

POLICE,—*August 1.*

Five o'clock in the morning—breezes balmy.

Alderman VALENTINE, Present.

*Celia.*—Here comes Monsieur—

*Rosalind.*—With his mouthful of news.

*Cel.*—Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.*—Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.*—All the better—we shall be more marketable.

*Bon jour* Monsieur —, what's the news?

*Le Brun.*—Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.*—Sport? Of what colour?—SHAKESPEARE.

*William Ward* worked "along shore"—is a kind of *Barbarossa*, inasmuch as he has a red beard and a fierce aspect—and is strongly suspected of piratical practices.—Committed.

*George Lyons*, a coloured gentleman has changed his name without the consent of the Legislature, and assumed one which he conceived, no doubt, to be more poetical and sonorous. He now goes by the enviable baptismal name and cognomen of *Charles Johnson*. Mr. Johnson had been in the Penitentiary a few weeks, but his visit was not as long as was anticipated. The keeper does not sleep, as may be supposed, with one eye open, and Mr. Johnson took advantage of the "silent night," and gave him what is termed in slang phrase, "leg bail." Mr. Johnson has an enemy, as it would seem, in the shape of a coloured lady, and whose guise is somewhat striking. She was present at the office. She asserted, he repelled—she argued, he replied—she crimi-

nated, he recriminated ; but the woman prevailed—her tongue was too nimble for Mr. Johnson. He was re-sent to the Penitentiary.

*Francis Silvia*, a little man with a cadaverous countenance and dark mustaches, genteelly ragged, and “speaks small like a woman,” was complained of by Miss A.

*Magistrate.* What is Silvia’s offence ?

*Miss A.* He burst my door and smashed my crockery.

*M.* Did you, Silvia, perform this *manly* feat ?

*S.* Yes, but the house I hired, and the crockery I paid for.

*Miss A.* What he says is not true ; he lived in the house with a lady who protected him, and whom he was pleased to call his wife—but she was *too good* to be his wife.

*M.* Protected him ! You mean he protected her.

*Miss A.* No, sir, (blushing like an evening sun,) she protected him, and protected him too, for years, until he became so bad she would have nothing more to do with him. (The Magistrate expressed his astonishment, and the Reporter bit his lip, but did not laugh.)

*M.* Silvia, I shall provide you with other protection.

*S.* Very good. It don’t make any difference to me, provided I am well *protected*.

*G. W. S*——, a married man, who was in the habit of disguising himself, sometimes with *distilled waters*, and sometimes with a *big hat*, was introduced. *Mr. G. W. S.* is well known to our watchmen in general, and to the Cyprian ladies of this city in particular. He was caught at No. — Anthony-