

it affords such excellent pastime in "reading faces," and guessing at supposed peculiarities, temperament, disposition, and other traits of character. In this respect the amusement is, at times, not only entertaining, but instructive; especially so when the "greater orbs and glories" of the book are well-known "*Beauties of the Period*," "*Exquisite Swells*," "*Men of Note*," and other "*Public Characters*" of the generation and circle in which we live and move.

The wear and tear and worry of home life require some relaxation; and surely no in-door amusement can surpass this ideal conversation with the inanimate yet "speaking" shadows of our living contemporaries. These are truly the "*Curiosities of Photographic Literature*," over and amongst whom we hover on the wings of fancy, and sit in judgment on the virtues and the vices, the weaknesses and the susceptibilities of human nature.

To me each carte and its "*niche*" (so to speak) are miniature representatives of Elysian groves and fairy bowers, scattered and dotted over velvet swards and grassy uplands, where the imagination sports and revels with unrestricted freedom. There we can trace with fancy's eye the topographical surface of that living facial curtain which conceals the mind and intellect of man, and is yet an *index* to the propensities and characteristics which lie hidden behind that miraculous work of God. It is thus that we contemplate the unseen faculties of that poor, frail, earthly being whose privilege it is to wield, for good or for evil, those mighty powers which, being neither passive nor unproductive, are ever searching, ever solving, and ever creative of other and mightier forces.

Viewed prosaically, and from a less poetical stand-point, the mere examination of an album, simply as a domestic *Gallery of Art*, is at any rate a *means* of occupation—a *change* in the rotatory motion of our daily labours, which refreshes [the mind and rests the physical powers in a half-hour's quiet intellectual enjoyment. Such, indeed, was exactly my case one day last summer, when I had just arrived on a visit to an old and much-esteemed school-fellow, then living in a little town in North Germany.

I felt rather exhausted after the journey, and so was glad when my young hostess enjoined me to lounge at my ease in undisturbed possession of the sofa and of the pretty album which she had so kindly and considerately placed there for my especial entertainment. She *would* sit close behind me, and was ostensibly engaged in working at a piece of embroidery, but *really* in watching and accompanying me in my photographic excursion, as a kind and faithful "guide." This attention on her part was all the more valued by me, because I felt constrained at intervals to trouble her for information regarding certain "people" in the album; and she usually had a little story to relate of each individual whose portrait I thus presented.

I was in the act of turning over one of the pages without noticing the particular carte attached to it, when Kate (such was my friend's name), looking up momentarily from her work, caught a glimpse of the passing portrait and exclaimed, "Oh! *do* look at that one *well*; that's 'Cousin George'; you'll see him to-night."

As desired, I *did* look at the likeness again and again, and found it to be that of a gentleman of some 30 years of age, and of the exact