

and we shall never agree. Listen, I'll tell you what I'll do. Here are two shillings, they are both mine, but I wish to start fair. I'll give you one, you shall follow your plans, and I'll follow mine, and we'll see who'll prosper best in the end." "Agreed, agreed," cried Jem, eagerly stretching out his hand, "no, not that shilling, the bent one for luck—I know what I shall do with it; I shall trade in the streets with oranges; Franklin has put me up to a plan or two. Rose, you shall have a new gown out of the first sovereign I make—if I can spare it, I mean. See which will do best in the end. My poor Sam, do you really fancy you can do better than I, do you fancy you can get on at all? Be advised, join partnership with me at once, and in time Franklin and I might make something of you." "Something that I should not like, perhaps," said Sam, "no, no! mind I said, in the end; and I have no fear, none at all, Rose, of prospering in the end."

"As you talk of being fair, Sam," said Jem, "I suppose you mean to give me half of what you can get for this purse. The clasp is rusty, but it's handsome cut steel." "I shall not sell it at all," said Sam. "Who knows but some day we might meet the person who has lost this pretty purse, they'd know it again may be, and we'd give it back with the money, and tell how useful it was when we found it. Put it by in some safe place, Rose, it will come in useful some day."

In the evening of that very day the Mortons had another piece of good news. Ellen came to say that she had heard of a good place for Milly, and this removed one of Rose's great anxieties, for Milly, who was now old enough, was just the person to be injured by having nothing to do. "I shall like a rainy cold day as long as I live," said Rose to Ellen as she wished her good night; "we have turned the corner of the lane, fairly turned it, Ellen; how wicked I was to doubt; but how is this, you look graver now than you did last night?" "Because you seem all in such high spirits, and I want you to recollect that there may be a long, long way before you are out of the lane yet. I'm afraid, if you think your troubles are all over now, you'll not be cautious enough." "Nay, look at Sam; no fear of his not being cautious enough; he is sitting poring over his shilling, as if it were the Queen's sceptre, and the fate of all the people in England depended on how he used it."

CHAP. IX.

Rose's joy and exultation were a little damped when Sam and Jem returned in the evening after their first day's sale. She saw by a glance at their faces, what had been their success. Sam put down his tray, containing a few toys and books on which he had expended his shilling, in silence. Jem jingled some pence noisily in his hand, and began to talk in a boasting tone, "I've done very well for the first day, but unluckily I've spent most of the money. I was obliged to treat Franklin and one or two of the other boys, to keep them in a good humour, and, of course, I could not do so without eating myself. The threepence I've got here, I must save towards buying myself fresh stock. So you see, Rose, you must not expect anything from me. Scold Sam, as much as you like, for being such a fool as to have sold nothing all day; would you believe, he stood still, or sauntered about hour after hour without having the courage to offer his toys to a single person, and when at last a little boy came up, with a sixpence in his hand, and was just going to buy one of these little carts, he was silly enough to tell him how that the wheels would not turn round." "He asked me," said Sam, "and you know they don't turn round. I could not tell a lie." "You must learn, then—there's no such thing as getting on without. Why, just at that very moment, an old woman came up to me, and asked me if my apples were of one sort, or mixed; do you think I was going to be such a goose as to tell her what would prevent her buying of me? She might use her own eyes and find out; I said, they were all of one sort, and she believed me more for it, and she bought a good basket full—which was the best, do you think, your answer or mine?" "Mine," said Sam; "your old woman will never believe you again, but my child will always believe me." "We shall, most likely, never see either of them again," said Jem, "and I shall make a fortune before I have cheated every one in London; good bye, I am going out with Franklin."

Jem stole away without waiting for further conversation; he had two-pence concealed in his pocket, which he meant to spend on his own pleasure, and he had not courage to let Rose know how selfish he was, or to meet the hungry looks of the little children. Rose had sold some work that day, so that she was able to provide them a scanty supper. "What was that Willy was reading?" said Sam, while Rose was putting the little ones to bed. "Oh, only a leaf out of an old book, that was wrapped round some candles I bought at the shop—Willy will read any thing." Sam picked up the crumpled leaf, and began to read it. It occupied him so much that he did not speak a word the rest of the evening till he got up to go to bed; when he returned it to Rose carefully folded up. "Put it by, Rose, in some safe place with the purse. I shall not be surprised if having found this does not do me more good than the shilling." "Why, what is it about?" I could see nothing in it but the history of a boy who made a watch with an old piece of whalebone for a spring, and who invented some machine with a long name, that I don't understand, what has that to do with us?" "Why look here, Rose, he was a poor boy, and by thinking and trying he invented such wonderful things—why should not I, if I think and try, be able to make toys with wheels that would move round, and handles that won't come off; something that I might sell without having to tell stories about them, instead of these crazy things?"

THE TAKING OF MOSCOW.

From Alison's History of Europe.

"At eleven o'clock, on the 14th September, 1812, the advanced guard of the French army, from an eminence on the road, descried the long-wished-for minarets of Moscow. The domes of above two hundred churches, and the massy summits of a thousand palaces, glittered in the rays of the sun; the form of the cupolas gave an oriental character to the scene; but high above all, the cross indicated the ascendancy of the European faith. The scene which presented itself to the eye resembled rather a province adorned with palaces, domes, woods, and buildings, than a single city. A boundless accumulation of houses, churches, public edifices, rivers, parks, and gardens, stretched out over swelling eminences and gentle vales as far as the eye could reach. The mixture of architectural decoration and pillared scenery with the bright green foliage was peculiarly fascinating to European eyes. Everything announced its oriental character, but yet without losing the features of the West. Asia and Europe meet in that extraordinary city.

"Many of its palaces are of wood coloured green, yellow, and rose, and with the exterior ornamented with sculpture, in the Moorish, or Arabesque style. The Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars of Muscovy, where they defended themselves alternately against the Poles and the Tartars, is surrounded by a high loop-holed wall, flanked by towers, which resemble rather the minarets of a Turkish mosque, than the summits of a European fortress. But how oriental soever the character of the scene may be, the number and magnificence of the domes and churches, with their gilded cupolas and splendid crosses, tell the beholder at every step that he is in the midst of the rule of the Christian faith.

"Struck by the magnificence of the spectacle, the leading squadrons halted and exclaimed, 'Moscow! Moscow!' And the cry, repeated from rank to rank, at length reached the Emperor's guard. The soldiers breaking their array, rushed tumultuously forward, and Napoleon hastening in the midst of them gazed impatiently on the splendid scene. His first words were—'Behold at last that famous city!' The next, 'It was full time!' Intoxicated with joy, the army descended from the heights. The fatigues and dangers of the campaign were forgotten in the triumph of the moment; and eternal glory was anticipated in the conquest which they were about to complete. Murat, at the head of the cavalry, speedily advanced to the gates, and concluded a truce with Milaradowitch, for the evacuation of the capital. But the entry of the French troops speedily dispelled the illusions in which the army had indulged. Moscow was found to be deserted. Its long streets and splendid palaces resounded only with the clang of the hoofs of the invader's horses. Not a sound was heard in its vast circumference, the dwellings of three hundred thousand persons seemed as silent as the wilderness. Napoleon in vain waited till evening for a deputation from the magistrates or the chief nobility, not a human being came forward to deprecate his hostility; and the mournful truth could no longer be concealed that Moscow, as if struck by enchantment, was bereft of inhabitants. Wearied of fruitless delay, the Emperor at length advanced to the city, and entered the ancient palace of the Czars amidst no other concourse than that of his own soldiers."

[The most graphic description of the interior of Moscow in the English language is from the pen of the Marchioness of Londonderry, the brilliancy of which induces a feeling of regret, that the noble authoress should not have recorded her observations in a more durable form than the pages of an ephemeral periodical.]

ALL MEN EQUAL:—AN ORIENTAL FABLE.

ONE day the pacha said to the sultan, "All men are equal in the sight of the prophet. Why then shouldst thou sit upon a throne, whilst I have only a divan? Why shouldst thou rule over an empire, whilst I have only command over a province?"

"It is very possible that thou mayest be in the right," replied the sultan, "to-morrow I will yield to thee my empire and my throne, if only thou canst find out the way to make all men really equal." The pacha went forth from his master's presence in a state of enchantment, and immediately began to proclaim the equality of all the children of Mahomet. But, as he reached the threshold of the palace, he met a vizier, who thus addressed him.

"Why, O pacha, dost thou bear rule over a province, whilst I only bear rule over a town? And why dost thou deck thyself with a turban rich in precious stones, whilst mine is only embroidered with gold?"

"To-morrow," replied the pacha, "thou shalt bear rule over my province, and wear my costly turban."

And the vizier departed from the palace with a rejoicing heart, when, lo! he met a captain, who asked him, saying,

"Wherefore hast thou the command of an army, whilst I have only that of a battalion? And why art thou clothed in cloth of gold, whilst I only wear a robe of silk?"

"To-morrow," replied the vizier, "thou shalt have the command of my army, and wear my gold embroidered dress." But a lieutenant approached the captain, saying,

"In the name of equality, I call upon thee to yield up to me the command of thy battalion, and the insignia of thy office." And a cavalry soldier exclaimed,

"In the name of equality, oh lieutenant, I demand from thee thy rank and thy pay."

And a foot-soldier spoke to the cavalry soldier, saying,

"Give me thy horse and thy sabre, and do thou take my gun, for it is too heavy for me to carry, and are we not all equal? Wherefore should I bear the load?" And each one when thus addressed, replied,

"To-morrow thou shalt have all thou requirest," for each one had desired to place himself on a level with his superior, forgetting that he also had an inferior beneath him. But as all had a superior, and none were satisfied to remain subaltern, they were for ever struggling to rise in the name of equality.

So that at last a fearful civil war broke out, and none of the parties being able to come to an agreement between themselves, they killed one another from one end of the kingdom to the other, the conquerors disputing together over the spoil of the vanquished, and inequality re-appearing and prevailing as before, after each new displacement of the standing order of things.

Those who survived after this terrible struggle were even more embittered and more miserable than before, when, lo! one day a poor slave, who had remained contentedly in his own position, without envying that of others, thus addressed the dethroned sultan, the despoiled pachas, the officers who had been deprived of their commands, the captains who had lost their battalions, the dismounted horsemen and the unarmed soldiers, saying, "Each one of you thought himself more fortunate than I, and that I am now the happiest of you all. And know you wherefore I am happy? Even because there is a Prophet yet greater than your prophet, who has taught His followers this truth, 'The lofty cedar protects the head of the lowly hyssop, and the lowly hyssop nourishes the roots of the lofty cedar.' They therefore stand equally in need the one of the other, and herein consists their true equality. The poor shall never cease out of the land, for man was not meant to find his full happiness here below. Woe unto them who despoil others instead of bestowing upon them of their abundance, for it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a wicked rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven. And the Prophet who has taught us these things is my God," continued the slave, bowing his head in reverence before that sacred name, "and before it is that I am a happy man!"

JOHN OSSORINUS.

WHO asks my reader, and who was he? was he a poet, or statesman, orator? which of the nations of the world did he live in, and when was he born, and when did he die? O vain glory of all human fame! The very name of Ossorinus is only known to a few scholars; even the learned who was he? and yet, in his day, the name of John Ossorinus had reached a European celebrity. But who was Ossorinus? Reader, did you ever pull down some goodly tome at a bookstall, a folio of the sixteenth century? You have done so, and, if an unlearned but enquiring reader, you wondered at the red ink and quaint devices which appeared on its pages. But if learned and possessed of the money you joyfully purchased it, you were not for which you had long searched; or, if unlearned, or you had not the money, you returned it to its place with, perhaps, a sigh that so much knowledge was hid from you. But learned or unlearned, you might have seen the device, which was, perhaps, a man riding upon a dolphin. Such was the mark of books printed by one John Ossorinus, printer at Basle in Switzerland.

John Ossorinus, after all, was *only* a printer! He was a printer, gentle reader. He was a printer in the early part of the sixteenth century, and let me tell you, that many a learned man then was a printer, for printers were then authors and scholars to boot, of no great requirements.

Ossorinus then was born at Basle on the 26th January, 1507. His father was a distinguished painter of the name of Herbst, a name which has since become extinct.

Notwithstanding all his diligence and assiduity, Ossorinus was always discontented, partly because he would not allow his wife to share in privations which he imposed upon himself. He had the misfortune to lose her, and in twenty years of happiness which were only embittered by his own dissensions. This, however, did not prevent him from entering a third time into matrimony. He married the widow of Nervagis, a celebrated scholar, who only survived their marriage a few months. Nothing daunted, he went on to take a fourth: who brought him a son, the anticipated stay of his declining years. This was not destined to be realized; he died within a few months after his child's birth. Driven by poverty and the entreaties of his wife, he sold his presses, and retired to a life of idleness. This was a step which must have gone nigh to break his health, for he was not indeed already prematurely old from the effects of application and repeated disappointments. Yet his was not a dissipated life; he indulged in unavailing regrets, or angry complainings, as it is from a conversation with his friend Cælius Luses, shortly before the occasion of this conversation was a melancholy one. They were coming from the funeral of Rachel Bernard in June, 1568, and on his home Curio was about to wish him good day and depart. He would by no means suffer this. "Let me," said he, "have some conversation with you, for heaven knows when we shall meet again. If it

be not troublesome to you (to me it would be most delightful); let us return to the church whence we came, and indulge in our former discourse upon mortality. Let us see where you have buried your son Austin." When we reached the church, he viewed the monumental tablet, and read the inscription, namely, the gate of life. "This is truly said," observes he; "since there is no other passage to immortality but by death, which renders it the more desirable; and to joyful minds the more welcome." Then, having minutely examined that part of the church, he said, "Oh! how many bodies of the illustrious dead repose within these precincts. Five virgins, and your own one of Beatus Brand, and the fifth belonging to Sessingius; four eminent men, Castalio, Isargruius, Troben, and your own Austin, all nine sleep tranquilly here. I wish to make a tenth; and if this happens before your own decease, do, I pray you, cause me to be buried in this narrow spot, a little beyond the rest; for, is it not delightful to lie side by side with the good and pious?" "God only knows," Cælius replied, "whose turn it may first be; but if my own, my only wish is, when such happy day shall arrive, to be buried with my dearest children." So saying, they departed. Ossorinus accompanying Cælius to his own door.

The wish of Ossorinus was destined soon to be fulfilled; in the very next month he made the tenth amongst that goodly company; and he died, as one who would feel such a wish ought to die. On the fourteenth day of his illness, he was oppressed with sleep, and lay a long time motionless. When awakening, he fetched a deep sigh, saying, "Happy is he, who is thus warned to depart." And then, in answer to the questions of those who stood around his bed, he told them that he had seen in his sleep a self-moving clock, which struck the hour, and then fell heavily upon him; adding, at the same time, that the sounds conveyed most delightful music to his ears. Soon after this, his soul departed. His funeral was attended by the whole of the academy, and a great concourse of the most respectable citizens of Basle. His epitaphs are many; and show how much he was esteemed for his scholarship and worth. One affixed to his portrait may be thus translated:

"To the immortal memory of

John Ossorinus,

Printer of Basle.

Learned, studious, polished, the Author or Publisher of many books. He left but one son by his fourth wife. He is mourned for his public and private worth. He died, aged more than forty, on the 6th July, 1668. He was born on the 26th January, 1607.

Fruitful autumn gone, his fame remains,

Arien is escaped, we listen to his strains.

How small is human dust, O! reader know.

The great Ossorinus is sleeping here below."

The allusion to Arien refers to the fable expressed by the device. Arien was a skilful musician who played so well that even the fishes would come to the shore to listen to him. His art preserved his life, for being thrown overboard by some sailors who desired his property; he was carried to shore on the back of a dolphin. This device is touchingly appropriate to the character of Ossorinus, who, though sorely tossed by the waves of this troublesome world, yet fulfilled the great object of life, and attained at last to the haven where he would be.

Thus, then, reader, you have the history of Ossorinus.

DIPS INTO OUR FAVOURITE AUTHORS.—PART I.

A DIP INTO CERVANTES.*

SHEWING THE MISCHIEFS THAT ROMANCE READING BROUGHT ON THE WORTHY DON QUIXOTE.

IN a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I will not trouble myself to remember, there lived one of those country gentlemen who boast the possession of a rusty lance and worn-out buckler, a starved horse and a lean greyhound. Three parts of his income were consumed in supplying his table with a dish seldomer of mutton than of beef, salmagundi for supper, "sighs-and-spasms" on Saturdays, lentiles on Fridays, and a pigeon or some such small relish on the Sabbath. The rest went to purchase a suit of black velvet with slippers to match, for state occasions, and another of homespun cloth for daily wear. His household consisted of a house-keeper turned of forty, and a niece scarcely twenty, with a handy young serving lad who could clean a horse and handle a pruning-hook. The age of our hero was about fifty: he was of swarthy complexion, meagre habit, an early riser, and a great lover of hunting. His name was either Quesada or Quixada, but which of the two is of little importance to our story.

This good gentleman had acquired the habit of employing his leisure hours, which were many, in reading romances, which he devoured with such eagerness, that they gradually weaned him, not only from the pleasures of the chase, but from proper attention to the management of his little estate; and he even sold many good acres to purchase additions to his library. . . . He would not only read from morning to night, but sometimes from night to morning, without interruption; the natural consequence of which was, that his brain being unnaturally dried up by continued excitement, his wits became unsettled. His fancy being heated by what he read in his books, he took all that he found in them, concerning battles, enchantments, wounds, torments, miraculous adventures and

* Translated and abridged for popular reading.