

THE LINNET'S NEST.

VERSES FOR CHILDREN.

(From the French of Berquin.)

At last, within their nest I hold
The small brown linnet's callow brood:
Poor little pots—a few days old—
Henceforth, my hand shall give you food.
Ah! tiny rebels, you may cry,
And peck my fingers—'tis in vain—
Too weak as yet, you cannot fly,
And so my prisoners must remain.

But hark! the mother bird I hear,
A piteous note she seems to sing;
The father, too, is hovering near,
And flutters round with restless wing.
Why should I cause these parents' pain?
I, who in time of summer's heat,
Beneath an oak, their happy strain
With grateful ear would oft greet!

"Alas! if some vile wretch should dare
To snatch me from my mother's breast,
Full well I know her fond despair
In death alone would meet with rest.
How, then, shall I with cruel heart,
Sweet linnets, tear your brood away?
Ye shall not from your nestlings part—
I give you back my downy prey."

Teach them amid these woodland haunts
On timid wings to soar, alone,
And, while they listen to your chants,
To warble music of their own.
And I, when summer comes again,
While shaded from the noonday's heat
By forest-boughs, each happy strain
With grateful ear will often greet.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

EPISODE FROM THE LIFE OF GARIBALDI.

The incident happened at Caprera. Caprera is a lonely island, the resort of wild goats, which thirty years ago no one thought would ever become famous. Garibaldi, having inherited from his mother a small sum of money, bought a part of the island in 1858, and settled on it. He lived there with his family in a tent, which later on was changed into a hut. This in its turn was transformed into a cottage, which still exists.

In 1865, when what I am going to relate took place, the little stone cottage was then ready. Garibaldi, not suffering as he did recently, might have really been called the king of the island. With him were Menotti, Ricciotti, Achilles Fazzari, Pastorio, who was killed at Dijon; Giovanni Basso, Giovanni Fruscianti, and a peasant girl named Fiorina.

Garibaldi used to retire immediately after supper. At three o'clock in the morning he rose and began reading. No one entered his room, and he never would receive anybody before all the members of the family had risen. Immediately after daybreak he descended quietly to feed the geese, which began to cry joyfully on seeing him. About eight o'clock, after having talked a little with those in the house, Garibaldi went up on the mountains with his gun on his shoulder. Sometimes he returned with a grouse. At twelve o'clock, dinner. The table was never covered with a table-cloth, this was replaced by newspapers. Garibaldi gave orders never to wait for him; if he remarked that they had waited for him to sit down to table, he immediately expressed his annoyance. On the contrary, he was always pleased when he saw that his guests had commenced dining without him. Dinner consisted of soup, a dish of meat, and sometimes fruit. Garibaldi was very fond of fruit, especially grapes. If among the fruit there was a beautiful pear or peach, Garibaldi, who naturally had the right to take the best fruit, left it on the dish, and as the others followed his example the same fruit appeared again on the table the next day.

At dinner Garibaldi was fond of making jokes. He scarcely ever drank wine; if he happened to drink a small glass he became merry, and still more talkative; he related divers episodes of his agitated life, so full of all sorts of adventures. He was an extremely interesting and truthful narrator. Having finished dinner, Garibaldi would break a Tuscan cigar in two, and, having gone some distance from the house, commence to smoke. Then he would plant or cut some plants, or retire to his room. He walked, read, invited to his room some of his guests, joked with them, and smoked.

The young people who were with Garibaldi could not, of course, lead the same monotonous life that he did. They were not satisfied with walking on the mountains and hunting goats. When the General had not given orders for them to stay at Caprera, they would row to the island of Maddalena. They had two boats: one a small canoe, much more fit to row on a lake than on the sea, but which could be carried on one's shoulders. It was in this boat that Garibaldi, eluding the vigilance of the Italian squadron, left Caprera in 1867 and landed on the Continent.

One day a young Garibaldian, who was called the Hawk, having inspected the little boat, loosened it, and left in it for the island of Maddalena. Dinner was over before his return. Garibaldi had also finished the half of the Tuscan cigar without having seen the young man.

"Where is he gone to?" asked the General.

"Probably to Maddalena, and, fearing a storm, must have remained there."

The young man indeed had gone to the island of Maddalena, where beloved beauty waited for him. He feared that the pouring rain would have prevented her coming to the rendezvous, and he went there only to keep his promise; however, the young girl was there, but wet through.

"I came only to tell you two words, and I must go back, because I am waited for."

"Why, are you going back in that boat?" exclaimed the frightened girl.

"Yes; I have no alternative."

Now the young man, after parting, was so absorbed in his meditations that he entirely forgot the danger; but hardly was he beyond the range of a gun when a very high wind arose and seemed ready to swamp the little boat. The young man rowed with all his might till his strength failed; for some minutes he thought all was over him and he left off struggling against the waves, when at last an enormous wave threw him at the foot of a cliff at Caprera on the opposite side to that inhabited by Garibaldi.

What was to be done! It was quite impossible to approach the house of Garibaldi by water, so terrible was the wind. He left the boat in a corner of the cliff, and having climbed over the rocks he appeared at the house in the evening.

"Where have you been? I hope not at the Maddalena," said the General.

"I have, but this awful weather prevented me from coming here as soon as I had hoped to do."

"Well, where did you leave the boat?"

"Ah, the boat!" said the young man in confusion, and explained where he had left it.

"So you abandoned it there! Bravo! Call Fiorina." Fiorina was the peasant servant girl.

"Fiorina," said Garibaldi, "go and take the boat that this gentleman has abandoned on the shore, and return by sea, for though the sea is very rough I am sure that you will not be afraid. If you do not like to risk yourself alone, take Lucca with you."

This is the way that the General gave reproofs to his subordinates. They were short, severe, powerful reproofs. Lucca!—who was Lucca? Lucca Spano. But who was Lucca Spano? A Cretin. One day Menotti and Achilles Fazzari saw on the island of Maddalena an unfortunate youth of eighteen years, almost naked, dirty, hungry, and trembling with cold. They had pity on him and brought him to Caprera, where the General gave him food, warmed him, and offered him a home in his house. Lucca, delighted, remained in the house, and was set to work to wash the plates, and tend the geese and goats. Lucca became very fond of the goats, who stood on their hind legs to him, licked his hands, and in winter lay around him as if to keep him warm; he was as it were one with them. Garibaldi was rather at a loss how to dress him, for he had nothing but trousers and a cloak, and his children were not better off than himself in this respect. Garibaldi, however, had kept his military costume as a souvenir of the glorious campaign of 1859. He gave it to the poor idiot, not because he did not care for it, but because in his great kindness he preferred rather to dress a poor outcast with what was of real value to himself than to keep the clothes as an object of interest. Thus Lucca washed plates and kept the goats in the costume of a general in the Italian army.

Though Lucca was a Cretin, or more properly a coarse and obstinate idiot, Garibaldi wished to educate him, feeling sure that with patience and perseverance he could accomplish what was supposed to be impossible. At eleven o'clock Lucca came to Garibaldi's room, where the general gave him a lesson. No day passed without a lesson, but every lesson was torture to Lucca. When the time came to begin the lesson Lucca showed bad temper, kissed his goats and took leave of them as if he were going to the guillotine; carried the geese, and, pale and trembling, approached the room of his teacher. Garibaldi taught him reading and writing for half an hour, and arithmetic for another half hour, but poor Lucca understood nothing of the latter.

"General," said the unfortunate fellow, often, "if you do not open my head and put that book into it, I shall never understand those figures."

The war of 1866 was approaching, and the General was preparing to go on board his ship, when suddenly his eyes fell upon the weeping face of Lucca.

"What are you crying for, Lucca?" said the General.

"I want to go with you," he answered.

"Very well, but if you are killed, what then?"

"All the better, General, for in Paradise, at all events, I shall not have to learn those blessed figures."

Garibaldi smiled and said, "Very well, come along." So Lucca became a soldier. They were now in the terrible mountains of the Tyrol, where a few men might keep at bay a whole army. Garibaldi was advancing through the gorges; it was the eve of the day before the battle of Monte-Suelo, after a bloody combat, that Lucca Spano did not answer to the roll-call. The next day Menotti and Achilles, traversing the battle field, saw two men lying dead, a Garibaldian and Tyrolean, who seemed to have attacked each other and fallen in deadly combat. The Garibaldian was Lucca Spano; his face had retained the blissful smile so well known to those who saw him leave the General's room, his lessons being over.

When Menotti related these facts to the General, Garibaldi hung his head and remained silent for a few moments, as Napoleon I. did when he saw Marshal Desaix lying dead on the field of Marengo. When the Government of the King asked Garibaldi for the list of rewards to be distributed to the army, he wrote at the head of the list, without saying a word, Lucca Spano. The medal awarded to Lucca for bravery was sent to his sister, a poor servant, and she has kept it till now. She asks herself now and then,

wonderingly, "Was it my own brother, Lucca Spano, who died fighting so bravely for his country?"

THE GREAT DIAMONDS OF THE WORLD.

What after all, are the big diamonds of the world? The greatest of them all, the Braganza, the chief treasure of the Portuguese crown, weighs in the rough 1,680 carats or somewhat more than 11 oz. Between this and the next, the Matan, there is a great gulf; the latter being 367 carats, which is 27 carats more than the third on the list, the Nizam, of 340. All these are uncut; were it not so, the figures would have to be seriously reduced, as in the case of the Pitt or Regent, which at one time weighed 410 carats, but was cut down to 137. The reduction has not always been in the same proportion, but would seldom be less than from one-third to one-half. We may therefore, assume that the Great Mogul of 279 $\frac{3}{4}$, the Du Toit I. of 244, and the great Table of 242 $\frac{5}{8}$ carats respectively, must, before cutting, have stood higher than any of the rest, except the Braganza, if indeed that is an exception.

Mr. Streeter in his history of the great Diamonds of the World begins with the Braganza in the rather ominous words, "If genuine, the Braganza is by far the largest diamond, not only now in existence, but of which there is any record." Its very magnitude has excited suspicion, and the misgiving has been favoured by the fact that no opportunity has been afforded for adequately testing it. Mystery has surrounded it from the beginning, and hence very conflicting accounts of its weight, its discovery and even the date at which it was found. It is a long way from the 95 carats of Liebig, and the seven-eighths of an ounce given by Mawe, to the 1880 carats of Mr. Emanuel. Was it discovered in 1741 or in 1797? These are curious discrepancies, but greater than all is that between the opinion that it is a white topaz and the common belief in it as a true diamond. Whatever its real history and weight, supposing it to be a diamond, its value is enormous, and in all probability it will remain in the Portuguese treasury as a strange example of unproductive wealth. Whatever it is it came from Brazil, not later than the close of the last century or the commencement of this, and has ever since been matter for speculation, but hidden from the gaze of those who could re-veal its mystery.

The Matan, the second, if not the chief, as regards actual weight among known diamonds, was found in Borneo, in or about 1787, and it has remained in the family of the Rajah of Matan ever since. But here again we are confronted by doubt, though probability seems to favor its genuineness. Diamond mines have long been known in Borneo, and as far back as 1738 the Dutch exported them thence annually to the value of 200,000 to 300,000 dols. The Matan is regarded with superstitious reverence, and is believed by the Malays to possess healing powers of an astonishing kind. Like the Braganza its form is somewhat that of an egg, and it has never been cut.

The Nizam, the third of the great diamonds, is now said to weigh 340 carats, but was once 440, the reduction being due to a fracture. It is an Indian stone, and its owner is the Nizam of Hyderabad. There is no certain account of its discovery; but its genuineness seems undoubted.

Large as it is, the Great Mogul, from the same region, was once much larger, having in its rough state weighed 795 carats, from which it was reduced to 279 by cutting. The Great Mogul seems to have been found somewhere between 1630 and 1650, and it passed into the possession of Shah Jehan, "The Great Mogul," from whose title it took its name. What became of it eventually is unknown. Tavernier saw it in 1665, and from that time its history remains a blank. It has been supposed to be the same with the Koh-i-nur and some other famous diamonds; it may have been cut or broken; but the truth is that it has disappeared, and probably for ever.

To South Africa belongs the distinction of producing one of the largest diamonds in the world. This is the Stewart found in 1872, and weighing 288 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats. It is of a light yellow tinge, and perfectly crystallized. The claim which yielded it had been purchased some months before for £30, and this was not the only prize obtained. Another large diamond from the Cape is the Porter Rhodes, found in 1880, and since then exhibited in Bond Street, at Mr. Streeter's. The fortunate gentleman who brought over this splendid gem had the honour of showing it to the Queen and other members of the Royal Family before it was seen by the public at all; it was also seen and admired by the Empress Eugénie. Having said so much of two of the South African finds, it may be as well in this place to set before the reader's eye the names and weights of the diamonds from that region, which are separately described by Mr. Streeter. They are as follows:—

The Stewart, weight, rough, 288 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats.

The Du Toit I., weight, cut, 244 carats.

The Jagersfontein, weight, rough, 209 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats.

The Porter Rhodes, weight, rough, 150 carats.

The Du Toit II., weight, cut, 124 carats.

The African Yellow, or Tennant, weight, cut, 112 carats.

The Star of Diamonds, weight, cut, 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats.

The Star of Beaufort, weight, cut, 100 carats.

The Dudley, weight, rough, 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats; cut, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats.

Thus of the seventy-six which appear in Mr. Streeter's volume, no fewer than nine come from the Cape—a marvellous fact, when we consider that the first specimen, a stone of 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats, was not obtained till March, 1867. Of the remaining sixty-seven on the list, the majority may be decidedly assigned to India, several to Brazil, and a few to Borneo. Some of them are now known only to history, and have quite disappeared, while the rest are in the possession of princes and potentates, and in royal treasuries.

Among the great diamonds of the world are some which are remarkable not only for their magnitude, but on other accounts. The Akbar Shah, or Jehan Gbir Shah, which was lost sight of about the close of the seventeenth century, but has recently come again to light, before it was recut bore two beautifully executed Arabic inscriptions. On one side was to be read "Shah Akbar, the Shah of the World, 1028," and on the other, "To the Lord of two Worlds, 1039, Shah Jehan." The figures are dates corresponding to our A.D. 1618 and 1629. It seems a pity that so great a curiosity should have been meddled with, especially as the gem is now hidden away among the treasures of the Gaikwar of Baroda. Only one other diamond is known to have been engraved, and that is the Shah, which is inscribed with the names of three Persian rulers, the last of whom died so recently as 1834.

Other big diamonds are also famous on account of their history, their form, or their colour; and the details under these heads, particularly the first, would furnish materials for a chapter of romantic interest. The Koh-i-nur, for instance, is truly called "The great diamond of history and romance," and we must, for obvious reasons, say a little about it. The first authentic reference to this appears to be in the "Memoirs of Sultan Baber" in the year 1526. It had been owned by the Sultan Ala-ed-din (Aladdin) somewhere about A.D. 1300, and legend or tradition traces it back to half a century before the Christian era in one case, and in another to 3000 years earlier still. Its real history is tolerably certain from the days of Ala-ed-din to its acquisition by Queen Victoria. It remained in the possession of the Mogul dynasty until 1739, when Nadir Shah obtained it by a clever ruse from Mohammed Shah. Its new Persian owner gave it the name by which it is now known, Koh-i-nur, or Mountain of Light. After a succession of adventures, some of them of thrilling interest, the annexation of the Punjab in 1849 placed the jewel in the power of the British, with the stipulation that it should be presented to the Queen of England. Her Majesty received it in 1850, and in 1851 it was displayed to myriads of wondering eyes at the first Great Exhibition. Its weight was then 187 carats, and it had been badly cut, so badly that it was resolved to re-cut it. This task was entrusted to the house of Coster of Amsterdam, and the work was actually performed in London by Mr. Voorsanger, whom they appointed for the purpose. The stone lost 80 carats during the process, and now weighs 106 $\frac{1}{8}$, while the operation cost £8,000. Opinions differ much as to the result; it may, however, be safely said that those who were the best qualified to judge were by no means the most satisfied. Its present home is Windsor Castle, and a model of it is in the jewel room of the Tower of London. Before re-cutting it was valued at £140,000, but, it would be useless to guess its actual worth. It is one of the material glories of a glorious reign, and worthier hands than those of the first Emperors of India could not hold it.

We can, in conclusion, only add a word or two about the Pitt or Regent, and the Eugénie. The Pitt was found in India in 1701, and eventually became the property of Mr. Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, and to him we owe a curious narrative of its early history. It originally weighed 410 carats, but was reduced in cutting to 136 $\frac{3}{4}$. Eventually it was sold to the French Regent, the Duke of Orleans, for £135,000, and it is estimated that Pitt cleared £100,000 by the business. In 1791 it was valued at £480,000, but the next year it disappeared, though it was subsequently recovered, and is now held by the French Government. The Eugénie, which weighs 50 carats, formerly belonged to Catherine II. of Russia; she gave it to Potemkin, and from one of his descendants it was purchased by Napoleon III. on the occasion of his marriage, as a present for his wife, who wore it in a necklace. After the Franco-German war it was sold to the Gaikwar of Baroda, and it is now hidden away, so that its whereabouts is unknown.

Sic transit gloria mundi! It is sad to close with so strange a record of bitter disappointment.

THE PUNISHMENT.

Two haggard shades in robes of mist,
For longer years than each could tell,
Joined by a stern gyve, wrist with wrist,
Have roamed the courts of hell.

Their blank eyes know each other not;
Their cold hearts hate this union drear....
Yet one poor ghost was Lancelot
And one was Guinevere!

—EDGAR FAWCETT, IN *The Century*

EKEAT.

To the hope that he has taught,
To the beauty he has wrought,
To the comfort he has been;
To the dream that poets tell,
To the land where Gabriel
Cannot lose Evangeline:—
Hush! let him go.

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.