

cially his idea—so he made proposals at once and was accepted.

The evening previous to her marriage, Mrs. Oakly addressed a letter to Mr. Alfred Oakly, informing him of the event, though she entered into no particulars not even giving the name of her intended husband. All the request she made was, that he would continue to place the same amount of money which he had previously forwarded to her, in some safe deposit, for the benefit of Agatha; that should she survive those who so happily it was now to do for her, she might not be entirely thrown upon the cold charity of the world. Not one word did she breathe of her yearning for her own precious Louisa; she felt he would not understand her if she did, so she coldly bade him farewell.

The marriage was solemnized in the widow's own little parlour, after which, amid the tears and blessings of the villagers, Mrs. Sullivan departed with her happy husband for his beautiful residence near Lake George.

(To be Continued.)

### THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

\*The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord.  
1 Samuel chap. iii. v. 1.

A fair young child went wandering out  
One glorious day in June;  
Flirting with bees that were humming about,  
Kissing red buds that with a rival pout,  
And mocking the cuckoo's tune.

For a moment his tiny hand was lost  
Mid rushes that fringed the stream;  
Then it came forth, and white lilies were tossed

After the golden porch, that crossed  
In the flash of the noontide beam.

He loitered along in the dusky shade  
Where spicy cones were spread;  
He gathered them up, till a pet lamb strayed  
To nibble the sward, then down he laid,  
Hugging its innocent head.

A pair of glittering wings went by,  
And the Child flew after the moth;  
Till a fluttering nestling caught his eye,  
And he chased the bird, but he gave no sigh  
When he saw he had lost them both.

He found himself in a dazzling place,  
Where Flora had been crowned;  
Where perfume, colour, light and grace,  
Pure as the flush on his own young face,  
Were flung over bower and mound.

He stood like an elf in fairy lands,  
With a wide and wistful stare;  
As a maiden over her casket stands,  
Mid heaps of jewels beneath her hands,  
Uncertain which to wear.

He went through the burnished rainbow maze,  
For some trophy to carry away;  
To the tulip bed and acacia sprays,  
To the luscious breath and scarlet blaze,  
Not knowing where to say.

At last the child was seen to pass  
With one sweet opening rose,  
And a blade of the white-streaked ribbon  
Grass:

The beautiful things, in the gorgeous mass,  
That his untutored spirit chose.

He rambled through another gay hour  
With a young heart's revelling mirth;  
But he still preserved the Grass and the Flower.

As though the formed they richest dower  
That he could inherit from Earth.

Over the green hill he slowly crept  
Guarding the rose from ill;  
He lolled on the bank of a meadow and slept,  
Then he hunted a squirrel, but jealously kept,  
The rose and the ribbon leaf still.

He strolled to the sea-beach, bleak and bare,  
And climbed up a jetting spot;  
And the child was wooing his idols there,  
Nursing the Flower and Grass with care,  
All else in the world forgot.

A dense dark cloud rolled over the sky,  
Like a vast triumphal car;  
The child looked up as it thickened on high,  
And watched its thundering storm-wheels fly  
Through the blue arch fast and far.

He knelt with the trophies he held so dear,  
And his beaming head was bowed;  
As he murmured with mingled trust and fear,  
"I'll twine them together and leave them  
Here,

For the God who made that cloud."

Worshipping Child, thou wert doing then  
What all below should do;  
We hear it taught by the Prophet men,  
We see it traced by the prophet pen,  
By the Holy, the Wise, the True.

We must lay down the flowers we bear,  
Held close in dotting pride;  
We must be ready to willingly spare,  
On Life's altar rock the things most fair—  
And loved beyond all beside.

Worshipping Child, may the tempest hour  
Find me with my spirit so bowed!  
As thou didst give the Grass and the Flower,  
May I yield what I love best to the Power  
Of Him that makes that cloud.

ELIZA COOK.

From Hogg's Instructor.

### SIXES AND SEVENS.

There is often a great force and vivacity in

common phrases and expressions. Cold conversationalisms are the very disguises of the soul, and words are too often intended to conceal, rather than to reveal, a man's meaning. While we are stopping to pick up words, our thoughts frequently make to themselves wings and fly away; and were it not for the honesty of human emotion, which occasionally breaks in upon the conversationalism of the world, and freshens the surface of the sluggish, half-stagnating stream of etiquette and formality, what a set of eating, drinking, bowing, cringing, smiling, smirking automata, should we not become! Language, we repeat, is peculiarly open to the freezing influence of custom. Founded upon convention, based on the common consent of mankind, no marvel that it sometimes consists not so much of the signs of ideas, as of their tombstones. The induration of habit has a powerful effect in lessening the force of words. How many hundreds—thousands, alas!—sit under the Sabbath-sound of words of such astounding import, that, even should our contracted capacities enter into their meaning with the full earnestness to which those capacities are competent, they would thrill our hearts with unutterable horror, or fill our breasts with ineffable gladness. We are sometimes aroused to their tremendous import, but habit, with its lethargic influence, settles down again upon our soul, like the blue film upon the torpid lake which the truant pebble has for an instant disturbed. Enough upon a theme so solemn. Our object is to animadvert for a moment upon the vigour and freshness which common phraseology imparts to the smooth diction of civility and etiquette.

There must be something poetical in the nature of man; not that he naturally measures iambs or hammers out hexameters, but he is by nature a highly figurative speaker—a maker of metaphors, and as aforesaid, common phraseology often hits upon expressions for which the author labours in vain. The poets have worked hard to place before us striking images of confusion. Milton especially, has thrown together some of the most extraordinary expressions to illustrate the idea of disorder; but what is all the poetry in the world to the phrase—sixes and sevens. Take it home—bring it steadily before your mind—think of your own affairs, or those of your friend, at 'sixes and sevens.' Only fancy what trouble it might have saved Milton, in the description of the angels lying thick as the leaves in Valambrosa, had he told us, in their confusion, they were lying at 'sixes and sevens!' Why the very acme of disorder is involved in the expression—it implies 'confusion worse confounded.' Six is an even, steady, reputable number. Compared with seven, it puts us in mind of a sober citizen, who shuts up his shop, puts on his great coat, and goes home to bed; while seven is flustering about the streets, serpentine his way, and perhaps needing the assistance of some other number (52 B, we'll say) to see him safe home. If they both use tobacco, ten to one six is sitting by his fireside, knocking the ash out of his steady clay pipe on the hob—seven is strolling about the town, with a rakish cheroot in his mouth, puffing the smoke into peoples' faces. But looking at them as abstract numbers, and without this elegant personification, they are an incongruous couple. We have nothing to say against seven in the abstract, as a number; and it is only when compared with six that ideas of irregularity, disorder, dissipation, are attached to it. We know that much has been written on the use of the number seven, and associations come across us which would be out of place here—the incongruity of the thing consists in coupling them together. They will not fit—they will not do. They are like a man with two left legs or a equine; or a long man on a little horse, or a fork with unequal prongs, or a pair of tongs of different length in the legs, or two knives to cut your meat with, or two right gloves, or a boot and a shoe. There is no such thing in nature as 'sixes and sevens.' Accidental grouping, indeed, is more frequently in nature than in art. Wild masses of rock, and straggling trees, and an endless variety of fantastic forms, are thrown together in stupendous confusion; but then, what a whole they form! Disorder there is the very element of beauty. Sixes and sevens in nature! Majestic shade of Scott!—if it is permitted the dead to visit the scene of their earthly wanderings—wouldst thou not frown in a thunder cloud upon the sacrilegious tourist who should say, the Trossachs are all at sixes and sevens! In nature we look for a degree of irregularity in the detail, which is the result of magnificent order in the general; but in art, irregularity is execrable.

Order, then—order in its highest manifestation—what an exquisite object of contemplation! Think of this great globe that we inhabit, with the myriads of human miles that just scratch its surface—a globe so vast that its mighty Alps, its majestic Andes, are but the roughness of its rim; this ponderous globe, for ever spinning round the sun, so fast as to sleep upon its axis—so exquisitely poised between the laws of matter and of motion as to perform its revolutions to a hair-breadth—regular in its irregularities, the obliquity of its ecliptic path bringing about that charming alternation of the seasons, by which the dreariness of winter blooms into spring, blushes into summer, and glows and deepens into autumn—regular in its irregularities, the trembling nicety of the compass speaking of gradual, progressive, but precise variation. But turning the eye of the imagination upward, from earth to heaven, how is the intellect overpowered with its infinitely inadequate conceptions of the vast amount of order that prevails—order in disguise, too, for those same diamond-points that stud the mighty arch seem sprinkled about at random, until science comes in with her sons and sys-

tems, her inconceivable distances, her precise planets, her eccentric comets! Ah, could we enter into the mysteries of the moral world—could we penetrate into the sublime arcana of the eternal government, how would the sublimities of physical and material order fade into insignificance!

But, to come down from this lofty height, let us look for a moment at the present irregularity but eccentric order of nature in her instinctive promptings. Did you ever observe a hive of bees? Of course you have—what an absurd enquiry! But did it not strike you, in that observation, that, with all their incessant activity, there was an apparent infirmity of purpose about those little labourers—apparent only, of course; but still they do seem to act by sudden impulses, rather than by any well-devised plan. Some will come bounding home alighting on the little tongue of wood before their door, as if they had fallen from the clouds instead of arriving thereat by a definite and well-conceived plan; others will come out of the hive in a hurry, blundering over the new comers, and looking very undecided for a few seconds, fly off, as it would seem, at random. We have even seen some make their exit upside down! walking forsooth, on the straw lintel of their door-way—clinging to the upper part of their gateway, instead of the ground. In this case, however, the *mead* or *methegin*, or whatever drink they debauch upon, must have got into their heads; for we are convinced that it is a thing that no well-conducted bee would submit to—a thing that no human labourer was ever known to do. But this is nothing to the apparent confusion of the scene of their labours. If you have ever examined a glass hive—though, by the way, it is not easy to examine a glass hive, for the little fellows seem extremely jealous of inspection, as jealous as the craftsmen of yore, and appear to dread your taking up the art and mystery of cell-building and honey-making over their heads; but if you have ever successfully inspected a glass hive, you must admit that it does appear a scene of extraordinary confusion. Of the bees it may be truly said, that they seem all at sixes and sevens. But in what does it all result?—a structure formed with such exquisite skill, based upon a mathematical problem so profound, as to excite the admiration of the wisest, and afford instruction to the most skilful of human artificers. The mind, indeed, displayed in the construction of their fragile fabric is evidently *not* their own. They are placed in a position lower than that of the meanest labourer who works upon the detail of a marble palace, to the architectural conception of which he is unspeakably incompetent.

Since then, we can find no real, though there may be some apparent, instances of 'sixes and sevens' in nature, let us look at them in human affairs. Order, in the matters of common life, if not an element of happiness, is certainly a most essential ingredient in comfort. I suppose no time is so thoroughly wasted, more completely thrown away, than that which is spent in looking for lost articles—time wasted too, in a manner as unpleasant as unprofitable; for there are some employments which, if they afford little advantage, supply a little gratification. Time, to be sure, is not made the most of, but some amount of personal enjoyment is secured; but—looking for lost articles! one had better be toasting one's toes on the fender, and making out men's faces in the fire. How a man turns over the same thing again and again, pauses to recollect, bites his lip, and purses his brow, and looks into a dozen impossible places, and repeats the same round of vexatious experiments, until he is tired, in the desperate hope of having overlooked the lost article. Now, this is the result of leaving things at 'sixes and sevens.' For the want of a little order, a man first loses his property, then loses his time, and then perhaps loses his temper, which is the worst loss of all. Order, in regard to time, is as important as that pertaining to place; and happy is the man who, like Alfred, can lay out his hours to the best advantage. We can economize our time, and we ought to do so. Not, however, adhering to rules irrespective of circumstances. Summer or winter, heat or cold, long days or short ones, the window seat or the fireside, ought all to be allowed their influence, and to make their modifications. In summer, for instance, a man should make the most of his mornings—in winter, of his nights. He should not be slavishly led by the sun. The sun is by no means an unexceptionable guide, for though he is an early riser in the summer months, he sets us a very bad example in winter weather. But one great reason for our making the most of time is, that time, profitably employed make the most of us. Our health, our wealth, our happiness, are all promoted by an economy of time. It is hardly possible indeed, except in special cases, for an active intelligent man to have a superfluity of time; but when a man does not know what to do with his time, it is a sore evil under the sun. It is said, indeed, that time is money, and to the majority of men this may be the case; but there is one grand distinction between time and money—it may be hard to get rid of your time when it hangs heavily on your hands, but it is specially easy to get rid of your money, when it burns holes in your pockets.

Sometimes, indeed, disorder, whether of time or place, is not your own fault. A fellow will come in, entertain you with the most trifling platitudes, overlook all your hints, and put out all your plans; and in regard to place, however well disposed to order, some odd-shaped articles may violate all your notions of physical fitness. What an act of anti-social atrocity it is in a publisher, to put forth a queer sized book! Did you never feel the nuisance of an odd-shaped volume in your library—a fellow that will not range with the

rest—one, indeed, that has no fellow—a stumpy Virgil, a square-shaped Homer, a very narrow, tall book, like an attenuated ledger, or a very short square one? This latter class is the worse. It is not so much thickness or height in a volume that plagues you, but breadth—one that will stick his back an inch or two out of the row, and seems as uncomfortable as a surly, fat man in a second class carriage, or some of those old-fashioned houses in ancient English towns, that protrude all sorts of queer angles and odd gables to the thoroughfare, as if they wished to elbow their neighbours out of the street, just as a queer-tempered, cross-grained man pokes out his sharp angles and salient points into society. The most abominable book of this kind with which we are acquainted is an old red and black-titled edition of 'Bacon's Essays.' In packing up our books for a removal, or ranging them in goodly rows upon the shelves, how we have paused and pondered over that fellowless fellow! How we have tried to coax it into a corner, or to wheedle it in the pile! Not even in its respectable red edges not its worm-eaten binding can excite our veneration, or make us treat with that respect to which its haary age entitles it.

But, generally speaking, order is in our own hands; disorder is our own fault, and it is a fault that secures its own punishment. We offer invaluable advice, then, when we persuade a man to be orderly in his affairs; but since the advice is old, and a systematic essay on 'order' would attract little attention, we have preferred throwing together a few hints at sixes and sevens.

## The Politician.

### The British Press.

From the London Times.

### THE FRENCH INSURRECTIONS.

The evidence taken by the Committee of the National Assembly of France appointed to investigate the causes of the insurrections of May and June is now before us, and we are not surprised at the vehement and conflicting emotions which the publication of these documents has excited amongst all parties in France. It is utterly beyond our power, within the limits which we are compelled to assign to the most important questions, to publish or even pass in review, the infinite variety of facts which are here recorded for the warning of our contemporaries and for the information of posterity. But the impression these disclosures leave on the mind is of the deepest character. The picture may hereafter be drawn with more skill by the lucid and discriminating pen of future historians, but this mass of evidence has the merit and demerit of a daguerotype likeness. It is confused ill-arranged, shaded with exaggerate lights and intrusive shadows, and little fitted to attract or please the eye, but it is the faithful image of that protracted scene of perplexity and gloom in which the French Republic has continued to drag on its turbulent existence since the moment of its unanticipated birth; and it tells the world, with authority that cannot be contested, by what abominable arts revolutions are carried on, by what men the French democracy has been governed since it has proscribed its princes and humbled its nobles to the dust—by what shame, misery, and deceit these triumphs of the popular cause have been attended. Before the revolution of February had itself been consummated, the struggle began between those men who still hope to save the Republic by their moderation and the nest of brigands who are dragging down not only the Republic, but society itself in France to perdition. The Provisional Government itself was named partly by twelve desperadoes in the Cabinet of the *Reforme* newspaper, and partly by the editors of the National. Citizen Chenu, by trade a shoe-maker, was one of the king-making members of the former and more violent of these factions, and as he has now seen fit to disavow his former accomplices, his evidence is extremely complete as to their proceedings, and, if he can be trusted, valuable. He states that from the commencement of the Provisional Government, private meetings of some of its members were held at Ledra Rollin's house, which were attended by Ledra Rollin himself, Causidiere, Grandmenil, Louis Blanc, Albert, Flocon, Lamar-tine and Frances as well as Etienne Arago. The object of these meetings was to obtain exclusive possession of the Government by ejecting Garnier Pages, Marie, Marrast and other moderates; but even this cabal was again subdivided into a more and a less violent section. There seems, however, to be little doubt, that the plan of the majority of this party as early as the 16th of April was to seize the government and make Ledra Rollin Dictator or head of a Committee of Public Safety. The scheme failed from Ledra Rollin's own want of resolution. Meanwhile Causidiere who still continued Prefect of the police, was conducting intrigues and plots of the most diabolical character. It gives an idea of what the state of Paris then was, to be told by the Director of police that there were at that time four divisions of the police of the metropolis all working under distinct authorities and against each other—the Prefecture was all but openly favouring the Communists; the Mayor of Paris, who had also his agents, was endeavouring to crash them; the Home Office was at open war with the Mayor of Paris, for Ledra Rollin retained his whole influence there through the subordination officers even after