

Caligraphy and character.

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constantly in the 'Gargantua.' There is a *patriotism* for the whole world (if we may say so) in the Frenchman, to which the chagrined and narrow-minded Dean Swift was an utter stranger. He had, again, a follower in the wayward 'Tristram Shandy,' but Rabelais had none of the heartlessness of Sterne; he had none of his *cold* licentiousness or still colder sentimentality.

Amongst his own countrymen his influence has been unbounded; his one mind has almost formed the national character and literature of France. The germ of nearly everything mirthful and satirical in French letters may be found in his pages. Molière, Lesage, Lafontaine, Voltaire, Paul Louis Courier, have all belonged to his school, but which among them has ever obtained the *moral dignity* of Rabelais when he lays aside the mask and does condescend to be serious?

The world, however, is not likely to have another perfect Rabelais, and for this plain reason, that it is not likely to have the same need of one. As already hinted, if commentators would drop mystery and substitute common sense, the solution of their perplexities would be marvellously facilitated. The rampant wit and humourist was evidently in advance of his age, and like Fontenelle had mastered more truths than to which it was prudent to give naked utterance. Men must appear mad, or nearly so, sometimes for safety, for irresponsibility in their vagaries. It was the artifice of David before Saul, of the noble Dane, and of the melancholy Jaques. Mankind cannot always help being jealous, envious, and impatient of superiority, and nothing tends more to allay these nervous feelings and soothe their aristocratic *morgue* than a little semblance of *sottisness* or extravagance. It was the simulated guise of the eccentric Frenchman, who wore the 'motley' aforethought, that he might exercise the fool's privilege with impunity, of launching at random his rich burlesque, withering sarcasm, and convulsive ridicule. How else could he safely have vented his spleen, his contempt, and his hatred of a bigoted and deceiving age? Perilous would have been his position—dire the vengeance of the Sorbonne, the Holy Church, and other exclusive superiorities—had he openly, and not from a masked battery, shot his missiles at monks, princes, and nobles. The humble and poverty-stricken physician of Montpellier was too wary rashly to confront these overwhelming hostilities, and wisely sheltered himself under the immunities of the *droll*, whose sallies are received as pointed, not ill-meant or ill-natured. But these subterfuges of genius are less needed, and there is not the same necessity for discoursing in parables and similitudes. Society is healthier in structure, and can bear the truth on most topics, whether secular or spiritual, without much risk of disturbance. There is

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hardly any thing now in Church or State—not even members of Parliament—sacred from comment and criticism. Yet it did not use to be so, and that almost within living memory. One indeed could hardly credit the assertion did not a stray octogenarian or so survive to attest its veracity, that the proceedings of our own august legislature were so recently not open to the cognizance of the profane vulgar, and that the learned Dr. Samuel Johnson was obliged to dissemble his version of their sayings and doings under Roman names, the half-concealment of initials, or publish them as the ‘Debates of the Political Club,’ or the ‘Senate of Lilliput.’ Things were held secret, because false, foolish, or unjust. But the world has turned round many times, and had the benefit of the sun, the rain, and the wind, since the subject of this notice disported on its surface.

A very shrewd doctor, and perhaps a wicked one, master Rabelais, you were, no doubt; and wisely in your old age did you take shelter in the *cure* of Meudon, diverting the shafts of malicious construction in dispensing ‘music for the million,’ and food and physic for the impotent. It is rather late in the day, we confess, to unearth your almost mediæval remains; but the past throws light on the present, and for this we have essayed to conjure up your grotesque impersonation. We shall take leave of you for the present, making our salaam in your own quaint but significant epilogue:—‘*Or, messieurs, vous avez ouy uny commencement de l’hystoire horrificque de mon maistre et seigneur Pantagruel. Vous aurez le reste. . . . Bon soir, messieurs. Perdonate mi, et ne pensez tant a mes faultes que ne pensez bien es vostres !*’*

(3.) CALIGRAPHY AND CHARACTER.

GOOD penmanship, like all other good things, has its value, but ‘gold may be bought too dear,’ and fine calligraphy may be cultivated at too great a cost, that is, at the price of other more important accomplishments. There are doubtless distinguished exceptions, but I never myself knew an intellectual person who wrote a ‘good hand,’ as it is termed, that is to say, a cramped and systematised form of letters requiring a fine-pointed elastic pen, with fine up-strokes and strong down-strokes, each letter measuring an equal distance from its preceding one, in short, modelled after the perfect copies of Lang-

* Book ii., ch. 34.

ford, Arrowsmith, and Menzie. Almost every man of an individualised nature writes a hand of his own, and that hand is always in strict keeping with his own personal character. Educated women, indeed, write so much in imitation of a universally fashionable model, that all character is lost in their calligraphy; there being from the highest to the humblest of the sex, with a few exceptions, not more than three classes of style distinguishable—the lady's hand all angles and a peculiar swing to the tail of the *g* and *y*—the milliner's hand, which is the old-school hand run wild—and the cook and housemaid's hand, which needs no description. Amongst certain classes of men, too, there is considerable uniformity—especially counting-house clerks, legal clerks, and the counter-skipppers in general. Leaving, however, these out of the question, long observation has convinced me that the handwriting of men in general is highly characteristic of their dispositions and mental habits.

I have before me numerous autographs of distinguished persons in English history, and history tells of them the same story that their calligraphy does. For instance, take a few of those of the time of Elizabeth, and refer only to those which are easy of access, and with which we are tolerably familiar. The 'virgin queen' herself is displayed in her careful and commanding signature. This style of writing is not seen in one accustomed to other obedience than her 'own sweet will.' The hand of her favourite Leicester is marked by studied grace—an evident desire to play the prude to a prudish mistress. The dash of Frobisher, the ruthless and the brave, contrasts finely with that of Hawkins, the mean and avaricious officer of the Admiralty, and the shuffling courtier of Elizabeth. The fine regular Italian hand of the courtly Cecil, who retained the queen's favour when others lost their heads, and who was a married man in the train of a mistress who could not endure that her courtiers should marry, is sufficiently characteristic of him whose very 'shake of the head' meant much, and who never said a word or did an act which was impolitic. The pompous grace of Howard of Effingham, who commanded the fleet in the memorable contest with the Duke of Parma and the Armada, is finely characteristic of the importance which he attached to himself. In fact, whilst the Elizabethan signatures bespeak careful men and polished courtiers, there is in every one of them enough to enable an experienced observer to point out the general character of the respective individuals who penned them.

If we look at the series of autographs downwards from that period, we shall find much similarity of air and style prevailing

between those of the concurrent monarch and his subjects—a general spirit, if I may so say; but becoming less and less marked as we advance nearer our own time. It is sufficient for our purpose to notice, therefore, two or three of our sovereigns. Who does not recognise, in the sprawling and fantastic caligraphy of ‘Jamie the Saxt,’ the essential character of the royal buffoon, alternately playing at polemics with the Puritans, and arbitrarily declaring it ‘too great a luxury for a subject’ to avail himself of the benevolence of his countryman, the ‘oft-blessed Duke of Argyle?’

Who does not recognise the elegant mind and somewhat reckless, versatile, and unstable disposition of the ill-fated Charles the First, in his usual signature as well as in his usual writing? Look, again, at the signaturess to the death-warrant of this faithless yet much-to-be-pitied monarch, and we see in all of them the characters of men who wrote under the influence of determined hate, as though they would have driven the pen itself into the very heart of their victim, and dispatch ‘the Stuart’ each with his own right hand! His two sons, how strikingly they display their characters in their signs-manual! The licentious Charles—*insouciant*, extravagant, and elegant; the rigid, bigotted, gloomy, James—all cool, determined, and self-devoted enthusiasm! But enough: we pass on.

All, or nearly all the children of George the Third wrote what is called ‘a good hand.’ They were all taught by the same master, and some of them wrote a cramped and stinging hand; each of them, however, had a character in caligraphy, which may be easily recognised, and identify the conclusion by a reference to authentic history. They all possessed the off-hand dogmatism of the ‘good old king,’ and few of them, if any, inherited the ‘truly German spirit’ of their mother. There is, however, a very painful history attached to this subject, upon which we would rather not enter—it is one which shows that queen-mothers can condescend to do a wrong, a grievous wrong to a poor ‘professional’ man.

Were we to look with the slightest attention at the caligraphy of the public men of our own memory, we shall be led to the same conclusions. ‘The Duke,’ for instance—a hand formed on the copy-slip model before he went to Eton, and moulded there on the ‘imposition’ system; turned adrift as a subaltern to write as he liked and act as he liked, so that he was on parade in time and went through his ‘duties’ with sufficient nonchalance towards the ‘men,’ and sufficient deference towards his superior officers; thinking much, acting much, and writing little—never entirely forgetting the *beau idéal*, yet always writing as though he felt every stroke of his pen to be in

the imperative mood—clenching the nail by the very blow that drove it. Is he not the same at the age of seventy-four?

But mark the hand of the other great leader in the fearful Belgian strife—that of Napoleon. Who that has once seen can forget it? His characters are digged into the paper as with the point of a blunted bayonet, charged with an amateur composition of gore and gunpowder! In Napoleon's caligraphy we can realize the '*veni—vidi—vici*' of Cæsar himself!

Again, look at the hand of Lord Brougham. He is 'hewing Agag in pieces.' Every movement of his pen dissevers a head—lops an arm—amputates a leg! Show me the man who would not quail under his indignant denunciation in the senate, or his withering sarcasm in the Old Edinburgh! That man has a tougher hide than the 'Liberator' himself!

The present Chancellor, the son of *that* man who painted *that* picture! Chatham himself not more lucid than Lyndhurst; the force of Copley's pencil not more *telling* than that of Lyndhurst's tongue or Lyndhurst's pen. Clear, confident, pre-disciplined; his subject mastered before he speaks; his diction all-powerful and incapable of disputation. Worthily a senior wrangler in the senate as in the senate-house! His masterly, free, unconvulsed hand bespeaks all this.

The Lord Chancellor Eldon (going back a step for the sake of contrast) had a character for doubt, indecision, coldness—for profound learning in the statutes and *precedents* of equity—for the preference of technicalities to justice, and of antiquity to truth—and for a special degree of the contraction of all the sympathies of human nature within the pale of his own political jealousies. His very signature is written with hesitation, as though every stroke of his pen were intended to obliterate the preceding one, and he wished for an opportunity of revoking the judgment he was about to authenticate for the pleasure of starting new doubts, and the addition of new fees and refreshers to the 'gentlemen of the Chancery-bar.'

Turn we, now, to the leaders of the two great parties in the House of Commons—if, indeed, they be leaders in any thing material beyond the leaders of *nominal* parties—Lord John and Sir Robert.

In the noble scion of the house of Bedford, the very caligraphy bespeaks a man 'wide awake'—a weasel that never sleeps, or 'perchance it dreams,' with one eye at least keeping vigilant watch. Such a hand as his, though it bespeaks both worth and ability, would predoom his tragedy; and the fiat of the public upon his 'Don Carlos' has justified the prophecy. Its character is that of a man of plain integrity, without indication of exalted intellect.

Now to Sir Robert. Who does not discern in the free, clear, bold stroke of the Premier the suavity, self-reliance, and polished surface of the man who can adopt if not conceive large plans, and who is conscious of the power to execute them in successive detail: withal it is the hand of acknowledged mastery; it is the hand that guides the reins but holds the whip, and that can apply the lash either to his own restive cattle or to the rival drove that may attempt to cross his path.

If we turn to the Throne itself, we recognise at once the hand of ability and determination; the hand of one who feels that she has a moral power as well as a political right to command. In her royal husband's caligraphy we see the prudent, subservient, and well-conducted consort of the Queen, one who is satisfied with his good fortune, and who will not easily be drawn into any diversion which should mar his nuptial bliss. His is not the hand of a conspirator—he could not become one: Hail to the auspicious union! Court vice is gone out of fashion, and dissipation and obscenity have become disreputable!

Perhaps, after all, the personal character is not so fully shewn by the caligraphy of royalty, nobility, statesmen, and lawyers, as in the literary and scientific classes, owing to their having less practice in it, and thereby becoming less independent of the conventional forms of letters. In general, such persons write but little, and hence they always feel to a certain degree in trammels. The scientific man writes much more, and usually with greater freedom of motion; and the literary man in a still greater degree than the man of science. In scientific hands, however, we find a great diversity. Mathematicians and physical enquirers for the most part think slowly and deliberately—this is characterized by their uniform letters and regular lineation. The chemist, the anatomist, and experimenter in general, write an irregular and rapid hand—characteristic of the rough notebook, and a proof that writing is both an interruption and a drudgery. Fancy philosophers, like all other fancy men, are no criterion of men of science: but for the most part these are somewhat punctilious respecting the visual character of their manuscripts—bespeaking by neat or showy caligraphy your considerate regard for the lore that it shadows forth. I have seen many such manuscripts, and I am almost led to suspect the soundness, originality, and worth of any paper which comes in the guise of a careful hand—mathematical perhaps excepted. Experience has taught me that it is an almost universal truth, that a paper upon the writing of which much time and labour of a manual kind have been bestowed, is seldom of much scientific value.

The 'Obligation Book' of the Royal Society, which contains the signature of every member from its foundation, furnishes a good criterion by which to test the character of the man by his caligraphy. The manuscript letters and treatises in its Library also contribute much to this purpose; and the manuscript papers which have been presented bear the same general testimony. Few, very few of these MSS. are written in a free and rapid manner: they all partake of the slow and hesitating character of the mental labours of their authors; for the most part written with care, and as if the pen sympathised with the labour of the investigation—very seldom with the 'slap-dash freedom' of a writer who felt an habitual confidence in his own conclusions. Still this is not universal: there are some good, free, bold hands to be found even here.

Compare the penmanship of Newton with that of Flamsteed or Halley. Newton's was elaborate, and every letter carefully and distinctly formed—all in the slender Italian style: Flamsteed's was free and open, written to express what he had to say distinctly, but with effort to please his own or any other eye: Halley's letters were well-formed, but with a freedom and gracefulness that was by no means common in his day. Not only are the intellectual characters of these three indicated by their caligraphy, but their personal dispositions too. Newton's, close, wary, suspicious: Flamsteed's, oneness of purpose, freedom from abject servility, and consciousness of his own personal integrity: Halley's, imagination, taste, and unlimited diversity of power. We might, similarly, institute comparison between most of the 'men of mark' whose names figure in the 'Obligation Book,' and whose productions are consecrated by being deposited in the dusty archives of the Royal Society. We must, however, come at once to recent and present times.

That universal genius, Dr. Thomas Young, whose learning and whose science were equally distinguished, and whose laborious life was one continued scene of sleepless activity—does not his rapid, elegant, unshrinking, untired hand declare him? The careful precision of Wollaston, that never omitted a letter in his writing, or omitted a circumstance in his tiny but conclusive experiments—is it not visible in his pennatular delineations? And Davy—the dashing, fearless, frank manipulations of his quill bespeak the man whose mind never quailed, and whose patience never wearied under any scientific or literary difficulty. Of the presidential order, too, there was Banks, whose handwriting bespoke him to be always in the imperative mood: Gilbert—but really I know not what to call it—and yet he was a good man and true: the royal duke who wrote like his family, fond of display, and deeply in love with popularity: the present president

—whose hand, like himself, is ‘quiet and gentlemanlike’—and little more. The hands of the secretaries are also eminently characteristic: the senior—easy, ready, and practised—as one accustomed to press-work more than to original investigation: the junior—crabbed, mean, and jealous, as though his very ink were abstracted from the vinegar-cruet, and qualified with a touch of gall.

Of the Fellows themselves, much might be added, did space allow: we may speak of the carefully-formed hand of Babbage, and the singular mixture of care and recklessness in that of Herschel: and in fact, of nearly all—save only one exception, that of Faraday. His hand is an anomaly, which defies all interpretation: for whilst the vigour of his mind and the delicacy of his philosophical perception render him beyond comparison the most distinguished of living English chemists, his penmanship would betoken the feeblest class of intellect, and the most uncultivated and illiterate of our fellow-men! It must be the result of sheer negligence: much may be attributed to the introduction of steel pens. Oh! those products of Vulcan’s forge—the steel pens! They have destroyed the character of every man’s caligraphy who has adopted the use of them! And in this way alone can I account for the hand of a Faraday!

In the hands of the purely literary man the pen becomes a true and unmistakeable index of mental character and personal feeling. With him the thought is everything—the caligraphy nothing, or a mere unavoidable incumbrance upon his faculties. He employs every contrivance for abbreviation to enable his flagging yet swift-winged pen to keep pace with his soaring conceptions—no loop to his *e*, no dot to his *i*, no cross to his *t*, no idle strokes, no flourishes, no waste of muscular power, no separation of letters, or even of words, to require the lifting up of his pen. His very letters are elliptical,—his stops are forgotten—and his capitals but half-formed. This is most so with the most impetuous and most talented of the race. In the writing of such a man you see character individualised; a hand of this class once seen will be recognized again, even under all attempts at disguise, and under all the variation of feeling, circumstance, and purpose. Who, for instance, would not recognize the authorship of Don Juan in the MS. that had seen the printer’s copy of Childe Harold? Who that compared the caligraphy of Lalla Rookh with that of Tom Little’s translation of the Odes of Anacreon, would scruple to say that Tom Little and Tom Moore were related to the amount of positive identity? Under every phase, Byron is the same—

‘By turns the strange, the wonderful, the wild:’

Under every aspect and every guise, Moore is the same courtier-general, the same self-appointed laureate of

‘ Woman, dear woman!’

Byron’s is the hand for a manly challenge with pen or pistol—Moore’s, elegant and petit as himself, calculated to adorn an album or pen a poetic billet. Yet both are rapid, free, and characteristic of self-reliance and confidence in all their aims.

We might run over the cases of our most illustrious authors past and present. We may begin with Shakspeare and his contemporaries—we may speak of the Commonwealth period—we may come down to the (falsely called) Augustan age of Marlborough’s queen—may specify the careful correcting hand of Pope, the strongly characteristic caligraphy of the ‘artful Addison’—or passing over the partially barren remainder of the last century, come to Cowper and to Burns, and to the host who succeeded them in detail. All tell the same story; and that story is cumulative evidence that, as a general rule, a man’s free and unrestrained caligraphy bespeaks his mental and his personal character.

But it is not by poets alone that this is demonstrated. Who does not see in Johnson’s positive and commanding caligraphy the *brusquerie* of his manners, as well as the dominant spirit of the man who held the literati of his time in a state of perfect subjugation, even when most of them were greatly his superiors in worldly fortune? Could we recover his first note to Cave under the fictitious signature of Samuel Smith, we cannot doubt that it would bespeak the future dictator in the world of letters. Compare this with the hand of his ‘polite’ patron, Chesterfield—it is comparing the rough fearless hand of conscious power with the namby-pamby execution of the fribble of fashion. Look again at the penmanship of the proud Warburton, the cautiously elegant Adam Smith, of the all-searching Gibbon, of the philosophic but paradoxical Hume, of the pompous Blair, and of the careful, matter-of-fact, but polished Robertson. All bear out my proposition to the letter.

If we come to our contemporaries, we have a key to decipher them, provided we can only get into some of the chief printing-offices in London: or conversely, from reading the printed works we may readily guess at the manuscripts from which they have been deciphered. For instance, who that was admitted confidentially to an office in Whitefriars would not be prepared to expect to find the weekly scraps which are manufactured into ‘Punch,’ written as if with the end of that facetious gentleman’s red nose, after an encounter with the executioner had made a slit in it, and furnished it with red ink by the same process?

Occasionally with the end of his baton—or sometimes with a pen shaped out of the corvine plume which he had plucked from the tender part of a poor-law commissioner?

What secrets, too, would a practised eye descry within the *sanctum* of Ingram Court! Would not many a proof be afforded by stray papers there of the truth of our theory? Men who had been known by their caligraphy in science alone have had ‘style of composition’ in literary articles affiliated on them by a sort of common consent. I happen to know both the real and affiliated parent of certain articles in Wade’s Review; and I do not greatly wonder at the mistake, for there is much fraternity of character in the two. Their career is, however, not the same: though it is wishing well to our species to wish that the intellectual independence which characterizes both should be more frequently found amongst men in an age of eminently independent habits of mind. There is an equal fraternity of caligraphy in these two writers—yet they are not identical.

The same conclusions might be deduced from a confidential access to any other great printing-house in London, as Spottiswoode’s, Clowes’s, Moyes’s, Clay’s, Cox’s, Gilbert’s: but circumstances have given me the means of judging, independently of any nefarious curiosity respecting the secrets of business-houses—I am able to affirm that the leading literary men in London do, by their ordinary press-copies, add undeniable proof of our general proposition.

Instances may be multiplied without end of analogies between intellectual character and an author’s penmanship, as well as in the cases of statesmen and distinguished personages of every class. I have, however, been already more discursive than I contemplated. Still these instances have not been given without an aim: and it was my intention to deduce some useful practical suggestions and conclusions from them, that might be of real service. I find I must defer them for the present, and shall conclude with a remark on the characteristics of *national* caligraphy.

The English people write in a much more diversified style than those of any other country in Europe. With us there is a tendency to a wild freedom of hand that is unexampled in France, Germany, or Italy—and exceeded only by that of the Emerald Islanders. An Irishman’s pen reminds one of the shillelagh and Donnybrook—and his letters would be a good illustration of the arms and legs of ‘Handy Andy and Dick the Divil’ in their scuffle in the ditch!

The Scotchman, on the contrary, plies his pen with the quiet, regular, placid, and Maccycophant air with which he would ‘boo’ to his patron. He keeps steadily to his purpose—his hand is

never hurried, and it never tires : and noiselessly as it moves on, it always gets through a whole day's work *per diem*. Slow and sure—but above every thing cautious. 'Persevere, and keep the end in view' is his one great apophthegm.

Observe the hands of any twenty Frenchmen : they have all the same character—you recognize it in an instant, and can never be mistaken. It is mean and cramped in the extreme ; and one can only wonder that 'crunching the pen' in their fingers as they do, they do not stain their dexter digits as much as they stain their paper. I may be charged with illiberality for saying that such is the character of their minds : but I am not speaking at random in asserting that in all that relates to the *actual thing*,—to the practice of science, that meanness of hand is in keeping with the *petitesse* of their intellectuality. In all that relates to ornament—to the creation of *éclât*—to the fantastic and intangible,—to all these, and to all modifications of these purposes, their immense superiority over a plain practical people like ourselves must be admitted. Is not this in keeping with the fantastic flourishes with which they invariably ornament and conceal their meanly written autographs ! The hand of Napoleon, be it remembered, is founded not upon the French but upon the Italian model—though, as '*l'Empereur*,' he occasionally adopted a slight touch of the French taste for 'the flourish.'

The elegance and grace of the old Italian hand still lingers in that of the modern Italian : and who will say that it is not like all that pertains to that land of ideality and of taste ?

The cold phlegmatic German hand tells us of hard-working, pains-taking, elaborate, involved, and tardy intellect. It bespeaks a drudging devotion to mere detail, and a manuscript in such a hand as the German, depicting natural sunny feelings and chaste imagination, would be as rare as a garden perfumed by blooming roses at Christmas—all but an impossibility. The caligraphy itself, touching on love, reminds one of Graybeard pouring tenderness into the unwilling ears of the maid of nineteen. Their imaginative works are indeed for the most part so artificial, so unartistic, so heavy and involved—so mixed up with the supernatural, and that supernatural so clumsily developed—as to render them to an English mind the very essence of childish triviality.

But in this age of fashionable affectation of Germanism this is *heresy*,—and I desist.

There may be reasons not very flattering to national pride or local fascinations, why neither Wales nor the Highlands of Scotia have ever been conquered, analogous to those usually assigned for the irreducible nature of certain ladies.

The Trapper's Bride, a Tale of the Rocky Mountains, with the Rose of Ouisconsin. Indian Tales, by Percy B. St. John. London. Mortimer, 1845.

SINCE the day of the first publication of that most spirit-stirring of romances, 'The Last of the Mohicans,' thanks to the power of steam which has reduced this globe of ours from the size of a large folio to that of a very portable octavo, we have become better acquainted with our wild Indian brethren on the other side the Atlantic. We are no longer, as in days of yore, content with the representations of Redskins on the boards of our minor theatres by troops of wild Irishmen—wilder far than the wildest Indian tribe whose customs and manners they professed to illustrate—we have now Ojibbeways riding on our omnibuses, swimming in the Holborn baths, and howling and dancing in the Egyptian Hall; Ioways encamp on Lord's cricket ground and in Vauxhall Gardens, and Canadians marry our fair daughters in St. Martin's Church. But the progress of steam is not yet arrested; Heaven only knows where it will stop! Swiftly and surely is it advancing and fast reducing the already reduced world from the aforesaid octavo size to that of the smallest pocket duodecimo. Ere long we shall speak with as much composure of a voyage across the Atlantic as we do now of a trip to Paris, or a sail down the river to Margate or Gravesend. Noble lords, who are inclined to absenteeism, will build villas in Canada or in Texas; at the close of each season London will contribute as many fair faces and broken-down constitutions to the continent of America, as at the present era to the capitals and watering-places of Europe; 'pale-faced' denizens of the inns of court will spend their long vacations in the backwoods; hunting, shooting, and fishing parties to the great lakes, forests, and rivers, will be things of every day occurrence, and even the linendrapers' apprentices of this our great city will pass their three weeks a year furlough amidst the woods, the prairies, the falls, the cataracts, and the wild scenery of the new world. Then will our publishers' tables groan under the weight of 'Reminiscences of the Redskins,' 'Incidents amongst the Iroquois,' 'Chances amongst the Choctaws,' 'Scenes amongst the Sioux,' 'Accidents on the Arkansas River,' 'Traits of the Texans,' 'Wanderings on the Winnipeg,' 'Recollections of the Red River,' *et hoc genus omne*. Alas for the world at large, but especially the literary world! We are now assuredly more familiar with the manners, customs, habits, and character of the Indians of North America; many and excellent works have appeared on these subjects, but this fami-