

broad at "noon of night," as is the case with our Watch.

This subject more naturally belongs to the public newspapers, rather than to your humourous and amusing work; but as it contains a wipe at men in power, I have no doubt that the editors here would have excluded it, for fear of giving offence, if they did not join in endeavours to find out who the wretch is that has thus the impudence to pry into, and lay open some of the secrets of licensed rascality, and police-corruption; and, in the hopes that it may rouse such of the magistrates as are only supine in their duty, without worse motives for overlooking these evils that have become objects of frequent conversation, to wipe off the suspicions which the shameful conduct of the Watch inspires, I humbly solicit your assistance in conveying this to be public, from

Yours,

NUDA VERITAS.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

SONNET.

I saw a chrystal stream glide swiftly by,  
 And many a bubble on its breast it bore,  
 Which quickly bursting, vanish'd from my eye,  
 And scarcely was created ere no more:  
 I saw the western sky with gold o'erspread,  
 Glowing with purple, and with crimson bright;  
 A minute pass'd, and every tint was fled,  
 And lost, and blended with oblivion's night.  
 On thee, O wretched man! my thought was turn'd,  
 For thee th' involuntary tear did flow—  
 Thy fleeting happiness I inly mourn'd;  
 For, ah! by sad experience well I know  
 Life's fairest views are but an airy dream,  
 Frail as the transient cloud, or bubble on the stream.

MARIA.