

twenty pounds were forthcoming—no less doubt they were never returned. Wm. Penn's chirography does not bespeak a knight of the quill, it looks like a small boy's hopeless attempts. Chatterton's is beautiful, something like the best French script. Bulwer Lytton's looks as if a fine cambric needle were the medium of transmission, from his heart to his ink pot thence to his scented paper "lift it with care, fashioned so slenderly" you know. Dan O'Connell's stands out in bold, free, distinct assertion of a stout pen and firm fist. The late Sultan of Turkey, all due salaams to his *manes*, in a missive to Beranger the French Burns, has put down something that looks very emphatic and sweepingly graceful; not unlike our elegant short-hand traceries are these oriental hieroglyphics; and are we to judge of the great Bonaparte's decision of character, his cold genius, by his pen and ink performances? If so, then hand writing, like dreams, must be interpreted negatively. Circumstances after all, give a man a variety of characters, and the great "Fallen Idol" was at St. Helena when the "last will and testament" was traced, and that was not the hero of Jena and Austerlitz. The extract of the will contained in this collection says: "Je meure dans la religion Catholique et Romaine dans laquelle je suis ne il y a plus de cinquante ans—Je desire que me cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé." Poor fellow, the writing speaks of utter abandonment of all earthly projects, it speaks of suffering in mind and body, it says: "I'm not myself at all at all" here, with no one to bully. The metaphysical poet, Wordsworth has a child's hand, it seems to indicate a knowing sympathy with such earnest prattlers as the "Little Cottage Girl" and "Lucy Grey." "Bobby Burns" bleas his kindly heart! sets down his fresh, beautiful thoughts with a hand that has been stiffened by clumsier utensils than a pen, yet the characters are all well formed, they bespeak close application, the pot hooks are almost faultless. As for Martin Luther and his confreres, Calvin, Knox, Melancthon, etc., it may sound like pre-conceived dislike to say so, but verily if they ever saw on this side of Erubus, the Prince thereof, it must have been while they were driving the quill, their scrawls look as if the hand that held the pen or

stick or whatever it was, had been engaged at the same time in shying off some goblin or other; to put it mildly, one feels like intoning "Shoo Fly" while gazing on it. A most *telling* writing indeed!! Every one has seen fac-similes of Shakspeare's ink sketching. If the printers of his day had started the query, as to "who wrote the plays" Shakspeare or the D—1? it would be small matter of wonder. A letter from Sir Isaac Newton bearing the date of 1862, is surprisingly legible and studiously correct; how could it be otherwise, dated from Trinity College, Cambridge? Mr. Ruskin writes like a nervous lady, who persists in using a very fine pen in spite of the '*spazzims*' every third line must cause. Davy Garrick's struggling lines evoke a happy, easy-going mortal, who can't see why all this fuss is made over the fact of "Jordan being a hard road to travel."

Of the many letters directly addressed to Father Fox, one of the most simply beautiful is from Richard Doyle, the artist who severed his connection with 'Punch' on account of some insulting caricatures of the Holy Father (Pius IX)—The letter does not bear on that subject; it is a mere note from which it can be no indiscretion to quote a few lines, as indicative of a happy character; he says: "Dear Charles, Sebastapol est pris fal de ral da riddle da ray!! this is partly to say I do intend to start for Scotland and don't intend to go to Crimea. J—— is sketching from what's-her-name, nature, etc. . . . I hope to pay you a visit on my way back again . . . I send you in haste the only good thing I have heard a clown say as yet; on Pantaleon doing something indicative of more than ordinary idiocy, this clown said, addressing the audience: "He fell down stairs and broke his leg when quite a child and has never since been able to learn his multiplication table." In the near vicinity of this joviality you come upon a bit of grim beauty, the epitaph of Benjamin Franklin, printer, written by himself, in 1728,—he died only in 1784.

"Benjamin Franklin,  
Like the cover of an old book,  
Its contents torn out  
And stripped of its lettering and gilding.  
Lies here—food for worms.  
But the work shall not be lost  
For it will (as he believed) appear once more  
In a new and more eloquent edition,  
*Revised and corrected by the Author.*"