

essary. It was her mother's idea that instead of taking it up for a pastime, she should make serious work of it; and she has done so; and though her work is given away, principally to her friends, the necessity for earning money not having been laid upon her, yet it is highly valued by artists, and is a source of such growing satisfaction to herself, as to have largely taken the place of her former useless round of occupations and methods of killing time.

Another elegant young girl, a beauty and a belle, took a course of kindergarten instruction after she left school. She was not strongly opposed in this, but she received no sympathy. Subsequently, out of gifts and pocket-money, she hired a room, and collected about a dozen little waifs in it, to whom for three hours in the day she gave instruction, and a most useful and beautiful kind of training, closing her exercises each day with some slight refection if her funds would permit, such as an apple, and piece of gingerbread. Her injunctions failed to bring them clean, so she provided a washstand and towels and made them clean. Their clothing was often rags, so she begged and sewed for them, and soon accomplished wonders—even the parents of the children were influenced, and after a while allowed their neglected little ones to retain the clothing she gave them, neither selling nor pawning it; and one must have had an experience among such a class, to understand the extent of this self-denial and the respect which inspired it. "Did the young lady cease to be a society girl?" No, she did not, and this was the most interesting part of it. Only a few of her friends knew of her "eccentricity," as it was called, and very many of them considered her a rather outspoken "girl of the period,"—pretty, stylish, but inclined to be extravagant, and with no thought beyond her own adornments. They were greatly surprised when she was finally sought in marriage by a serious, noble-minded man, of high position and large means, a widower of thirty-two or three with a child, who becoming acquainted with her work by accident, had quietly watched it, and decided that if she was to be won, this graceful, unpretending girl, with her strong good sense and faculty for being useful, who did good for pastime, and blushed to have it known, was the sort of mother he wanted for his gentle little girl, to replace the one she had lost.

So she became a step-mother, a young but immensely successful one. But she did not desert or neglect her kindergarten. "No," she said, "how can I? for it was not in society, but through my work that I found my happiness."

From the German.

DEATH censure's heavy frown,
Our hearts discouraged close,
As when the rain pours down,
Shuts up the frightened rose,
But opens to the tender dew,
So hearts to kindness open too.
In friendship's blue their balm unfold,
But shrink away from censure's cold.

The Home of Paul and Virginia.



THE early years of the sixteenth century were marked by a great and sudden impetus in the matter of maritime discovery. The closing hours, so to speak, of the fifteenth, had given to the restless, turbulent millions of the Old World a new and boundless field, America, in which to satisfy the craving for wealth, conquest, and self-aggrandizement that had not ceased with the decline of chivalry.

In the ranks of these adventurous and daring pioneers the Portuguese were foremost. First to double the Stormy Cape—afterward to them a Cape of Good Hope—they were the first whose ships cleft the waters of the Indian Ocean, and whose navigators opened up the wealth of India to the commerce of modern Europe, that might almost have lamented with Philip of Macedon that there were no more worlds to conquer, so well and so persistently had all the then known avenues to wealth and honor been worked.

In 1505, a Portuguese navigator, Dom Pedro de Mascareguas, a noted adventurer, while on a voyage to India, discovered an island five hundred miles east of Madagascar and seventy-five miles northeast of the Isle de Bourbon, which was named by him Cerné. No attempt, however, was made by his government to avail itself of this new acquisition. Beyond the landing of a few domestic animals, the progenitors of the wild creatures still found in the more retired parts of the island, and making of it a halting-place for their ships employed in the Eastern trade, to renew their supplies of water, nothing was done, and no proclamation of the discovery was made, the Portuguese evidently hoping to keep the matter a secret.

In the then state of commercial and naval enterprise, this was not, however, long possible, though it would appear that they managed to hold it unmolested for upward of ninety years—or, rather, no other nation happened to find the place, which is but a speck in the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean.

But in 1598, a fleet of eight ships, under Admiral Wybrand van Warwick, left the Texel, bound for Batavia. Off the Cape they were dispersed by a violent tempest, and on the 17th of September following, the admiral's ship sighted an unknown island—unknown, because it was not laid down in any of the charts of the period. The Dutch used great caution in landing, being fearful of savages, but, after finding a most spacious harbor on the southeast coast, and adopting every precaution against surprise, a strong party of sailors and soldiers took up a commanding position. The next day boats were sent out to reconnoitre the other parts of the island and to search for traces of inhabitants. The various parties discovered numbers of animals and birds, all of which were remarkably tame; also water in plenty and a most luxuriant vegetation. On the rocky shore was found

the remains of a large vessel, which proved conclusively that at some former period a noble ship and her human freight had here met their grave. No trace of human beings, however, was found. The entire island was as solitary and uninhabited as when Dom Pedro had first landed on its shores ninety-three years previously. After the customary thanksgiving to the Almighty for having brought them to so commodious a harbor of refuge, the admiral named the island Mauritius, after Count Maurice of Nassau, then Statholder of Holland, and the harbor, Warwick Harbor, after himself. On his departure he left no settlers on the island, but affixed the arms of Holland to a tree as a token of the owners of the new discovery. The next year he returned, and some steps were taken looking toward its permanent colonization. But it was not till 1644 that the Dutch finally assumed sovereignty over Mauritius, and made a real settlement on its shores. The first governor, Van der Mester, introduced some of the natives of the neighboring island of Madagascar, as slaves, to assist in the cultivation of the soil; but these people, being of a hardy and independent spirit, refused to be enslaved, made their escape to the more mountainous parts, and so harassed the Dutch by their constant depredations that about the beginning of the eighteenth century the island was formally abandoned to its savage and untamable inhabitants.

The French, who seized and colonized it about 1710, changed its name to Isle of France.

During the French occupation occurred the memorable shipwreck which furnished to Bernardin de St. Pierre the incident upon which he founded his pathetic gem of a love story, *Paul and Virginia*, the entire scheme of which is laid in this island. Mauritius was then but little known, and the descriptions of St. Pierre are all the fruit of his imagination, but the touching incident has invested the far-away island with an atmosphere of romance that still clings to it despite the lapse of years.

In the year 1744, pestilence, drought, and consequent famine had wrought sad havoc in the island, and the next year the French man-of-war, *St. Geran*, was dispatched from home laden with provisions for the relief of the suffering people. Late one fine afternoon Mauritius was sighted, and the night proving to be moonlight, the captain, M. de la Marre, was desirous of profiting by it to enter what has since been known as Tombeau Bay or the Bay of Tombs.

In this, however, he was dissuaded, and was advised to remain outside till morning, which, unfortunately, he did. Entirely ignorant of the coast, M. de la Marre, who throughout showed himself possessed of greater honor and bravery than seamanship, allowed his vessel to drift upon a most dangerous reef about three miles from land. At all times there is a tremendous surf running at this point, and the hapless *St. Geran* was driven helplessly among the breakers, and in a very short time the vessel parted in the middle. The crew used every effort to lower the boats, but to no purpose. Some were dashed in pieces by the waves, others were crushed by the falling spars, and in a

very short time the entire ship's company saw death staring them in the face. One by one the number on the now doomed vessel grew less, as they were either swept away by the waves, or, trusting themselves to a spar or piece of wreck, endeavored to reach the shore. Few, however, survived the attempt—the ruthless waves tore their frail supports from their grasp, and buried them in a watery grave. At the captain's request, the ship's chaplain pronounced a benediction upon all who remained, and then the cry rang above the fury of the waves, "*Sauve qui peut!*" It was, indeed, save himself who can. A scene of confusion ensued which pen cannot describe, and only those who have witnessed such scenes can imagine. Stout men wrung their hands and wept; others crouched on the wave-swept decks in dumb despair, waiting in apathy for the moment when they would be swept into eternity.

Amid this scene of horror and desolation, in full view of those on shore powerless to help, two persons stand conspicuous. On board the *St. Geran* were two lovers—Mademoiselle Mallet and M. de Péramon, who were to have been united in matrimony upon arriving at the island. The youth, as anxious and agitated as the maiden was calm and resigned, was engaged, when all other means of escape had failed, in constructing a frail raft on which to save the one who to him was dearer than his own life. When it was finished he implored her to trust herself with him on the precarious but sole and only hope of safety, but the girl steadily refused. Again and again he begged her not to wreck all their hopes, and to make the experiment more certain of success, in the event of their being engulfed, entreated her to remove her more heavy garments. Again the girl refused. When he found all his solicitations in vain, and every chance of saving her flown, though she entreated him to leave her and save himself, his only reply was to take from his pocket a lock of her hair, kiss it, and place it next his heart. Then, with his arm around her, to shield her to the best of his power to the very end, he calmly and bravely awaited the issue at her side.

They had not long to wait. Soon a mighty wave, towering high above its fellows, came thundering on; it burst over the quivering wreck, and when it had passed, the spot where the lovers stood was vacant. The next day, in a little cove where the water was still and pellucid as crystal, they were found clasped in the close embrace in which they awaited and met death.

Until within a few years the tomb of these poor devoted lovers was still in existence, though rapidly falling into decay. But it is extremely doubtful if the visitor to Pamplemousses would be able to find more than a trace of it. But the immortal creation of St. Pierre will assuredly live in the memory of men, even though all vestige of the spot where occurred their tragic end should be lost. A traveler who visited the spot in 1870 found the tomb so overgrown by vines and shrubbery as to be well-nigh undiscoverable, to say nothing of the fact that recent rains had converted the spot into little better than a morass.

In the year 1810, Mauritius passed under the rule of England, and thenceforward commenced an era of prosperity that has continued until the present day. The population is somewhat mixed, being divided between the English, the descendants of the French colonists, the Maroons, as the natives of Madagascar are still called, Lascars and Arabs. The forms of religion are as varied—the cross of the Christian, the crescent of the Moslem, and the heathen temple rise side by side. In connection with the two last beliefs several unique and highly interesting religious festivals take place during the year, during the season of which those who do not participate make it the occasion of a general holiday—indeed, oftentimes no other course is open to the European, for at certain times both Moslem and heathen would rather die than be guilty of work.

In an inclosure of ropes, specially devoted to these festivities, the native men, women and children congregate around great blazing fires, eating rice, cocoa cakes, and sweetmeats, and watching the performances of trained gymnasts and athletes. This, too, with the thermometer a hundred degrees in the shade, when the sole aim of the European is, or would be, with Sydney Smith, "to take off one's flesh and sit in one's bones."

The natural scenery of Mauritius is singularly wild and beautiful. Perhaps the most attractive feature in the landscape is that among the mountains known as "Les Trois Mamelles." These are, as the name partly indicates, three rocky towering eminences springing from the summit of a mountain itself a thousand feet above the sea level. These three pinnacles, the highest of which rises near four hundred feet perpendicularly, are completely inaccessible to climbers. Volcanic action is here, as in many other places, very apparent.

The Souffleur or Rock Spout, is one of the many interesting features of Mauritius. It consists of an enormous block of black basalt, partly connected with the mainland. It rises fully forty feet above sea, and is exposed to the mighty force of the waves, being perforated to its summit by a cavity that communicates with the ocean at its base. In rough weather the waves roll in one on top of another, till, with a growl and a roar, the water is forced upward, and forms a magnificent *jet d'eau* fully sixty feet high. The sound can be heard inland for two or three miles, and is a sure indication of heavy weather on the coast.

At a little distance along the coast from the Souffleur is the "*Pont Naturel*" or Natural Bridge, another most interesting and curious freak of old ocean's activity. It forms an artificial central pier with two arches springing from abutments at either end, through which arches the tide eddies and whirls with terrific impetuosity. The spaces between the arches are ever widening, owing to the encroachments of the waves, and there is every likelihood that at no very distant day the residents of Mauritius will wake up some fine morning, after an unusually heavy tempest, and find the beautiful "*Pont Naturel*" forever swept away.

Among the Tipperary Hills.



THE southern part of county Tipperary is a broad open valley, surrounded by ranges of lofty and barren hills, and called on account of its great fertility the Golden Vale.

The inclosing mountains, save for a short distance above the base, are quite devoid of trees; deep seams on the sides, marking the beds of streams reminding us of the scars of some weather-beaten veteran. "How dismal it will be," we say, "after our own wooded mountains of America to look at these desolate hills." But after a short sojourn among them, learning at their feet we grow to love these "green hills of Erin" as well as Moore himself could desire. Purple heath, green herbage, gray rock, and golden gorse combine at a distance into a soft neutral tint, quick to receive and reflect the constant changes of that showery atmosphere. The mountains are now deep blue, now sad gray, at sunset rose color, in the long twilight rich purple. Now a sombre cloud-curtain has blotted them out, and now they are wreathed in an ever-changing fleecy crown of vapor.

High and dense hedges of hawthorne border most of the country roads, and in June and early July, when the white or pale pink blossoms are in perfection, we seem to drive between walls of bloom, over which hang straggling sprays of wild roses, with faint, sweet flowers, and of woodbine filling the air with fragrance. Through May, the gorse beautifies the hill-sides, and gladdens the most neglected fields with its dense masses of golden flowers, with an almost overpowering fragrance.

And when hawthorne and gorse have laid aside their glories for the year, the wheat fields will be flushed with scarlet poppies appearing in glowing rifts where the breeze sways the grain; and later still, ridges and patches of purple on the mountains will mark the opening of the heather bells.

A constant source of surprise, and often of interest to an American in Ireland, is the immense number of ruins; we cannot take a short walk or drive in any direction without coming upon some of them. We see cabins roofless and filled with nettles, field plants growing on the crumbling window ledges; churches into which the sun shines and the rain beats, the grass-grown interior still used as a graveyard, and often planted with trees whose tops rise above the ruined wall.

All through the country are castles; some dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth century, are in fair state of preservation, and history tells us of sieges they have endured from Prince John, from the gallant and ill-fated Essex, or from bluff Cromwell's psalm-singing generals. In the county annals, we can read of the sieges and sorties, the merry-making and the love-making which have been witnessed by these old walls, where hangings of dark, lustrous ivy have superseded tapestry, and where swallows, owls and bats inhabit the halls once graced by gallant knight and "faire ladye."