

"an affair" was to come off on the evening in question, he got assistance from the magistrates of the place, and proceeded to the house in which they were met. His anticipations were all realized; there was the whole gang of them—nine or ten in number—busily employed in the very act of coining various descriptions of money. Every one of them was taken into custody, and all of them were convicted at the next assizes, and visited with due punishment.

With the view of illustrating how quick the police are in discovering an offender when a crime has been committed, I may mention an anecdote which has been verbally communicated to me. The anecdote will at the same time show the regular business-way in which they perform the duties of their office. Some years ago, a robbery of property to a considerable amount had taken place in the City. Circumstances caused suspicions to fall on a particular person well known for having been engaged in similar enterprises before. He was taken into custody, and brought before the magistrates on the following day. A young woman, servant in the house in which the robbery had been committed, and who had seen the thief go out of the door after committing the robbery, was called before the magistrate to speak to the question of identity. The prisoner being put to the bar, she, without a moment's hesitation, and in the most positive manner, swore to his being the person. The prisoner vehemently declared his innocence, and begged the magistrate to remand him for a single day, saying he would be able in that case to prove an alibi. His request was complied with, and he was remanded till the following day. In the interim, Forrester, the enterprising officer of the Mansion-House, was served with a notice to appear on behalf of the prisoner. On being placed next morning in the dock, he asked Forrester whether he did not see him at least four miles distant from the place where the crime was committed, at the very time it was perpetrated. "I cannot tell," remarked Forrester, in that cool and easy manner so characteristic of the higher class of police officers; "I cannot tell you in a moment; but I will let you know in a few seconds," putting his hand into his pocket-book, and pulling therefrom a small memorandum-book. He turned over a few leaves, and began reading, in an under tone, as follows:—"Met Tom Swagg, and spoke to him this evening, at half-past seven precisely at the west-end of Oxford-street. Monday, February 20, 1838." Then closing his memorandum-book, and raising his head, he turned to the prisoner, and remarked that he had seen him at the particular hour on the particular evening in question, at least four miles distant from the place the robbery was committed. "Then, my girl," said the magistrate, turning to the young woman who had deposed to the identity of the prisoner; "then, my girl, you must have been mistaken in your man."

"No, your worship; I'm sure that's the one I seed," said the girl, manifestly with the greatest confidence.

"Just look him closely in the face again," requested the magistrate.

The girl renewed her inspection of the prisoner, but at a distance of several yards, while the light in the office was not particularly good.

"Just step a little nearer; go up close to him," said the other magistrate, who was on the bench.

The witness advanced to the place where he stood, and looked up eagerly, and with an air of sharpness, in his face. "Oh, my G—!" she suddenly exclaimed, raising both her hands, and evincing very great excitement of manner; "that's not him: I've perjured myself! He was not pock-pitted; this man is; but I never saw two men so like each other in my life."

"I'll bring the right person here in an hour," observed Forrester, addressing himself to the bench; and he quitted the room with the rapidity of lightning. In less than an hour, he returned with another person, who was afterwards proved, on the clearest and most conclusive evidence, to be the real delinquent, and who eventually, indeed, confessed his guilt. It was the latter observation of the girl, namely that she never saw two men so like each other in her life as the prisoner and the thief, that furnished in this case the clue to the real culprit. The idea flashed across Forrester's mind that a particular person must be the criminal, as he bore a remarkable resemblance to the prisoner.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.—Among the anecdotes connected with the plague, most persons have heard the story of the "Blind Piper," who, having been taken up in the streets when stupidly intoxicated, was thrown into a dead-cart, but coming to himself whilst in the cart, he "set up his pipes," which affrighting the buryers, they all ran away. De Foe relates the tale differently. He says the circumstance occurred within the bounds of "one John Hayward," who was under-sixton (all the time of the plague) of the parish of St Stephen, Coleman Street, without ever catching the infection. "This John told me," says our author, "that the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually walked his rounds about

ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public-houses, where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he, in return, would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people, and thus he lived. During the plague, the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when any body asked how he did, he would answer; 'The dead-cart had not taken him yet, but had promised to call for him next week.' It happened one night that this poor fellow (having been feasted more bountifully than common) fell fast asleep, and was laid along upon the top of a bulk or stall, in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate, and that, upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, hearing a bell which they always rang before the cart came, had laid a body, really dead of the plague, just by him, thinking, too, that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours. Accordingly, when John Hayward, with his bell and the cart, came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instruments they used, and threw them into the cart, and all this while the piper slept soundly. From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart, yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mount Mill, and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awoke, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when raising himself up in the cart, he called out 'Hey! where am I?' This frightened the fellow that attended about the work; but, after some pause, John Hayward recovering himself, said, 'Lord bless us! there's somebody in the cart, not quite dead.' So another called to him, and said, 'Who are you?' The fellow answered, 'I am the poor piper. Where am I?' 'Where are you?' says Hayward; 'why you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you.' 'But I a'nt dead tho', am I?' says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first: so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business."—*Allen's Antiquities of London.*

THE COMING OF WINTER.

I.
The wintry months are here again—
Around us are their snows and storms;
The tempest shrieks along the plain,
The forest heaves its giant forms.

II.
The drifting sleet flies from the hill,
Thick clouds deform the throat'ning sky;
While in the vale, the birds are still,
And chain'd by frosts, the waters lie.

III.
Ah! where is now the merry May,
The green banks, and the leafy bowers?
The cricket's chirp, the linnet's lay,
That gave such sweetness to the hours?

IV.
And where the sunny sky, that round
This world of glad and breathing things,
Came with its sweetness and its sound,
Its golden light and glancing wings?

V.
Ales! the eye falls now no more
On flowery field, or hill, or plain;
Nor for the earth the woodlands pour
One glad note of the summer's strain!

VI.
The green leaves stript have left the woods
Towering—their tall arms bleak and bare;
And now they choke the sounding floods,
Or fill, in clouds, the rushing air!

VII.
Yet turn we here! The winter's fire,
Its crackling faggots blazing bright,
Hath joys that never, never tire,
And looks that fill us with delight.

VIII.
Home's joys! Ah yes, 'tis these are ours,
Home's looks and hearts! 'tis these can bring
A something sweeter than the flowers,
And purer than the airs of spring.

IX.
Then welcome be old Winter here!
Ay! welcome be the stormy hour;
Our kindly looks and social cheer
Shall cheat the monarch of his power!

X.
With mirth and joy the hours we'll crown—
Love to our festival we'll bring!
And calm the sturdy blusterer down,
And make him smiling as the spring!

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—Female influence is deeply felt on all our religious and social charities. On these subjects, female susceptibilities are most lively. Many men, involved in business leave these things to their wives. They are willing to give, but cannot spend the time nor attention to inquire out the proper objects of charity, or canvass their claims. They trust this in the hands of their wives. The poor, therefore, look up to female charity for the bread of life, to hearts that are formed to feel. The charities which lay a claim to our contributions are of two kinds, systematic and occasional. Systematic charities, for the relief of the extreme poor, are provided by law, and every man, under that arrangement, willingly pays his assessment to the collector. But, beside these, there are objects of want in every community, whose claims cannot be innocently resisted by those who have the Lord's gold and silver in stewardship. There are many industrious poor, who are too virtuous to steal, who respect themselves too much to resort to public charity, and who are too modest to beg. They are sometimes sick and in distress, when the hand of charity would prove to be an excellent oil in their wounds. But they must be sought out. And if those, who are formed by nature for sympathy, do not go after them, by whom will they be found? To find out and supply these occasional wants, is commonly the honoured care of female activity and sympathy. There are also systematic charities for the supply of spiritual wants. Neglected by legislators, Christians, under the command of God, have instituted systematic charities for those who are perishing for lack of vision. These charities, however, are, as they ought to be, entirely voluntary; and it is here the pious female is able to do much, by her activity and influence. On these subjects, men of business, unless religious, are apt to be careless. But the pious and contemplative wife often presents them to his attention, in a manner which may call forth his liberal contributions, if it does not control the current of his affections. She may do much for her partner in life, for her family, for society, for the world. If she does what she can, she shall have the favour and approbation of God, the highest reward of the best deeds. She shall receive the blessings of her posterity, and of many ready to perish.

NO EVIDENCE FOR ATHEISM.—There is no evidence that the indications above and around us, are the results of accident. There is no historical evidence of men ever coming out of mud and water. There is no evidence that when the earth was soft they began to crawl out of the earth like locusts, and as it began to harden, that they managed to get on their legs and run about. But if such were the sport of nature, we should expect to find fragments, such as bodies without heads and legs, legs without bodies, and heads, and arms. For why should chance happen always to finish a thing? Even a designer may make some things by mistake, and you have scattered through your shops various fragments of designs. But nature's workmanship is perfect. And how happens it that she always works as if by design.

All the indications of design in the arts of life are traceable to intelligent minds. No one for a moment believes that saw mills and steamboats were ever made by chance and had no designer. The man who should wait for his bed and chairs to happen, and should stir up the mud and water to produce them, would have to wait a great while. Such accidents do not happen now-a-days. —*Dr Beecher.*

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.—But the power of extempore speaking is not less singular though more frequently displayed, at least in this country. A practised orator will declaim in measured and in various periods—will weave his discourse into one texture—form parenthesis within parenthesis—excite the passions, or move to laughter—take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it the topic of his rhetoric for five minutes to come, and pursuing in like manner the new illustrations to which it gives rise—mould his diction with a view to attain or to shun an epigrammatic point, or an alliteration, or a discord; and all this with so much assured reliance on his own powers, and with such perfect ease to himself, that he shall even plan the next sentence whilst he is pronouncing off-hand the one he is engaged with, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward to the topic which is to follow and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer, nor shall any auditor be able to discover the least difference between all this and the portion of his speech which he has got by heart, or tell the transition from the one to the other.—*Lord Brougham's Discourse.*

ST. COLUMBA.—Such was the sanctity of Columba, the Apostle of the Highlands, who was born in the year 560, that King Adrian, not being able to detect any thing that appeared wrong or useless in his conduct, had the curiosity to ask him, whether he had so much as any inward motive or propensity to sin? To this question Columba answered as became a saint. That, like all men, he had certainly such motives and propensities; but that he would not take the whole world, with all its honours and pleasures, and consent to yield to one of them.

*In their memorandum-books the police note every meeting they have with, or sight they get of, the most noted thieves, provided the place be some distance from where they reside. This is found of great service in directing them to the proper quarters whenever any robbery is committed, and the guilty parties are not taken into custody.