

type which foreigners associate with that of the "Englishman." The face was long; the eyes rather good-natured-looking; the nose almost straight; but the mouth was characterized by an *extraordinary want of decision*. There was no moustache, but the whiskers were long and luxuriant, in the style vulgarly known as "Dundreary's." The whole face and figure were stamped with a don't-careish expression which seemed to indicate that the owner was perfectly indifferent as to his own personal appearance. Still, the *tout ensemble* of the man bore all the impress of polish and refinement.

Turning to my friend, I enquired, "Well, Kate, and who is "Cousin George? and what about him?"

The responsive glance that met mine in answer to that very simple question was arch to a degree, as she replied, "Thereby hangs a tale. If you wish me to relate it I shall be happy to do so." (I bowed assent.) "But," said she, "before I commence I must ask you to look at two other pictures."

Here she turned to two photographs which faced each other in the album, and then replaced the book before me.

The cartes represented two ladies, each of whom appeared to be the perfect opposite of the other, not only in character, but in features. One was a young and beautiful girl, with gentle, loving eyes; but with a mouth which indicated so much sensitiveness and pride that a person would pause before breathing a word that might wound the owner. The other was a lady of, say fifty, whose hair was quite white, and surmounted by a large hideous-looking cap. The face was one which (I cannot account for the impression) somehow reminded me of a *cat*! It was not sufficient that I should look at her features *once*. I was induced, or rather impelled, to take a *second* glance—perhaps I took a *third*; and at each scrutiny I felt more and more convinced that that woman had ever made *her* will triumph over that of others. There was something very peculiar in the digital system (if I may so term it) of her hands, which lay strewn about, as it were, all over her dress. In what particular portion of the system the peculiarity lay, I am unable to explain satisfactorily; but those hands *did* seem to hint that they could hold with a tenacious grasp anything they once seized; that those long tapering fingers were but animated wires clothed with human skin, and capable of tracing the finest clue, or of "feeling" the most intricate lines of communication, with the nicest accuracy, and with the precision of the magnetic needle! Pride was not pictured in *her* face; nor did her features show the faintest declaration of will; indeed, a casual observer, looking at that photograph *en passant*, would in all likelihood be impressed with the belief that she had already reached that point in the pilgrimage of life where Pride resigns her long-usurped supremacy, and puts on the habiliments of Reason; when the soul begins to seek peace in meditation; hope, in the untrodden path that lies before her; and solace, in retirement from the strife of a wicked and perverse world.

Would that such a charitable interpretation were correct, and that she were not the monstre—the human boa-constrictor, from whose folds no mortal could escape ere her designs were fully developed and accomplished.

I was slow—very slow—in my scrutiny of the two cartes, and