

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."

There are other still older castles, now reduced to a mere crumbling vine-covered fragment, with a forgotten history about which we inquire in vain.

Besides these ruined strongholds, are traces yet more ancient of human life and struggle. We happen one day on a battle-ground, two high and now nearly shapeless mounds, surrounded by broad breastworks, and bordered by a deep ditch, marking the scene of some fierce, forgotten struggle; the soft green turf covered with pink-tipped daisies, and affording pasturage for drowsy black-faced sheep, is most unlike the scene of bloodshed, even the blood-shedding of barbarous races centuries ago.

The interest of the antiquarian and the superstitious awe of the peasant alike, center around the artificial moats, called mounds or dunes, supposed to be the burial places of chiefs or kings, and so numerous all through southern Ireland, that from the summit of everyone, another is said to be visible.

Historians tell us that the superstitions connected with them, originate in the fact that the builders of the seven round towers of Ireland, a people of Scandinavian origin, who invaded the country many centuries before the Christian era, were so superior to the savage Celts as to be regarded by them as a race of genii. They were hewers of stone, smelters of ore, and skilled workmen in copper, bronze and gold. The monuments of their skill were supposed to be haunted by their spirits, and this belief spreading from the towers to the mounds, has peopled them too, with beings wiser than mortal. This feeling has stood in the way of much investigation of the mounds; for not only is it impossible to induce an Irish laborer to break into one of them, or even to touch it with a spade, but the country people will not remain where such sacrilege is being committed. "If I should stick a spade into that mound," said to us a resident of Tipperary, indicating a dune in a field adjoining his estate, "and if it should be known, every man on the place would leave immediately." The few investigations that have been made, have brought to light ancient potteries, weapons, and vessels of antique form, sometimes of rich metal and remarkably skillful workmanship.

AUGUSTA WENTWORTH.

The Spare Suite.



"HERE to, madam?" said the coachman, as pretty Mrs. Delanoy and her brother Fred stepped into the dainty brougham.

"Number 248 West —th street, John," returned the lady.

The equipage stopping before an elegant mansion, Fred Delanoy said, "I did not know there was a boarding-house in this block. Are you sure this is the house, Ella?"

"Yes, I'm sure Mrs. Percival said 248. I think I'll come in with you, Fred, and then I can judge for myself at once."

Upon their being shown into a parlor which looked as though the judgment of some good fairy had been invoked in the selection of its furniture, Mrs. Delanoy expressed her conviction that she had at last found a house that would suit her. "If the vacant rooms are anything approaching this," she said, "I am sure I shall like them."

Truly, judging from the room they were in, it was very plain that the mistress of the house was a lady of taste and refinement.

Their comments were interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, who, as she advanced, said:

"I judge it is my sister, Mrs. Farnham, you wish to see, but she is from home just now. If I can be of any service in her absence I shall be most happy." This with an engaging frankness of speech and manner that quite entranced Mr. Delanoy.

"I merely called at the suggestion of Mrs. Percival, to see your vacant suite of rooms," said Mrs. Delanoy, "and if you would be so kind —"

"Very happy, I'm sure; but they are nothing so very grand, I assure you. Will you step this way, please?"

Mr. Delanoy had made good use of his eyes during this short conversation, and while the ladies were absent confessed to himself that a more winning face and manner he had never seen. Beautiful the girl was not—some would not have called her pretty; but about her was that indefinable grace that at once sets people at their ease; and she possessed that rare gift—a pleasant smile, which might be likened to a gleam of sunlight spreading over a field of grain.

Meanwhile Mrs. Delanoy had seen and was enraptured. "You cannot tell," she said, "how rejoiced I shall be to find a congenial home for the winter; this is the first I have really seen since I arrived in New York." At the words "congenial home" the young lady's face assumed a curious expression, but recovering herself she said, "I am glad you are so well pleased, I am sure; I wish my sister was at home that you might arrange with her."

"I'm sure I wish so, too," said Mrs. Delanoy, "but I will be here at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and I hope you will ask Mrs. Farnham to let me have the refusal until then."

The young lady promised, and the visitors took their leave.

During the drive to their hotel, Mrs. Delanoy was enthusiastic in her praises of the house they had just visited, and in answer to one of these bursts her brother said:

"It is a wonder to me that such a paragon of a house is not better known. Did you ever hear of it before Mrs. Percival mentioned it to you?"

"No; but that is not surprising, for she told me that they had not long since removed to this city, and besides, were inclined to be very circumspect as to who they took as boarders."

"Well," said Mr. Delanoy, "I hope you may become domiciled there, for I confess I am anxious to see more of that brown-haired lassie."

Punctually at 10 o'clock the brougham stood

at the door of the wonderful house, and Mrs. Farnham herself entered the parlor.

"I called yesterday, Mrs. Farnham," said Mrs. Delanoy, "having heard from Mrs. Percival that you had a vacant suite of rooms, and I confess that I was so much enchanted with them that if we can come to terms it will give me great pleasure. I have been trying so long to find a pleasant home for the winter that it will prove quite a relief to find myself settled in such a charming house as I am sure yours must be."

To say that Mrs. Farnham's face expressed surprise during this short speech would but ill express the look of blank astonishment that stole over it. Noticing which, Mrs. Delanoy continued: "But perhaps Miss Rogers did not inform you of the object of my call?"

Mrs. Farnham rang a small hand-bell by her side, and requested the servant who responded to its silvery call to ask Miss Kate to step into the parlor.

"There must be some mistake about this," she said, "which my sister can perhaps explain."

Pending Miss Kate's arrival there was, as may be imagined, a most awkward silence among the three persons in the parlor, though Mr. Delanoy, who had accompanied his sister on purpose to get a glimpse of the "brown-haired lassie" was more amused than he cared to show. Kate came into the room, and halted by the door with such a mingled look of shame and fun upon her face, that Mr. Delanoy was more attracted than ever.

Mrs. Farnham was the first to break silence as her sister advanced.

"Perhaps you can explain this extraordinary proceeding of yesterday, Kate," she said, with an attempt to make her tone a severe one.

"Yes, Annie, I can:" and the crimson blush that mantled her face rendered her still more bewitching in Mr. Delanoy's eyes.

"It was all my fault. You see, when the lady and gentleman called, I did not at first understand what they wanted, and although I thought it very strange for Mrs. Percival to send any one to look at our rooms, I did not like to refuse them, and it was not until the lady said something about securing a comfortable home for the winter that I began to see through the matter, and then I was possessed by a spirit of mischief, and I showed the rooms as though we had kept a boarding-house for the last twenty years. I assure you I was sorry and ashamed the moment they had gone, but it was too late then."

Mrs. Farnham began a reproof which was intended to be severe, but a look at the downcast face, in which contrition and mischief struggled for the mastery, turned her severity into a hearty laugh, in which they all joined. But a moment later Kate, with her blushes still upon her, said:

"Really I am dreadfully sorry, and if I could do anything to make amends —"

"I hope you will think no more about it," said Mrs. Delanoy, "although I assure you it is a great disappointment to me to have to give up the pretty rooms I had set my heart upon."

Shortly after the brother and sister took