

POLITICAL AGITATIONS.—A French gentleman said to monsieur Colbert—You found the stage carriage overturned on one side, and you have overturned it on the other.—This is probably untrue; but it must be confessed, that there is always some danger of destroying institutions by unskilful or violent changes. A conflagration may be extinguished without a deluge. It is not only hard to distinguish between too little and too much, but between the good and evil intentions of the different reformers. One man calls out "fire!" that he may save the house—another, that he may run away with the furniture. I am inclined to believe, that in revolutions more harm is done by hurry and self-conceit than by mischievous purposes. Very few, indeed, should presume to lay their hands on the ark, but

Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread;
and unluckily,

A down hill reformation rolls apace.

When honest men infer, from their desire to do good, that they have the knowledge and talents requisite to govern wisely, it is incalculable what evil doers they may innocently become! What an eternal shock of purposes, where each man pursues his own crude schemes, with all the obstinacy of self-satisfied integrity! Yet to leave serious grievances imperfectly redressed, or indisputable improvements unattained, merely through a vague apprehension of innovation, is at once a great and a common evil. There is much truth in Bacon's complaint—"That some men object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home." Even moderation itself may sometimes be folly or cowardice. On the exclusion bill being opposed in the House of Commons, Colonel Titus exclaimed, both wisely and eloquently:—"We are advised to be moderate; but I do not take moderation to be a prudent virtue in all cases. If I were flying from thieves, should I ride moderately, lest I break my horse's wind? If I were defending my own life, or the lives of my wife and children, should I strike moderately, lest I put myself out of breath? And if, Mr Speaker, we were in a sinking ship (no unapt representation of our decaying commonwealth,) ought we to pump moderately, lest we bring on a fever?" Gradual improvements, notwithstanding, are not only safer but better than sudden ones, and more, much more, may be learnt from their example, when well recorded; but history is addicted to dwell on the latter, and rarely investigates the former. Their effects are also more permanent and more extensive; anarchy being only the stakeholder for tyranny. There is, besides, something more terrible to the imagination in the disorderly violences of the multitude, than in the organised oppression of a despot; something more hideous in myriads of reptiles, than in a gigantic beast of prey. If there were no alternative, but either the absolute government of St. Giles's or of St. James's, who in his senses could hesitate a moment which to prefer? Besides its other innumerable benefits, a really representative government has the advantage of exempting individual persons from the necessity of becoming individual agitators; and by increasing the competition while it diminishes the rewards, it less-

sens the number of those who can be advanced in reputation or in fortune by office. The young people of this country, in every rank, from a peer's son to a street-sweeper's, are drawn aside from a praiseworthy exertion in honest callings, by having their eyes directed to the public treasure. The rewards of persevering industry are too slow for them, too small, too insipid. They fondly trust to the great lottery, although the wheel contains so many blanks and so few prizes; hoping that their ticket may be drawn a place, a pension or a contract, a living or a stall, a ship or a regiment, a seat on the bench or the great seal. It is, indeed, most humiliating to witness the indecent scramble that is always going on for these prizes; the highest born and best educated rolling in the dirt to pick them up, just as the lowest of the mob do for the shillings or the pence thrown among them by a successful candidate at a contested election.—(*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*) The opinion that improvements should be gradual, may at first seem incompatible with our creed, which rejects the name of moderation in measures of reform, as Colonel Titus did before us. If we saw any moderation in abuses, we should be proportionately moderate in our demands for reformation; but the Lord of Misrule is a Lord who knows no moderation. The serjeant, ferociously attacked by a mastiff, ran the brute through the body with his halbert. "Cruel wretch!" cried a sensitive soul; "why did you not strike the poor dog with the but end of your pike?"—"So I would," said the man, "if he had run at me with his tail." We are somewhat of this fellow's counsel. One sharp extremity must be encountered by its match. Immoderate grievances cannot be disposed of by moderate reforms. But gradual improvements are not incompatible with reforms having no more moderation than the abuses to which they are applied. We may pitch our objects as far as justice will warrant, and advance towards them as deliberately as prudence may advise. It does not follow that because we are resolved to go to the bottom of the house, we must jump out of the garret window.—We are quite content to use the stairs, but we will not be so moderate as to halt forever on the first step.—*Examiner.*

POLITICAL DESIGNATIONS.—We thought the three descriptions of Whig, Tory, and Radical, comprised all the political sects and parties of the day in this country. We have been amused lately however, by an analytical list of the new Council of the burgh of Paisley, given by the Glasgow Free Press. According to this list the Paisley Council contains a Radical, a Double-pledged Radical, an Astute Radical, a Rational Radical, a Whigish Radical, a Whig, a pledging Whig, a Toryish Whig, an Economising Whig, a Reforming Tory, a *Soidisant* Tory, and a "No Politician." Not content with this minute survey, the ruthless investigator next scrutinizes their religious pretensions. Sixteen of the Council are voluntary Churchmen; one is represented as a "keen churchman;" another as a "pliant churchman;" another, "easy ditto;" another "clever ditto;" one is a "stern dissenter," and another is an "old dissenter!" Verily the

Town Council of Paisley has obtained what Falstaff and many others deciderated, a commodity of good names!—*Inverness Courier.*

Dr. Verschoyle, Bishop of Killala, died on the 15th April, in his 16th year. This is the third death which has occurred amongst the Irish Protestant bishops within the last twelvemonths. In accordance with the church temporalities' Bill, no successor will be appointed to Dr Verschoyle, but the patronage of the diocese of Killala will devolve upon the Archbishop of Tuam.

An old Quaker on being asked by a Churchman why he did not conform, replied—Friend, I will never belong to the Church, because according to thine own testimony, it is always in danger.

The late Mrs Jane W—, of Scottish memory, was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into a momentary doubt of the needful fulness of charity in his instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you look well able to work." "Yes," replied the supplicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs W—, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On her return home she mentioned the fact, remarking, "what a dreadful thing it was to be so deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so!"

An old man, named Frank Brimann, pretending to be the "Wandering Jew," was arrested lately at Erlach, in Franconia, where he had availed himself of the pious credulity of many who lodged and entertained him. On being searched, there was found on him 25,000 florins in gold, which he had the impudence to assert was lent him by Jesus Christ, to defray the expenses of his journeys, but the police magistrate replied that the real "Wandering Jew," never had more than five sous in his pocket, and consequently took charge of this fund till due inquiries could be made.

SCOPE ON TITLES.—"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Poulett Scrope, the political economist, the other day was asked why he did not in the title-page of his new work, state that "the principles," were deduced from the Social Laws of Natural Warfare, instead of the Natural Laws of Social Warfare? "Pon my soul," said Scrope, "it never struck me; but one title is quite as intelligible as the other."

THE LUXURY OF GLASS WINDOWS.—Glass for windows was not in general use in France till the last century; in some parts of the country it found admission only in the construction of buildings of importance. The reply of an inhabitant of Limoges is well known—who, on being asked by a professor who wished to distribute copies of his thesis, which houses belonged to the most considerable personages, made answer—"Go to those where the windows are glazed."