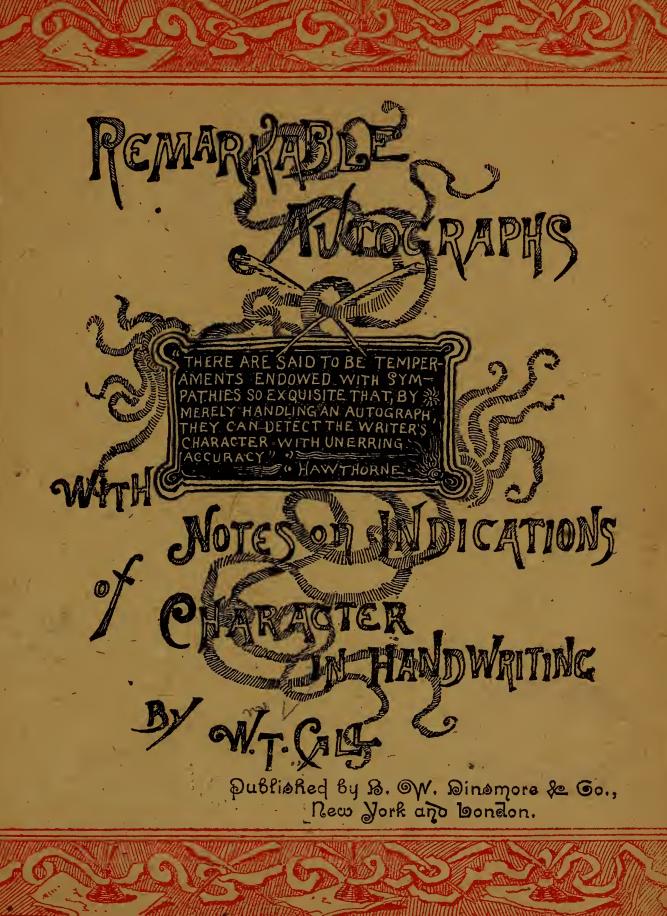


Glass \_\_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_







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Press of B. W. DINSMORE & Co., 12 Frankfort Street, New York.

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#### Advertisement.

No particular order has been followed in the arrangement of these autographs. They have been selected from a host of signatures of eminent persons, only those being admitted here which are distinguished by some marked peculiarity. In but a few instances, and then for special reasons, has it been thought desirable to reproduce autographs made more than a century ago. No other work of this character is known, according to the evidence of prominent collectors and dealers, to have been published in this country. Even a hasty glance at the following pages shows that the title Remarkable Autographs is not misapplied.

### The Distance Covered in Writing.

Service Million Commission Million Commission

We have it on his own authority that Dr. Johnson wrote his unique and imperishable "Rasselas" in the evenings of a single week. Well, here is a calculation that may besurprising and perhaps useful: A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To 'do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 turns to each minute; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 such days, 43,200,000. The man, therefore, who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men — newspaper writers, for instance — make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

### Characteristics in Handwriting.

ringeria Million

Some of the peculiarities of every-day correspondence are so marked that they have become universally recognized, and the mere mention of the feminine hand, the school-boy hand, the business hand, the Italian hand, at once presents to the mind's eye a definite, well defined picture or idea. Every intelligent person, in fact, is more or less familiar with a large-number of distinct styles of chirography. At a not uncertain point, however, in the philosophy of handwriting common knowledge stops, and the astute "chiromancer" goes on alone. The indications by which he judges character are somewhat perplexing to the uninitiated. He (or she) is likely to be a very learned individual. He regards the capital A as the symbol of strength and beauty united. When the strokes are firm and do not run off into flourishes, the "strong barring" is taken as indicative of a forceful will. A loop at the top of this letter is evidence of a strong sense of beauty. When the capital takes the form of the small a, he discerns simplicity and clearness in the ideas of the one who wrote it. A loop to the small d calls for tenderness and generosity, while the three cornered capital D suggests excentricity and imagination. We are also told that "an F with a flying top betrays imagination and indifference, while a curly one shows cultivation and a sensitive mind." A curly H shows poetry and art, and a curly I gives grace and sense of beauty, while a straight



one gives a higher and more precise nature to the artistic instinct and increases the poetic faculty. Then it is saidthat "disproportionate loops betray self-assertion," and that we should "look out for them in letters like P and L and Y." Again: "Letters stopping short at their finals show economy; long and extended finals with spaces between the words indicate generosity, if not extravagance. Inward curves denote egotism. Stops are also most distinctive. Heavy and black, they betray sensuality; long, they denote vivacity and originality. An i dotted with a fleck indicates recklessness. Absence of stops shows want. of caution and an unsuspicious nature." And so on. These quotations, however, are probably sufficient to satisfy the reader that a superior knowledge of characteristics in handwriting has created a kind of fine art—so fine, indeed, that very few should hope to make progress in it much beyond the first "pshaw!" in the course. Stripped of its nonsense, the subject is full of interest, and is well worthy of serious consideration. To call a knowledge of character indications in handwriting "grammatomancy," and trace it back to the cradle of palmistry, astrology and mysticism, may be all very well, but it is much more to the purpose, and gives better satisfaction generally, to have a little more realism to present. The truth is that the utility of the art, or science, or pastime, has not yet become patent. Fifty years ago the mortality table, on which the success of the life insurance system now stands, would have been of little value except as a curiosity. Perhaps in another fifty years

character indications in handwriting may have become an important study. There are numerous evidences that a logical method will after a while be applied to the subject. Instead of basing conclusions on Chaldean myths, attempts are being made, here and there, to get at general characteristics by comparing the handwritings of individuals of a. distinct mental class. As an instance we may cite the paper recently read to a number of Philadelphians on "The Handwriting of the Insane," in which it was shown that the giving way of the mind in an educated person is often indicated in bad spelling, blotting, frequent erasures, the absurd use of parentheses, italicization and underscoring in excess. Insane pride and obstinacy, it was said, take to capitals, and make frequent use of the letter "P," which becomes perfectly enormous. Many of these indicia were found in the handwriting of a public man who recently became insane. In him, too, was noted another peculiarity, a tendency to commence at the right instead of the left hand side of the paper, this being carried so far that often he would not leave himself room on the paper to complete even his signature. If what has been learned in this single line of inquiry is true in San Francisco and London and elsewhere, it must be regarded as an important fact. There are many, however, who would like to know the why, and so long as this little word stands out unchallenged the "grammatomancers" will hold a strong position, for they always have the stars to fall back on. The graphological chemist puts moonshine in his retort when he finds candor

Turing Samononini Millioni



in an open a and secrecy in a closed o. But we all can see something in pronounced tendencies, and can readily appreciate the significance of striking peculiarities and affectations in the sign-manuals of celebrated persons. That the autograph, more than all other writing, is characteristic of the individual, there can be no fair doubt. If it were not so there would be no autograph collectors, and where is there an intellectual household without a few treasured autographs? At this point it is not inappropriate to present a modest appeal from the composing-room, just as received: What the compositor asks (but at present cannot obtain) is, not that the n and u be made alike, but that each have its distinctive shape; not that the t be made similar to l, but that it be crossed, or else formed after a fashion much in vogue, namely, a stroke more or less sloping, with a loop from the bottom to the centre on the side farthest from the letter following it; and lastly, that the i be dotted, an omission which seems to meet with great favor among authors, though it is very tantalizing to the compositor, since in bad manuscript the undotted i may be taken to represent either c, e, or r, or even supposed to form part of what in reality is the letter m. But if the i's were dotted, and the t's crossed, few complaints would emanate from the printing offices, or, indeed, ever be heard, so great an aid is the due placing of these letter belongings to the task of deciphering.

June, 1887.

W. T. CALL.





F. E. SPINNER. What signature would grace the opening page of a work of this character with more exact appropriateness than the famous "grapevine" autograph. For more than the lifetime of a generation it has been the despair of the graphologist, the reader of character in handwriting, the treasure-trove of the collector, and the delight of the bank cashier. A child can imitate it to the point of recognition, but no expert has yet succeeded in catching its true spirit. This historic "string of eels" is indeed sui generis, peculiar to itself, and marks the only instance in which the autograph makes the fame of the man. The fac-simile is from an official document bearing the superscription, "Treasurer's Office, September 27, 1862." It is considered, flourish and all, one of the best specimens extant of the renowned hieroglyphics of the Treasurer of the United States at the birth of the greenback and the "shinplaster." The writing on the Government notes is less free and natural than that here given, in which a peculiar flexibility fills the place of mechanical stiffness. reader is cautioned not to attempt character reading in this truly remarkable autograph. While these pages were in preparation a letter was shown to the writer, to which was attached the ever-familiar signature, executed as well as the failing eyes of a man at the age of 85 would permit. By his autograph the world has known him.





The state of the s

BISMARCK. The inexperienced chirographer may be surprised to learn that the apparent B in the first half of this autograph is an s, and that the queer-looking character at the beginning is a B with the prefix v. The signature is, of course, in German. Everybody knows what to expect in the handwriting of the most prominent figure in the political world—the "iron-willed Chancellor." The canons applicable to writing of a different style may be employed in this instance by those familiar with the characteristics of the German hand. The strokes are strong, and the letters are formed with energy unmistakable.



A Minuted

J. K. EMMET. Without a key, few could guess what this "queer, weird thing" is. Inimitable in his talent, the smiling "Fritz" is also inimitable in his chirography. And surely no one envies him in either respect. The charm of his lullabies, cuckoo songs and Tyrolean warbles is beyond the reach of envy, and in a different sense so is his autograph. It is a badly constructed plagiarism on an imperfect cobweb, and cannot be honestly analyzed.





Lay Mark

JAY GOULD. The broad, plain shafts, of which this signature is composed, stand out cold and watchful, like the sentinels of a treasure house. With a little urging of the imagination the capitals may be regarded as monuments to wealth and power. The significance of this signature is as great in reality as in the fancy. It was once placed on a check for \$1,500,000. This is a business autograph—that of a man who has the genius to succeed, and who, if report says truly, knows it himself, for he has been credited with the remark that if he stood penniless and without influence on the steps of the Stock Exchange he would acquire wealth in an incredibly short time. His home impulses are tender and ordinary, and are only slightly indicated in this specimen.



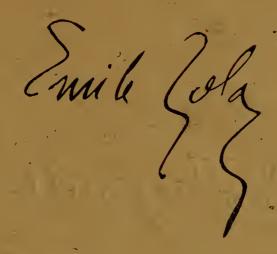


Roscoe Conkling. Here is a fine subject for the student in grammatomancy. It is perfectly clear, and has those fine loops and curves that are pleasing to the eye without being essential to the main stems. The graceful sweep of the C in particular may be taken as indicative of a mind that loves to embellish a hard fact so that it may make an impression without seeming to be hammered into place. A direct and minute comparison may be successfully made between the chirography and the oratory of this distinguished man. The intent is never lost sight of in either case.

Mupholizentes

Theophile Gautier. One of the most curious autographs of this or any other time is that here reproduced. There is no affectation about it. The natural course of the pen has been followed. In his general writing Gautier produced many a page of legible, and even beautiful, manuscript in prose and poetry of the highest order of French genius. He may be called a true calligraphist, that is, a good penman. This does not, however, apply to his autograph, which is not only too small, but has degenerated in the hurry and familiarity of the signature into a step-ladder scrawl of minute proportions. A very good authority has said that the author of such a hand could never by any possible chance be an ordinary person.



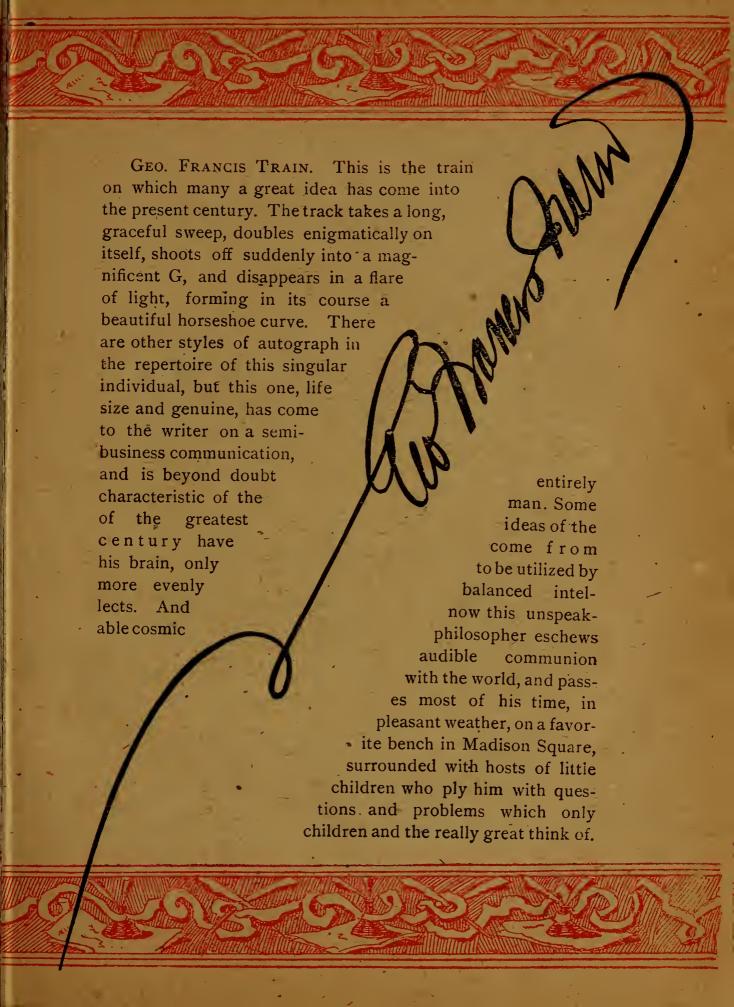


metall Millioni MM

EMILE ZOLA. The world may scoff, but Zola will continue to write books full of the most barefaced realism. And the world will go on reading his books and keep him in the place he has long held, of the most popular novelist of the day. He is the greatest genius in realism, despite, or perhaps by means of, his evident belief that nothing is too slimy to be handled. The authorities in this country think differently, and his works in translations are suppressed. Howells and other masters of a tamer realism admire his genius. Zola writes a plain hand, and in his signature runs the strokes where they naturally go, without regard to elegance or taste. He is after the actual, and in his books, as in his autograph, he drops his lines into the depths.

S'itting Bull

SITTING BULL. Like the penmanship of the school-boy, this autograph must be taken as unformed, if not premature. It is not possible to form a fair judgment of its prominent characteristics. That so celebrated an Indian should be able to wield a pen as well as a tomakawk is not in itself remarkable. Whether the dropping of the capital letters is significant of the natural craftiness of the red men, as a race, has not been ascertained, owing to the scarcity of specimens from which to form a conclusion.



Jenny Clibeliener

JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT. The "magic of a voice," which brought the world to the feet of Jenny Lind, does not find its co-ordinate in her chirography. Her autograph as here presented is striking and legible at the same time, but is devoid of those wonderful qualities which marked her vocal efforts, unless, indeed, the conjunction and execution of the y and G may afford a subject for the analytical mind of the expert in handwriting.

# Maseum Sgulfvitter

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Scholars have accepted only three of the autographs of the man who represents the entire genius of his country as genuine, and even the signature in the British Museum bears the stigma of doubtful authenticity. It is not out of place, then, to reproduce here that remarkable find of recent date which is closer than the others to the signature on Shakespeare's will. It would hardly be said, even on a thorough acquaintance with the quaint style of writing of the Elizabethan period, that the great dramatist's autograph is in any way handsome. The peculiarities of the chirography of the times may be seen somewhat more clearly, perhaps, in the following full-size fac-simile of the signature of "Good Queen Bess" herself."



Mary E. Wallen h. &

MARY E. WALKER, M. D. It can hardly be called discourteous to say that the famous doctor is to the eye not less agreeable in demi-male attire than in her autograph. The difficulty of assigning the proper sex from the general appearance is typified in the variety of slant to the letters, which makes it puzzling to fix upon the slope of the name as a whole. The curious whip-lash flourish may be taken as expressive of mingled disappointment, anger, and determination. It is evident that the pen, at least, must give in, however stubborn the world may be.

Sutorially Tishorially

Waller Committee Committee

VICTORIA R. The first autograph of her Majesty, in the above pair, is an exact reproduction of a genuine signature made in the year 1886. The second is also a perfect fac-simile of the Queen's signature as written in the year in which she ascended to the throne of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, beginning June 20, 1837. The two writings thus represent the extremes of a period of nearly half a century. Comment on the truly remarkable similarity of the signatures of the Queen at the age of 18 and at the age of 67 is wholly superfluous. At first glance the autographs appear identical. The flourish following the

royal R, with the somewhat elevated period, and the loop and long sweep of the V, present the principal variations of the later writing. When the early signature was created her Majesty was already accomplished in music, drawing, and the continental languages, with botany as her favorite study among the sciences. She had been taught to seek" health and acquire fearlessness in those outdoor recreations that have ever been regarded as the true foundation on which the power and greatness of the English mind is built. These autographs are particularly interesting just at the present time, as this is the great Jubilee year in which the United Kingdom will celebrate the most successful and satisfactory fifty years ever covered in the reign of a single sovereigh. The Queen was born May 24, 1819, ascended to the throne June 20, 1837, was proclaimed June 21, 1837, and was crowned June 28, 1838. Victoria, Queen, is known by name and fame to more living human beings than any other individual ever has been at any one moment. Her autograph is a splendid specimen of calligraphy.



Edgardbe.

EDGAR A. Poe. A professional chirographist, who has probably made a closer study of handwriting as a science than any other person in England or America, pronounces Poe "the supreme prince of manuscript." It is perplexing to the student in chirography to find that the genius which created Annabel Lee and The Bells figured anyway but fantastically in manuscript. Poe's social letters and acknowledgments of invitations might serve as models for steel plate engravers. The above specimen of his signature is nearer the average of his penmanship than most others extant. It was selected from a number for this reason. Poe's genuine autograph has a high value in the collector's market, and is fast becoming rare.

## Walt Whitman

Standardistrial Milliand

WALT WHITMAN. This autograph is a genuine surprise. It is, indeed, entirely ordinary, not at all outlandish, and even tends downward-what! no ambition? Whence, then, those acrobatic, juggleristic, prestidigitatorial feats with language? Robert Buchanan, the Scotch-English critic. playwright, and poet (a good one in spots) rises to explain. He christens the "good, gray poet" of Camden (N. J.) the American Socrates, but greater, and likens him to the founder of Christianity. This modern Titan lives "in a land [N. J. is a part of the U. S.] of which he will one day be known as the chief literary glory," and he (Mr. B.) has seen "face to face the wisest and noblest, the most truly. great of all literary men." Of course it would be useless, and even sacrilegious, to attempt to dissect the great one's sign-manual, for Mr. Buchanan is speaking for a coterie of latter-day poets and prophets. It is not out of place, however, to reproduce the words of one who has seen a real Whitman manuscript. "The handwriting is bold, rugged almost, as would be expected in one who aims at thought and truth, and disregards the means by which ordinary people do ordinary things. If he makes a mistake, he scratches it out or rubs it out with his finger. Having seized an idea he puts it down on anything at hand. A single page may represent brown, blue and white paper and red and black ink, with some pencil marks." In this light the above signature is useless to the character reader.

Messelfmane

JAMES G. BLAINE. Note the striking family resemblance in these pen marks and those of Roscoe Conkling. Mr.\* Blaine at this time is the most prominent American citizen in private life. His autograph is plainly indicative of his masterly command of the pen, and everybody knows that the same adjective describes his manner of handling men. The small letters are made in a most decisive way, and show self-confidence and wonderful energy. The capitals are somewhat squeezed, as if their author lacked the breadth of thought which belongs to the genius of all time. A man who embodies the vigorous rushing spirit of his generation, Mr Blaine's autograph in its entirety is a good index to his rapid and brilliant career. It partakes of the most distinguishing qualities of the man, even to his magnetic presence. For his signature certainly has a fascination in it. A physician once tested the Senator's nerves by having him extend his arm to full length and hold his thumb and forefinger as close to each other as possible without touching. Many of us will say that he need not have looked beyond the autograph.

Kalakaug R.

KALAKAUA R. Long live the King! About twelve years ago his Majesty came to the United States. With one exception, he is the only reigning potentate who has honored us with a visit. The queen, the interesting and accomplished Kapiolani, has recently made the long trip across the continent. The King of the Sandwich Islands writes well. In this we may, perhaps, see the beneficent influence of our glorious land of the free, for nearly all the transoceanic business of the Hawaiian Islands is done with the United States. It is pleasant and reassuring to know that although half of the 80,000 people on the islands are fullblooded natives, and hence somewhat inclined to uncivilized things, they all are governed by a King who shows earnestness and breadth of conception in his sign manual; which should be used for a running headline in all the copy books needed in the schools of the Sandwich Islands.

Dudu

OUIDA. Each reader will look at the above writing with a different sensation. To one it will seem coarse, unwomanly, pretentious; to another, bold and strong; to a third, commonplace and unattractive. And so on: for in this instance, at least, judgment yields to prejudice or bias. There is one characteristic, however, that all can appreciate together. What appears to be flourish is really underscoring. The same weakness is found throughout her manuscript. It shows earnestness that needs to be propped up, and it may indicate rancor. The masculine form of the letters and their unconnected march are not affected, as in the writing of some fashionable young ladies nowadays. Those who are familiar with Quida's books (and who is not?) will hardly be surprised at her chirography. It seems to be in some way a most befitting thing. It is not handsome, nor is it particularly ugly, but it compels attention.

D. Movely.

Second Signature All Million

D. L. Moody. The giant is not a creation of the fancy or a thing of the past—in the matter of autographs. Now we will see how Mr. Moody's pen work conforms with his methods. Here, then, is a paragraph, found in a Chicago paper, which does not in any way refer to the autograph of the celebrated Evangelist: "One thing about Mr. Moody; eloquent or ineloquent, when he speaks to an audience, large or small, he does not spare himself; he is not afraid . of exertion. It is as if he would not tolerate an indolent fibre in his being, least of all when in the pulpit. Nobody in his presence ever thought to say: 'Thou sluggard.' There are a good many ministers who, if they were to bear in mind that remark of John Brown, 'It's a mighty big thing for a man to do all he can,' would presently find a notable increase in their congregations and in their power for good over them." No, Mr. Moody does not "spare himself." It is not necessary to be in his presence to know that he is not a sluggard.

W Hogarth

W. Hogarth. "See, what a beauty!" as the poet remarks of the tiger couchant. Then try to reconcile this with your impressions of the work of the great engraver of the first half of the last century. The effect will be mystifying. It is easy to discover the artist in the exact and delicate chirography, but the characteristic that the world of his day would not let him depart from, and which the world of to-day always sees in the mention of his name, does not appear at all in the above. It is simply impossible to associate this handsome autograph with the bulging cheeks, idiotic leering, and beery passion of the vulgar tales in picture that were the delight of his time and are the wonder of the present day. Hogarth tried painting and high art, but the people would not have it from him, and now we have two geniuses to admire-one in "The Rake's Progress" and similar productions, the other in his autograph. )The critics say of the former that the moral of his satire is always stern, true and unmistakable.



Brighamyoung

BRIGHAM Young. A plain and straightforward bit of penmanship. In this respect it is different from the celebrated Mormon's theory of happiness. It is a good signature to be attached to a-letter seeking proselytes to the so-called faith, for the least wise can as easily read it as print. It is entirely praiseworthy in this regard, and in its lack of pronounced character there is something soothing to jaded eyes. Jaded hearts, on the other hand, will not so calmly regard it. But there is nothing uncanny about the writing itself, and this fact gives contradiction to the startling news of a few months ago that the deceased Mormon, after ten years of quiet sleep, had suddenly appeared on earth again, to oppose in person the threatening ogre known in Utah and elsewhere as the Edmunds bill.

## 9. Carlage

T. CARLYLE. This is an instance in which the man himself stares at you through his autograph. What a weird, crabbed, fantastic, erratic, cabalistic, dyspeptic looking thing it is! But note its rugged strength and originality. Who ever saw such a T before? It is a cross of German and English equivalents, just as the Chelsea Philosopher is a cross of the German and the English mind. Carlyle ever had a queer idea of capitals. His wonderfully abstract essays bristle with them, and add their mite to mystify the reader. He does not care what you think of his chirography. It is jagged and individual, and has a great idea in it somewhere; and that is enough. If you will see something grand and beautiful in his autograph, he, if alive, would perhaps see something heroic in yours. If yes, then you must indeed be a demigod. So, do your best, and say you see the splendid light, whether you do or not.

### WW. Horods

Tomas de la compania de la compania

W. D. Howells. This diminutive specimen of the handwriting of our best-paid novelist ought to be a source of gratification to some of his critics. It is almost effeminate, and seems to justify a part of the meaning of a writer who cynically speaks of the novelist as "that gentle apostle of man millinery." Of course we all know that this is unfair, unjust. True, we might expect such a signature as this after some of the doses of sweetened puritanism to be found in "The Minister's Charge," or after the monotonous commonplaceness and weak humor of "Their Wedding Journey," but it hardly accords with the strong, perfect character pictures to be found in that masterpiece of genuine realism, "A Modern Instance." In one way this specimen is characteristic. It is subdued, easy, neatly connected, and inoffensive—just the kind of writing to suit a drawing-room taste. And yet no writer of the day has made so many artistic touches and photographed so truly people and phases of life that we know are actual. Realism is a question of taste and courage. Compare this signature with Zola's and imagine the best elements of each combined in one, and you will have a fit sign-manual for the great realist yet to appear.



## Laura D. Bridgman

LAURA D. BRIDGMAN. Considering the conditions, this is perhaps the most remarkable signature ever penned. Made blind, deaf and dumb by a fever in her infancy, Laura Bridgman is the most celebrated exponent of the possibilities of the senses. She has developed such a power in judging the intelligence of a stranger by a touch of the hand that at one time she was regarded as possessing what is called the "sixth sense." Equally marvelous is her command of the idea of proportion as exhibited in her well constructed and interesting autograph.

W.T. Sherman

Sandequin IIII

W. T. SHERMAN. Our doughty and illustrious warrior chief (well named William, signifying bold, valiant; and Tecumseh, meaning big injun) photographs his conqueror nature in his autograph, of which he is pardonably proud. After virtually closing the war by his triumphant march through Georgia and the Carolinas, he turns his victorious eagles toward new fields of conquest. Note the ambitious loop of the T. His later struggles have been (see daily papers) against the pouting graces of the weaker sex; hence his occasional defeat, though gallantly contesting. Here is the latest dispatch from the field of battle to the Springfield Republican: "General Sherman, who, it is well known, has a free and easy way with pretty girls, came along where the young lady sat writing a letter at a table. Bending over her the grizzly old veteran picked up the half finished sheet and turning it over to a blank page put his autograph on it in bold form. She [sweet enemy] tore it in pieces right before him and took a new sheet, baffling the presuming gallant, who beat a retreat." Napoleon could have done no better.



Ch Sirmons

CH. GOUNOD. This is said to be not an average specimen of the quality of the handwriting of the world-appreciated composer of "Faust." He is usually a good penman of the neat, clear, small-letter style prevalent among Frenchmen of the less extreme type. He is accused of eccentricity and of finical faults, which do not appear in the above signature, at least to any appreciable extent. It has, on the other hand, the stamp of ingenuousness not at all incompatible with the genius which is acknowledged to be his. Strauss composed enticing melodies in an artistic way, but Gounod with similar resources works on a higher plane. If he has encroached on the fantastic and unreal, he does not give more than a hint of his idea in this autograph.



P7. Burnen

P. T. BARNUM. It is useless to overhaul this signmanual for the meaning that most everybody who believes in the mirror qualities of handwriting thinks must be hidden therein. Of course by this is meant that element of the intellect which, when largely developed, may be called the bump of humbug. The greatest of all showmen has certainly been the most stupendous of all humbuggers. But his has ever been genuine humbug. He knows that every one else knows that he knows that everybody knows that he is humbugging. Human nature loves to be fooled, but hates to be swindled. P. T. Barnum always gives more than the value in the money. His signature is as unpretentious as his private life.

## orean wind

a congainm Millimi

OSCAR WILDE. There is no doubt as to the significance of this autograph. Made at a time when the craze for yallery-greenery art was in full bloom, it shows the best effort of the faithful apostle of the too-too in attempting to put the soul of his convictions into plebian ink-trails. As there is nothing similar to it to be met with in ordinary places, it may not have been libelous to attribute to him the remark, that, "to disagree with three-fourths of the public on all points is one of the first elements of sanity." Alas, for the star of Oscar! The susceptible young lady of the day is now truant to the æsthetic style of chirography, and she must just at present be "dashing and straight and strong, not romantic and yearning." Some day she will return to her earlier love.

Grafhington In Washing ton

The state of the s

G. Washington.—M. Washington. History is the slave of circumstances, and as the foundation of the government is the greatest event in a nation's career, these two autographs are the most enduring pair that this country will ever know. The one who, by courtesy of the times, was called "Lady Washington," and the other, who will always be known as "the father of his country," do not figure at all extraordinarily in their penmanship. Some writer has observed: "What firmness and dignity is expressed in the signature of Washington;" but these qualities are surely difficult to discover in the writing as a whole, or in the letters separately. They are not seen, for instance, in the n's the s the cross of the t or even in the capitals. Still, who would wish that these autographs had been pronounced in style?

Agy or

Byron. Look over all the other autographs herein, and then judge whether it is straining the fancy to see intense personality in this. All of us will agree in thinking it not the accepted characteristic hand of a poet. It is genuine, there can be no doubt on that point. The pen was guided by a natural impulse. There is a nervous energy about the pen's course as it sweeps back upon itself that is strikingly apparent. Now, if these conclusions are correct, the poet throws himself into his autograph; for Byron's genius was of all geniuses the product of his personality. His mind created all those unequalled beauties only in relation to himself. It was not an imaginary hero, but he himself who "gazed upon the glittering sea below, whence the broad moon rose circling into sight." An astute critic says: "Never, in the freest flight of his thoughts, did he liberate himself from himself." The "nervous energy" above noted cannot be missed even by those who read Byron's greatest work for the sake of the moral shock. The grammatomancers and single-letter analyzers will find much more difficulty in this autograph than has the writer hereof

Dow mulchite

Don'd G. MITCHELL. This well-known American gentleman of letter is prepossessing in the every-day attire of his name. The world recognizes him quicker, however, in the assumed guise of "Ik Marvel," as he gracefully, half-pathetically, gives himself over to the "Reveries of a Bachelor." Successful in literature, he has lived to a time when he finds the chief duties and pleasures of life in devoting his energies to finding what a New England farm is good for. He writes a good hand, from which little can be guessed as to his general convictions.

5 Done

G. Dore. Although sloping the other way, the signature of this peculiar French artist, who has reached a height in fame the "why" of which is hard for many to understand, at once brings to mind the remarkable parallel it makes with that of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. But in the case of "Golden Gustave" the writing is characteristic. Those weird, night-mare illustrations, which some have admired so much as scenes from Dante, may easily be understood to have been made by the hand that executed the above chirological fantasm. "His works," says a fairly appreciative critic, "show him to be an artist, in spite of his hastiness and mannerism." The latter word is easily correct; "hastiness" rests on the assertion that the artist has executed fully fifty thousand designs. His sign-manual is a correct guide to his art.

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F. S. Key. The only interest which attaches to this autograph is that created by the fact of its having been made by the hand which wrote that exceedingly commonplace but immeasurably popular song, The Star-Spangled Banner, which is as well known in the United States as the Marseillaise in France, or the Rhine Song in Germany. The song was suggested and partially written while the author was detained in the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort Henry, of which he was an anxious spectator. He was many years District Attorney of the District of Columbia, and in the early part of the century had some reputation as a poet. There is little to be said of his chirography except such criticism as may be made on the obscure formation of the initials.

Benj Franklin

Benja, Franklin. Here are seen two peculiarities distinctly united. Every letter in the name is the acme of exactness and simplicity, while attached to the whole we find a prolonged, mysterious, groping sweep of the pen, which seems to have wandered from the plain path in search of the unattainable. We will go to no less a person than Sir Humphrey Davy for a quieting explanation of the incongruity. That eminent analyzer of nature looks into the construction of Franklin's mind, and finds that it was endowed "equally for the uninitiated and for the philosopher." It is not necessary for our purpose to go farther. The world loves Poor Richard for his common sense, his simplicity. We see these elements in every stroke of his signature proper. The philosophers may find all the comfort they wish in the dreamy, uncertain flourish. In his youth he was a practical printer, and early learned the value of plain penmanship, but he had enough of the wandering spirit in him to cause him to run away from his relatives. In Franklin's character and in his autograph, the "uninitiated" idea prevails.



Barthey Campbell

Bartley Campbell. Ordinarily an inquiry into the significance of an individual's handwriting is most successful when the search is directed toward undercurrents, or, in the case of an extremist or pretender, to what may be termed overcurrents. The presence of unmistakable indices may be regarded as significant, yet their absence must not be taken as proof of anything. The signature of this lamented author of several extremely successful dramas of a not elevated order of stage art is one from which little can be gleaned. It is difficult to tell what impulse guided the pen which formed that unique C into its combination. His final breakdown is not foreshadowed herein, by adopting the deductions of the Philadelphian who has studied the chirography of many brain-sick unfortunates.

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O. W. Holmes. Without inquiring into the prevailing mental tendencies of the ever brilliant Professor, let us take his autograph as a good specimen of a recognized graphological truth. A writer for the Harpers brought the idea out, and the newspapers immediately seized it, and made it current throughout the land. In condensed form it is as follows: "The handwriting of distinguished Bostonians is usually more delicate and perspicuous than that of distinguished New Yorkers, as any one who has ever received epistles from Mr. Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Prof. Norton, or the late Mr. Longfellow will testify. More pains is taken in forming the letters, and the total result wears an air rather of neatness than of dispatch." So far as generally known, these statements have not been controverted, and each reader must decide for himself which of the two styles of chirography (and hence which order of talent) is preferable.

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WILKIE COLLINS. The pen has taken hold of the paper in this instance with remarkable vim. There is no hesitation, no wavering; it hurries on its course in a most rapid and untrammeled flight, that is at once business-like, and not suggestive of mere fanciful impulses. But the central thought, to which everything else seems to be subsidiary, is the mysterious and wholly characteristic C, which is original, and, with its cross-scoring, decidedly odd. It captivates the attention. It is the one distinct impression which the autograph leaves when removed from sight. Wilkie Collins is the acknowledged master of plot. His fiction lives through its singular power in fascinating the reader by means of a peculiar central idea.

Henry Clay Lukens.

Henry Clay Lukens. Those who know "Erratic Enrique" do not care anything about his autograph from the point of view of these pages, for it is no more suggestive of anything erratic than his personality is of any one not all geniality and good sense. The "New York News man" has sown smiles right and left all over this happy land, and "Erratic Enrique's" books have not lost public appreciation as those of mere comic writers inevitably do in a short time. Our subject has for many years been one of the hardest working practical journalists in the country, and is now in harness, attached to one of the liveliest and most valuable of our weekly journals. His signature is a good enough one for any man who doesn't want to know how to whine or seratch, and always trots along on the sunny side of the street.

John Hancock

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JOHN HANCOCK. What a signature this was to be the first on the great Declaration document. It is a sort of declaration of independence in itself. There is no getting away from its Gibraltar meaning. Formidable, honest, and unmistakable, the autograph of the President of the Continental Congress does full justice to his character. History records an estimate of the man, which is faithfully reflected in his autograph, viz.: "A man of strong common sense and decision of character, dignified, impartial, he always commanded respect." And so does his sign-manual.

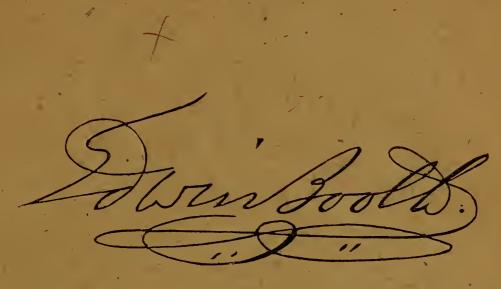
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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. As one of the most famous women of the century, our subject sets a good example in the quiet neatness of her signature, which seems to be in keeping with the syllabic beauty of her name. Nor is it out of harmony with the idea which has caused a highly educated and brilliantly accomplished woman to devote her life most intensely to the alleviation of human suffering. No one has accomplished so much as she in perfecting the hospital system of the British army. Florence Nightingale's ingenuous autograph would probably be feelingly cherished by a larger number of persons than that of any other individual.

Martin F. Tryper

MARTIN F: TUPPER. The only distinguishing peculiarties of this signature are the overwrought flourish, the eccentric use of colons for periods, and the self-sufficient appearance of the T. The eccentricities are, of course, forced; the rest of the writing is wholly ordinary, and plain withal. This is fairly descriptive of his poetic faculty. Without "Tupper, the immortal Tupper," witty literary critics would be deprived of a prolific source of mirth. What are called "the people," however, have liked Tupper's almost grotesque platitudes immensely, and forty or fifty editions of his "Proverbial Philosophy" have been sold in England and the United States. No one of authority calls him a poet, in the accepted sense. His autograph is certainly commonplace enough in its natural characteristics to satisfy his admirers, and placidly pretentious enough in its peculiarities to meet the humor of his critics.



EDWIN BOOTH. Those who have not had the privilege of seeing and hearing the great tragedian may learn something of his method by a scrutiny of his sign-manual. The name of Booth has been a synonym for splendid stage art for years and years. In the time of Cibber Barton, Booth played—the part of the ghost in *Hamlet* in so great a way that it became a matter of record for unequalled excellence. In our own time Edwin Booth stands without a peer in his accepted method. The very quick of his style lives in his autograph. It is preeminently heroic. And, like all things heroic nowadays, it occasionally over-reaches, and shows something like a snarl—perhaps, bathos.

Percy Bethelly

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Percy B. Shelley. There is an ethereal, shadowy effect about this singular chirography that is not lost by a continued scrutiny. It is idealistic, illusory, unsubstantial, spirituelle. And of such was the genius of Shelley. Master of his realms, all who have attempted to follow have dropped by the way, surrounded by beauties even there they could not hope to reach. The practical Macaulay has named him the "poet for poets," and most of us, unless we belong to a "Shelley Society," will prefer his wayside pieces. In its own way, this autograph has as much that is distinctly and naturally genuine as that of the poet's fellow wanderer, Byron.

## George The Count Soann

George The Count Joannes. There is no occasion for laughter now. The great and only original "uncrushed tragedian" was no imposter. He was genuine to the marrow, and he left no doubt of his entire lack of spuriousness. He was an emphatic genius, as any one may see by the strong underscoring he gave to his sign-manual. His writing is not sensational; it is strong and earnest. His earnestness, as all old theatre-goers know, was such that he was wont to reject no tokens of the audience's appreciation, except full-sized cabbage buds, over ripe gallinaceous fruit, and the like. His titular name is not a corruption of plebian George Jones, but the acknowledgment of a divine inheritance. He is gone now, and we should gaze on his autograph as on that of one who has taken more than a mite from the dreary burden which humanity bears.

John Stoward Layre,

John Howard Payne. This handsome running signature is without noticeable characteristics to distinguish it from the ordinary style of many good penmen. Payne was an actor, dramatist, and general writer of not more than average attainments, but his name will outlive that of many a genius of high order, in connection with that perennial and universal song, "Home, Sweet Home," the words of which, and not the air, originated with him. This song is said to have made the fortunes of all first connected with it, except its author. He suffered the hardships of poverty, which his neat and accurate chirography might have averted if devoted to the humdrum duties of the counting room.

B. P. Snillalin

B. P. SHILLABER. Humorists rarely show anything characteristic of their quality in their pen-marks; but as humorists are also rarely themselves when funny, it is hardly reasonable to look for public-known traits in their ink-tracings. The fact that those whose business it is to create a laugh are most frequently persons of serious and even gloomy propensities, has been remarked in every generation. Without attempting to discover the peculiarity of the inner spark whence springs the outer flash in this most universal of laugh producers, it must suffice to know that the above is one of "Mrs. Partington's" entirely acceptable autographs.

Charles Carroll of Carrollom

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. The bluest of the famous blue blood of Baltimore runs through every vein of the signature of the greatest of the Carrolls of Carrollton. The indigo hue is there, whatever acuteness may be necessary to distinguish it, for C. C. of C. was a descendant of the old Irish kings, the inheritor of a vast estate, and hence one of the richest men in the Colonies, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a man "whose manner and speech were those of a refined and courteous gentleman." We may admire these patrician pen-marks without reservation, for they are truly American. Nor must we regard the estate attachment, "of-Carrollton," as aping an un-American custom, since it was used to distinguish the signer from a kinsman bearing his name. It is to be hoped that all the present Carrolls of Carrollton are not less democratic in their aspirations than the signer shows himself to have been in this autograph.

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R. WAGNER. There is no doubt that this is the composer's autograph, but as the letters are certainly not German nor English, nor anything else except Wagnerian, so far as can be discovered, it is somewhat rash to say what they spell. Nevertheless, the previous assertion is authoritative. And when you come to think of it, there is no reason why this autograph should not be regarded as an authentic specimen. It embodies the musical idea of its author to perfection. His doctrine in music is to photograph thoughts and deeds with sound by the avoidance of melody, and to make the unhallowed public, see the invisible by means of pamphlets and reprints of favorable newspaper critiques. He has conquered the public and, according to one of his standard-bearers, has overcome even his ancient enemy, the French; for, as this interpreter remarks, the master cannot be ignored since "his music has made more noise in the world than that of all other musicians put together." (No italics in the original.) The majority of us may give in to the music, but never, never, to the autograph.

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CII. O'CONOR. Few signatures are so directly characteristic of their author's intellectual tenets as that which dignifies this page. One who cannot see unqualified strength in its towering, rugged capitals, must deny nearly every palpable suggestion that handwriting can offer. In the proper spirit it is not difficult to discern logical vigor, clear cut purpose, and force of resolve in the impressive outlines. For his connection with the historic Slave Jack case and with the prosecution of the Tweed Ring, the general public will long venerate the name of the great lawyer, but it is among his fellow-laborers we must go for the undoubtedly just estimate which recognizes in him the leading legal intellect of his time. His autograph may be regarded as the shadow of his mind.

Robert Burns

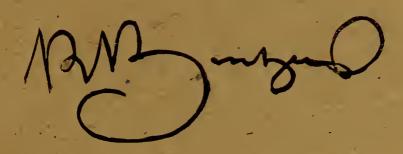
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ROBERT BURNS. All who are familiar with the writings of Burns must be struck with the singular patness, so to speak, of his autograph. Properly considered, it meets the requirements perfectly. It is an artless, open, schoolboy sort of hand, that no one would think of noticing under ordinary circumstances. And (this is not a paradox) Burns was ordinary in every way, and therein lies his extraordinary genius. No other poet has gone to the verge of inartificial beauty and unforced feeling. His Woodlark, with its realism and genuine sentimental cry, "For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair, Or my poor heart is broken," stands alone of its kind. He wrote things as remarkable for their indecency as anything ever penned. No sane admirer deifies these. He slipped into ways unnatural to his life impulse, but he always returned to himself, and in his thoughts as in his autograph, open simplicity and unaffected naturalness are the characteristics.

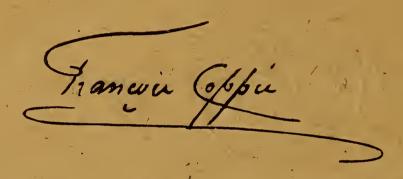
## Thomas a Edison.

THOMAS A. EDISON. All true citizens of this throbbing land aught to be proud of a man who can write his name this way when he feels like it. No graphologist dares to let his fancy play around these upright, half-print letters. The E looks slightly suspicious, however, and may hint at something. But the comet! There's the mark. This wonderful phono-electro-magician, following the general law, must put himself into his autograph somewhere. The name proper may be prosaic and suggestive of cash, but that immense sweep through the regions of the blank tells the true tale. The comet needs no interpreter. Every one knows what its mission is in this place.

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R. Bonheur. Bold design and picturesque effect are the best things to be said of this famous artist's sign manual. True it has an animated effect that may be called typical of her best efforts on the canvas, but this is not an affirmation to be made without an effort. That her best paintings are those of animal life in action goes unquestioned; but that the spirit of the "Horse Fair" and other productions of a like nature is more than faintly shadowed in the above, is too much to say. As a whole, this autograph is unsatisfactory, puzzling, and representative of little that will stand for the quality of her work.



Chimically Win Some and Milliant All Williams

Francois Copper. More than any other class poets have the habit (sometimes conscious) of putting their mental quality into their autographs. This specimen of the handwriting of the "most distinguished French poet since Victor Hugo," is remarkable for its photographic effect. We will let an acute analyzer of his poetry present the estimate: "In poetry as well as in personal adornment, filagree is sometimes very charming. A noticeable member of the filagree school of poets is M. Francois Coppee. He fashions his filagree so prettily that it would be hard to deny him the name of poet. His faint little melodies in the minor key win us like æolian murmurs from shadowland." Further comment is unnecessary.

