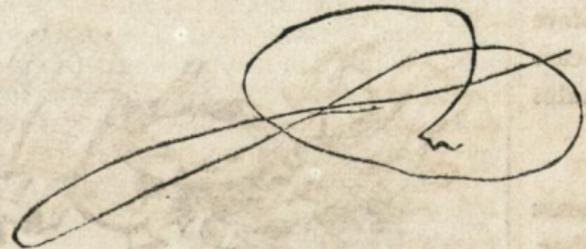


Greater contrasts in autography do not exist than in the hands of WELLINGTON, SOULT, and BLUCHER, the generals who played so bold a game at Waterloo, with the peace of Europe as a stake. The first, neat, cool and unwavering—the second, fickle, ferocious and feeble—whilst the hardy old Prussian shows in his signature the iron, endurable nature of his temperament. No signatures that we have yet presented to our readers, have more of the real character in their style, which an autograph hunter loves to study. They confirm most indisputably the idea that a man's

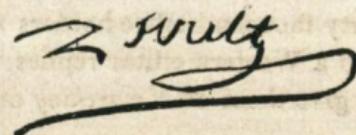
chirography is an index of himself, and that in the traces of the pen the genius of the mind is in no small degree manifested to the watchful observer of human nature, who, through this medium loves to note the development of mental character.

GEN. HOUSTON, the hero of San Jacinto, wrote in those days a dashing, untrammelled, fluent hand; whilst in the autography of SANTA ANNA, we can discern the subtle, cautious, yet treacherous ambition of the butcher of the Alamo. A gamester—and Santa Anna is a most notorious gambler—might write just such a hand as this, and he would be apt to do so. The star of this Mexican's glory might have been bright in his country's crown; but it has sadly paled of late years, and his name and deeds are well-nigh forgotten.

A. L. Santa Anna



Wellington



Blucher



Sam Houston

