

down, Mr. Thornton," said Miss Tippias, posing herself on an ottoman in the centre of the room.

"Pitying the wealthy, I suppose," said Thornton, smiling significantly at Miss Austin, whose face beamed with good-humour the moment Mr. Thornton entered the room.

"No, the poor," said Miss Tippias.

"Mistake, Miss Tippias," said Mr. Thornton. "The rich alone are entitled to pity. They are always in a fume and fret about their money; don't know where to invest it, or how; always dreaming they have lost it; never know when it is safe; banks break, companies wind up, stocks fluctuate—if they don't, investors are always afraid they will. Very miserable people, believe me, rich people. Then they want to go into Society, the vulgar rich. Society snubs them, looks down upon them, will have nothing to do with them. An unhappy lot, depend upon it, the rich."

Mr. Thornton was a fine, handsome fellow, a man of education, and a man of position. He was a member of several leading clubs in town, and had seen the world.

"You are quite right, sir," said Mr. Pigeon, in a grovelling, humble way, as if he felt that he had no right to be standing on the same carpet with a Thornton. "I say it humbly, and with deference, but I agree with you."

"Here comes Kite, the politician, Kite, the free-lance; we will hear what he says," remarked Mr. Thornton, as the voice of Kite came into the room, heralding himself and young Pigeon.

Mr. Kite bowed solemnly and low to ladies and gentlemen; Mr. Pigeon, junior, was imitating the bend and manner of Kite most successfully just as old Pigeon rushed up to his son.

"O, Tommy, I'm so glad you have come!" exclaimed the old man.

"Go away, go away," said Tom, in a whisper; "it is not much I ask. Do behave yourself."

The old man, who had been pining for Tom's presence as though the young fellow had been on a long journey, shrank back abashed, and pretended to examine a water-colour, supposed to be a genuine Turner.

"Miss Tippias, I have been inspecting the Castle," said Tom, approaching the lady of the house in his grandest manner. "Yes, and a very fine castle it is."

Miss Austin and Miss Miller were engaged in an interesting conversation near the piano.

"I am glad you like the house," said Miss Tippias.

"Yes, I assure you, very much," said Tom. "Excuse me examining the pictures." And he lounged towards a showy piece over the mantleshaft, stumbling awkwardly over an ottoman, and only being saved from an ugly fall by the ready arm of Kite, who kept a watchful eye upon his young patron.

"Are you fond of pictures?" asked Miss Tippias.

"I doat on them," said Tom; "I am always buying pictures, my father has a very fine collection."

"Yes, miss," said old Pigeon, who had recovered from his son's rebuff. "The Paris fashions for the last thirty years; a very fine—"

"Yes," said Tom, frowning at his father, and stamping on his foot; "yes, works of French masters very curious."

It was lucky for Tom that Mr. Thornton had joined the two ladies near the piano.

"Yes, I have seen them," said Mr. Kite. "The grouping of the figures is charming, the accessories wonderfully put in, the colouring superb."

"Free, quite free," said Tom, feeling for his shirt-cuffs, and bringing them down upon his hands in the most approved style of the West-End. "We are both fond of collecting pictures."

"And accounts," whispered Kite to old Pigeon. "Wonderful hand at that."

Old Pigeon chuckled.

"Did you speak?" asked Tom, quickly.

"Beg pardon," said Kite.

"Just so," said Tom. "As I was saying, Miss Tippias, to the Colonel half an hour ago, there is nothing better than country life. It is altogether so jolly; so much fresh air, such a dour of turnips about, that one ceases to remember the stifling air of West-End parlours."

"Saloons," whispered Kite.

"Just so," said Tom.

"I am so glad you like the country," said Miss Tippias, rolling her eyes at Tom, and settling down into the ottoman cushions in a fond, languishing manner, calculated to impress any beholder with the kitten-like innocence of her nature.

"The country," exclaimed the Colonel, arriving magnificently upon the scene, "the country, Mr. Pigeon, is England's glory. But for the country, this degenerate nation would sink to the deepest depths of poverty and crime; and it is for a constituency which is about to exercise the noblest privilege of Englishmen, to pause in their wild career before they give their votes to any person who is not imbued with a sense of what is due to the country, to his constituents, and to that grand rôle in the play of nations which England is destined to fill, and always will fill, and must fill—I say, and must fill—to the last syllable of recorded time!"

Mr. Thornton said, "Hear, hear!" and continued his description of the absurdities of the last new play, which entertained Miss Austin immensely, and astonished in an equal degree the unsophisticated Jessie, who could not understand the meaning of a bad play, the theatre, to her small experience, being always delightful and exciting in the highest degree.

Tom Pigeon tried to fix the Colonel with his eye-glass. Failing by that means to bring the candidate's oration to an end, he began talking to Mr. Kite; but the Colonel went on until he was pulled up by an overwhelming roar of laughter from old Pigeon. The Colonel had expressed a hope that he should meet his young friend, Mr. Tom Pigeon, as a brother-member in the Commons House of Parliament.

Fortunately for the Pigeons, two new arrivals were announced at this juncture. Miss Tippias, with as grand a Society air as she could achieve, came forward to meet the new comers, who were evidently persons of some distinction. Presently the company was increased by several other visitors. A general ripple of small talk commenced, turning chiefly upon the weather, the shooting season, the scarcity of birds, autumn tints, the large crop of wheat, and the latest novel. The Colonel availed himself of this opportunity to get Tom Pigeon into a corner, and follow up an interesting conversation which he had initiated in the Castle gardens.

"And you think you could be happy with my daughter, you

sly dog," said the Colonel, beaming with generosity. "Too bad to commence a siege upon her heart within the first four-and-twenty hours of meeting her; but youth is hot and headstrong. Well, I like you, Mr. Pigeon—I like you. We have a distinguished party here to-night—all the élite of the county. It would be pardonable on such an occasion to introduce your health in a few words after dinner, alluding to our probable new relationship—Beauty and Fashion going into Society with Wealth and Intellect, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, yes," said Tom, overcome by the Colonel's condescension, and dazzled with the splendour of Miss Tippias' blue satin dress and golden hair. "I'm not a man to do things by halves. No, sir, 'Onward' is my motto. Your daughter, Colonel, is a very fine woman, and, as you say, in Society to begin with; knows what Society is, and could sit beside a fellow in the Park, four-in-hand, and all that, and preside at one's table. That's my style. I mean to see life, and mean to go into Society with a dashing woman. Miss Tippias is all that; Miss Tippias took my eye the moment I see her; and if Miss Tippias will say the same of me, why, I'm on, Colonel, and ready to say the word at once."

As the last words escaped his lips, Tom started from his seat as quickly as he had sprung from his father's overcoat at the hotel.

"Who is that young lady?" he asked, seizing the Colonel's arm, and fixing his eyes on Jessie Miller.

"Which, sir, which?" asked the Colonel, slowly raising his eyeglass.

"In the white dress?"

"Near my daughter?"

"Yes, yes. Can't you tell me at once? It is not much I ask."

"Oh, that is Jessie Miller, my daughter's companion," said the Colonel, as if he thought it almost necessary to apologize for the very existence of so ordinary a person.

"Companion?" repeated Tom, looking vaguely at the Colonel.

"Yes; a sort of menial, a dependant, whom Miss Tippias has taken pity upon. Her father has come to grief. Miss Tippias would not allow the girl to become a common servant, and has, in the kindest and handsomest way, taken her in the position of companion."

"Ah, I see," said Tom. "She's not in Society, eh?"

"Oh dear, no!" said the Colonel, scandalized at the very idea of such a possibility.

"I like your daughter for taking pity on her," said Tom, gravely.

"My dear Mr. Pigeon, you are a kind, human man," said the Colonel.

"By Jove, sir!" said Tom raising his voice, "I like your daughter more for being kind to that poor girl than for anything she could have done."

Tom was very much in earnest, and seemed inclined to go and speak to Jessie, but the Colonel detained him.

"You have met that poor girl before, eh?"

"Yes," said Tom, a little awkwardly; "yes, once, some months ago."

"Ah, you sly dog! you sly dog!" said the Colonel, taking Tom's arm, and walking with him as far away from Jessie as possible. "Just like you young sprigs of fashion. A pretty girl is not safe—companions, barmaids, nurse-girls, anything if it has a pretty face. Well, well, that is excusable in you young millionaires. The canons of Society do not forbid it."

There was consummate skill in the Colonel's coupling of companions, barmaids, and nurse-girls; it put Jessie Miller at once out of the pale of Tom's consideration, and the "sly-dog" compliment just suited his present mood and temper.

"Yes, yes, Colonel," said Tom; "I flatter myself I know a little of the world. It is not much I ask—a pretty girl, a good cigar, and let me have my sherry dry."

"Good, good!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Society will open her arms wide to a man of your mettle."

Dinner was announced as the Colonel was introducing Mr. Pigeon junior to the Rev. the Vicar of Inglenook.

"Dinner is on the table," said six feet of plush and buttons, with the solemnity of a mute.

"Best news I've heard today," said old Pigeon to Kite.

"There he goes again," said Tom Pigeon to himself.

"Nothing will polish the governor."

"Mr. Pigeon junior, will you take in my daughter?" said the Colonel.

"With pleasure," said Tom.

"Mrs. de Smythers, may I have the honour?" said the Colonel, offering his arm to an Indian widow, at the same time firing off a series of suggestions and commands for pairing the remainder of the guests.

Old Pigeon had been duly considered by the host; but the scene altogether had been too much for him. The lady assigned to his care had found some more gallant gentleman, and Pigeon was left to bring up the rear, muttering to himself as he did so, "Well, I never see such a fuss! They might be going to a dance instead of a dinner."

(To be continued.)

TYPE OF BEAUTY—JUANITA OF SEVILLE.

We this week present our readers to a donna from the southern portion of the Iberian Peninsula. We are particular on the point of etiquette. Her milder and somewhat more facile cousin of Castile would have not the slightest objection to being trotted out before her admirers, always supposing that her toilet was in her estimation the exact thing. Juanita of Seville will stand on her dignity, and will require her would-be admirers to approach her ceremoniously, and do obeisance after the fashion of her own requirements. A strongly despotic government, allowing of no diversities of creed, political or religious, has done much to fuse the different races inhabiting the Peninsula together. Still there is as much difference to be observed amongst them as between the Celtic and Saxon populations of England and Scotland. If Mercedes of Castile was Gothic or Gothic-Latin in her origin, Juanita has had added thereto no small amount of the Moorish element in her veins. Probably she is of pure Moorish descent, with the exceptional admixture of a touch of gipsy blood. Her Eastern origin is witnessed by her hair and eyes of the deepest black, her pale complexion, remarkable for the absence of anything approaching to red in it, and her perfectly exquisite hands and feet. Why is it that the Moorish woman, drudge as she is, and toiling all day with naked feet under a burning sun for the behoof of her lazy lord

and master, never loses the immaculate proportions of her manual and pedal extremities? In structure these portions of her frame are as delicate and apparently as fragile as the limbs of the wild horse of her country; but no amount of rough usage seems to mar their symmetry. Juanita, according to unanimous consent, has the most beautiful feet in the world; but she is wary of showing them except on very solemn and exceptional occasions—at the dance, for instance. In fact, so chary is she in this respect, that the old saying, "The Queen of Spain has no legs," merely alludes to the decorous length of garment prevalent in the best circles. Juanita has many points that recommend her to the painter. She is, in fact, the painter's favourite. She has no objection whatever to sitting. She knows she is handsome, and is quite content to have her advantages in this respect perpetuated on canvas. In this respect she is unlike the Italian or French woman, both of whom—among all classes above the peasantry—are exceedingly difficult of approach on this point; and as for Juanita's Moorish ancestors, or rather relatives, generally no consideration whatever will induce them to pose for the artist, being convinced that the possessor of their effigy has thereby a magical power over them which nothing can oppose. In another respect the Spanish belle stands almost alone amongst her European sisters. Beauty of form and figure, more especially feminine beauty, is the characteristic of the well-to-do and of the upper classes, rather than of the peasantry, who are, as a rule, heavy in form and coarse in expression. Juanita, take her altogether, is an agreeable, and in some respects an admirable being. She is sincerely devotional, and a perfect miracle of punctuality in her religious duties. She is conversational, and altogether amiable. It is to be feared, however, that her stock of learning is of the scantiest, and that she is somewhat lazy, from the nature of her education. She has the most limited supply of mental resource or occupation to fall back upon; consequently, the three grand employments of her life would seem to be her devotions, fanning herself, or pretending to do so, and a never-failing punctuality at the bullfight. It is often supposed from this last-named predilection that there is a touch of the sanguinary in her disposition; but those who know her well avow that no assumption can be more erroneous.—Queen.

THE GRAND-DUCAL CASTLE AT SCHWERIN.

On the whole of the sea-board of northern Germany there is no finer building than that occupied as a residence by the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg. It occupies an advantageous situation on an island, close to the old ducal city of Schwerin, where its curious architecture, its *bizarre* outline, turreted and pinnacled on every side, show to the greatest advantage. Its architecture is of the northern Renaissance style, with additions here and there which give to the building a quaint old-fashioned appearance that possesses an indescribable charm for the lover of the picturesque. The front of the castle, which rises to a height of some two hundred feet (German measure), is ornamented with numerous statues and inscriptions; among the former a colossal equestrian statue of the Slavonic prince, Nielot, the last of the leaders of the heathen Obotrites (1) in their struggles with their Christian conquerors. Nor is the interior less imposing than the exterior. With the exception of the magnificent armoury—a hobby of the Duke's—there is little to attract the antiquary; but the gorgeous decorations of the state apartments, the painted windows, and the snow-white marble stairs almost compensate for the want of other attractions.

With the city of Schwerin (Slavonic *Zuerin*—a neighbourhood rich in game) and the vicinity are associated many historical reminiscences. This neighbourhood was the scene of the many conflicts between the Wends and the Saxons, and of the final triumph of the champions of the Cross over the pagan tribes of the Baltic. Here stood the old castle of Slavenburg, where Nielot, the last of the princely line of the Obotrites, dwelt. In 1150, the Saxon duke Henry the Lion marched against him with an overpowering force, and the pagan, having lost all hope of success, set fire to his castles and to the town of Schwerin, and with a small band of faithful followers threw himself upon the invader. In the battle that followed Nielot lost his life, his troops were dispersed, and his dominions were immediately annexed to the Saxon dukedom. During five centuries the castle—or what remained of it—lapsed into ruin. Ultimately rebuilt, fired, repaired and sacked, it soon became useless as a stronghold and was allowed to fall to ruins. In this state it remained until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the reigning duke undertook to have it rebuilt with the view of occupying it as the ducal residence. Plans were drawn up and the work commenced, but the duke soon tired of his brief-lived fancy, and the old castle was once more left to its solitude. Finally the present duke, who succeeded to the duchy in 1842, took a fancy to the castle and its surroundings, and gave orders for the work of restoration to proceed. In eight years the repairs were completed, and the old castle—beautified and rejuvenated—stands, as seen in our engraving, a monument of architectural grandeur.

(1) The Obotrites formed part of the great Wendish race, and occupied the territory now known as Mecklenburg.

THE EDUCATION OF AZOR.

This spirited little picture of home life is after a painting exhibited last month by M. Perrault at the French *Salon* (corresponding to the English Royal Academy Exhibition). The artist, who is still young, particularly excels in this genre of work, and his pictures, though condemned by some critics for the frivolity of their subjects, are generally much admired. In the case of the "Education of Azor," M. Perrault has been "catching it" more than usual from the hands of the writers in the press, who complain that "the dimensions of the picture are out of all proportion with the insignificance of the subject." The subject is to our taste a very pretty one and very skilfully handled, and as we have nothing to do with the dimensions of the canvas, we are content to let it adorn our pages and meet with what criticism it may.

The *Galaxy*, the Ladies' fashionable newspaper of New York, 6th May, says:—It has been very noticeable since the introduction of that Italian preparation, the Concentrated Water of Tivoli or Bath of Beauty, that in society or at the theatres the toilets of our Ladies have been vastly improved. 5-25 d