

POETRY. Selected.

CHAPTER OF MISSES.

The dear little Misses we meet with in life,
What fears and what hopes they awaken,
And when a man's taken a Miss for a Wife,
He is Miss-led as well as Miss-taken.
When I courted Miss Kio and obtained the kiss,
I thought in the warmth of my passion,
That I'd made a good hit in this gaining
A Miss.
But 'twas all a Miss-cal-cu-la-tion.

For so many Misses surrounded Miss Kid,
With me and my love interfering;
A jealous Miss-trust put it into her head
That she ought not to give me a hearing.
There's a certain Miss-chance that I met with
One day,
Almost sent my hopes to destruction,
And she felt a suspicion of all I might say—
And all owing to one Miss-construction.

Deceived by a Miss-information, I wrote,
The cause of her anger demanding;
Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,
And introduced Miss-understanding.
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention,
And I nearly got wed to Miss-torture before
I could wean her from Miss-apprehension.

But when she would no longer yield to Miss-
doubt,
Nor be led by Miss-representation,
She had with Miss-like a most serious fall out,
And to wed left no hesitation.

But when at church to be married we met,
Miss-take made the Parson to linger,
And I got so annoyed by an awkward Miss-fit,
I could not get the ring on her finger.

Having been so Miss-used, I now kept a strict
watch;
Though I still live in fear of Miss-carriage,
And I found, when too late, an unlucky Miss-
match.

Inferred with the joys of my marriage,
Miss-rule in my dwelling put every thing wrong,
Miss-management then took her station,
Till my cash, like the time I take singing my
song,

Was all wasted by Miss-application.

VARIETIES.

THE LATE MR. TARDY.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Fear nothing, my dear Clara," replied
Tardy; "better late than never."
And incontinently he proceeded to the li-
brary, where he found Mr. Tubbs, to
whom he opened the business.

Having patiently listened to all that the
young gentleman had to say, Mr. Tubbs
thus replied: "My dear Loiter, I like you
and to speak the plain truth, I should pre-
fer you for a son-in-law to any man in the
country, don't you see? Had you asked
me but yesterday, I would have given you
my daughter, fortune and all, and never
have thought about what you could bring
on your side, don't you know? But this
offer of squire Lumpy's has given a turn
to the whole affair, don't you see. He has
five thousand a-year, eh! Clara will have
four, won't she? Five and four make nine,
you know. Now, nine thousand a year
will make something of us in the country,
you perceive; and, as a considerate father,
I am bound to look to my child's welfare,
and to do the best I can for her, and so
forth, don't you understand? However,
as I said before, I'd rather have you for
my son-in-law, you know: so provided
that—in short—to come to the point, sup-
pose I were to give my consent, what
would your father give you, don't you see?"

"Why, Sir," replied Loiter, "he would
give me his; but, to deal honestly with
you, I don't think he would give me any-
thing else."

"O—ha!—Well, then, as that's the
case, my dear boy, though you are a very
good boy, and I like you, don't you know?
it will be better for all parties concerned
that this should be your last visit at Tubbs'
Hall, don't you perceive?"

"But, Sir," exclaimed Loiter, "our
hearts—our affections—"

"Fiddlesticks! don't you see? But,
come: there's my hand, eh? And when
Clara is married and safe at home with
her husband, you may come and see me
as often as you like, you understand,—
and bring your flute with you, don't you
know? So, for the last time, good bye,
you see."—With this Mr. Tubbs bowed
his visitor out of the room.

Prior to Loiter's quitting the house a
short interview took place between the
lovers. The state of their feelings no pen
can describe; but it may be tolerably
well conveyed from the fact that, in this
interview,—brief as indeed it was, for it
lasted but five minutes,—they not only re-
solved upon the desperate measure of
eloping on the very next morning, but
scolded also on the place, and time.

"At four precisely, dear Loiter: be
punctual!" were the last words of Clara
Tubbs.

"To a second," beloved Clara," were
Mr. Tardy's.

A chase-and-four was ordered to be in
waiting, just out of the village of Lim-
pington, on the London road, by three
the next morning. At a quarter before
three Mr. Tardy awoke. It was on the
seventh of November. The morning was
dark, cold and drizzly. "No more than a
quarter of three, and four is the time
appointed: I can take another turn," said
the impatient lover. The turret clock
struck three. Tardy slowly rose, and
peeped through the window-shutters.

"What an infernal m-m-morning!"
muttered he; his teeth chattering with
cold. "Nothing but the b-b-bless of f-f-
flying to meet one's b-b-beloved could re-
concile a man to so barbarous a proceed-
ing as leaving his comfortable bed. But
I've a clear hour before me; half an hour
will serve to shave and dress; a quarter
will take me to the Little Park Gate at
Tubbs' Hall—by running very fast—
and—come, I've quarter of an hour to
spare, and may as well enjoy that." So

he got into his comfortable bed again.
The chiming sounded the quarter. "Ugh!
I'll not shave; that will save ten minutes."
So he took another turn. At half-past
three he once more arose. "Only half
an hour to four," thought he; "no mat-
ter, there's plenty of time; four for half-
after half an hour's grace; of course." At a
quarter before the appointed hour, the ten-
der limbs of the delicate Miss Tubbs were
shivering at the Little Park Gate of Tubbs'
Hall; at a quarter after the appointed
hour, Mr. Tardy left Neverdone Castle.
On approaching the gate, Loiter, to his
infinite delight, perceived through the mist
the dark outline of a human figure. "My
angel!" he exclaimed, and clasped it in
his arms.

"So, you are come at last, don't you
know? It was by the merest accident in
the world I happened to turn out so early
this morning, you see; and what brought
me this way rather than any other I pro-
test I can't tell, you know. But here I
found my Clara, and—Upon my soul, mas-
ter Loiter, this was a close run race, don't
you perceive? A few minutes earlier and
you might have been off with the girl, and
then I might have whistled for her, you
see: As it is my dear boy, you are exact-
ly a quarter of an hour too late, don't you
know?"

So Mr. Tubbs returned to the Hall, and
Mr. Tardy went home again—to bed.

On the Thursday succeeding this event
there appeared in the "Limpington Ga-
zette," an announcement of Clara's mar-
riage with Squire Lumpy.

The disappointment that Mr. Tardy here
experienced brought him to resolve to live
a bachelor; a resolution which he main-
tained throughout the rest of his life.

Unfortunate in love, Mr. Tardy took re-
fuge in politics; and a vacancy occurring
at Rottenbury, he presented himself as a
candidate to serve in Parliament, as one
of the representatives of that independent
and respectable borough. Although he
had no support in the contest, save his
own talent and integrity, (for his family in-
terest, and three thousand pounds advanc-
ed by his father to serve a purpose of his
own in getting his son into Parliament,
could have had no influence over the minds
of the independent voters of Rottenbury.)
Tardy ran his opponent, Lord George
Plant, so hard in the canvass, that it was
difficult even to guess on which side for-
tune would declare. By his promptitude
and industry he astonished all those who
were aware of his usual habits of indolence
and procrastination. He had, as he be-
lieved, canvassed every person who had a
vote to (qu.) sell? for Rottenbury, except
one Mr. Grubthorpe, a farmer who, living
at a village seven miles off, Mr. Tardy re-
solved to leave till the last. Just within
three hours of the time appointed for the
opening of the poll, he ordered his horse
for the purpose of paying a visit to the far-
mer. He had set one foot in the stirrup
when the London newspaper was put into
his hand. He opened it, and turned to
the sporting intelligence. "Haw! this!"
said he. "Bluestocking not expected to
run! That alters my book; it may make
a difference of sixty guineas to me. As
soon as I return I'll stop—I'll write up
to my friend Snaffle upon the subject at
once—no; I'd better first go over to—no;
I'll write this letter, and then it will be off
my mind." He returned to his room,
wrote a long letter to his friend Snaffle
touching this all-important matter of sixty
guineas, and, having so done, he mounted
his horse and rode over to solicit the vote
of Mr. Grubthorpe. On his way thither
he met Lord George Plant riding towards
Rottenbury. They coldly exchanged
bows, and passed on. On stating to Mr.
Grubthorpe the object of his visit, Mr. G.
replied: "Lord, Sir, how could he come
so late? I ha' had twenty visits from his
Lardship, nor would I promise he in hopes
ye'd come, for I know ye feyther; but
ye'd come at all, so I weare obliged to
teake care o' myself, and so I ha' just pro-
mised my vote to my Lord. Laird, Sir, if
ye had but come the matter of a quarter of
an hour ago!" At the final close of the
poll the numbers were declared; for

Lord George Plant 371
Loiter Lag Tardy, Esq. 370
Hurra! Plant forever! Glorious ma-
jority of one!

Not long afterwards Lord George Plant,
by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds,
(and, probably, something more,) vacated
his seat; and then Mr. Tardy was, with-
out opposition, returned member for Rot-
tenbury the sole condition of his election
being that he would oppose, might and main,
the Rottenbury Payment of Rate for build-
ing abridge a cross the River Slush En-
forcement Bill.

L. L. Tardy, Esq., M. P. went to Lon-
don; and no sooner arrived there than he
took the oaths and his seat. His arrival
was opportune; for it happened, that, on
the evening of that very day, a hard strug-
gle was expected to take place on the
third reading of the Rottenbury, &c.,
&c.,—Enforcement-Bill. On the same
evening, Mrs. Siddons, whom he had ne-
ver seen, was to play *Lady MacBeth*; so,
as the Rottenbury Bill was not expected
to come on earlier than half-past ten, and
the other business before the House being
unimportant, he despatched his servant to
Drury-Lane Theatre to secure a place for
him.

Tardy went to the theatre, and did not
reach the House of Commons until a quar-
ter before eleven. On being admitted,
he found that the House had just then di-
vided on the third reading of the Rotten-
bury Payment of rate for building a bridge
across the River Slush Enforcement-Bill;
which, after an animated debate, was car-
ried by a majority of one: the Speaker,
in the absence of the honourable member,
having decided the question by his casting

vote. No sooner did the news reach his
constituents at Rottenbury that the Rate
paying Enforcement Bill (for the express
object of opposing which they had return-
ed Mr. Tardy to Parliament) had been
carried against them, and that, too, owing
entirely to his absence on the division,
than the free and independent electors for-
warded what they called a "peremptory
request" to their representative that he
would instantly surrender the important
trust, which, for the good of the British
Empire in general, and of the borough of
Rottenbury in particular, they had confi-
ded to him. This he accordingly did, and
returned un-M. P. d to Neverdone Cas-
tle.

Years rolled on. In the advance they
carried Mr. Tardy along with them—
through the prime of life—into its meri-
dian—past it. He was now fifty-five. At
this period old Sir Dawdlemore died.—
The elder brother succeeded, of course,
to the titles, the estates, and all the ad-
vantages of primogeniture. Loiter inher-
ited a legacy of twenty thousand pounds.
This bequest would materially improve his
condition; for having no one to provide
for but himself, he determined to lay out
the entire sum in the purchase of an an-
nuity for his own life. Arrangements for
that purpose were immediately entered in-
to; and in order that the money might be
forthcoming as soon as required, it was
placed in the rich, responsible, and long-
established banking-house of Messrs.
Spec, Smash, & Co., London. He would
now be the master of about eighteen hun-
dred a year. "It comes too late for me
to enjoy it as once I should have done,"
thought he; "but better late than never."

Having occasion to go into the city one
morning on account of some business con-
nected with his annuity, his eye was caught
by a ticket, numbered 77, in the window
of a lottery-office. He walked on, and
presently got into a hackney coach: it was
numbered 77. He drove to his solicitor's;
his house was numbered 77. At night
(naturally enough) Tardy dreamt that No.
77 was drawn the great prize in the lot-
tery. He rose early the next morning, and
sallied forth from his lodgings in Pall-mall
to Cornhill, resolved to purchase No. 77.
The ticket occupied the same place in the
window. He entered the office, drew from
his pocket twenty pounds, and—"Hold!"
said he; "slow and sure; 'tis a great
deal of money to throw away in a lottery
speculation; I'll consider of it." He re-
traced his steps. At temple-Bar, an old
man implored his charity.

"What's your age, my fine fellow?"
asked Mr. Tardy.

"Seventy-seven, Sir," was the reply.
This was irresistible. Back again he
drew to Cornhill. Again the twenty-pounds
were displayed on the counter.

"Give me ticket No. 77," said he to
the office keeper.

"No. 77, Sir!" said the man; "sold
it only a quarter of an hour ago, in a
whole ticket, Sir."

Two days afterwards, No. 77 was drawn
a prize of five thousand pounds. Even
the ingenuity of Mr. Tardy in twisting
"better late than never" into a consol-
ation failed upon this occasion.

Just at the same time when he received
intelligence of this unlucky miss, his solici-
tor called at his lodgings. The purpose
of his visit was to hint to Mr. Tardy that,
from certain whispers afloat in the city,
touching the credit of Messrs. Spec, Smash,
& Co., it might be prudent to with-
draw his deposit from their custody. "He
could not break out—it was a delicate
matter—might injure the credit of a long-
established house—an action at law—pro-
secution—heavy damages;—however, he
had drawn every shilling of his money out
of their hands. Mr. Tardy would, of
course, do as he pleased; yet, were he
in his place, most certain he—but," as he
said before, he could say nothing." And
having disturbed himself of these a-
greeable inaudibles, the cautious solicitor
took his leave.

Here was a matter for rumination—and
—slow and sure—Mr. Tardy did rumi-
nate upon it during the greater part of the
day. The firm of Spec, Smash, and Co.
in a ticklish condition! The thing was
impossible. A house so long established
—so wealthy—so close and wary in its
transactions! And then, the individual
partners so affluent! Each with his estab-
lishments in town and country; one with
his yacht—another with his stud of racers!
To doubt their stability! Pooh! Be-
sides, to withdraw so large a sum at a
moment's notice would betray a want of con-
fidence in those most respectable men, and
wound their feelings. And yet, there was
no smoke without fire. Could he but find
a decent pretext for removing his account!

And, fortunately, a decent pretext was af-
forded him. Notice was sent him that all
the preliminary forms towards the settle-
ment of his annuity being arranged,
nothing now remained but to pay the
twenty thousand pounds, which, if con-
venient to Mr. Tardy he might do, at two
o'clock on the morrow. Thus were Mr.
Tardy's delicate scruples regarding the
tender feeling of his bankers appeased;
and, with respect of the safety of his prop-
erty, his mind set perfectly at rest.

At one o'clock on the morrow, Mr.
Tardy resolving to be punctual to the
most important, appointment, walked stou-
tly towards the city, neither turning to the
right hand nor to the left—except to see
some wherries start on a rowing-match
from Blackfriars Bridge; nor stopping by
the way—except occasionally to look at
some of the very best caricatures ever ex-
hibited. Thus it was three-quarters past
two when he reached the place of his des-
tination—a delay, however, which was of
no importance, he being quite in time to
sign to the necessary papers and deeds.
"I am rather late, I know," exclaimed

Tardy, laughingly; "but better late than
never."

As he was drawing his cheque-book
from his pocket, a gentleman entered the
office. "Here's a pretty piece of work!"
said he. "Spec, Smash, and Co. stop
payment; and there won't be half-a-crown
in the pound!"

"Eh!—how!—what!—when?" said
Tardy, gurgled Mr. Tardy.

"They have been paying till within this
quarter of an hour," was the reply; "but
if you have any curiosity about it, Sir,
you may now see their beautiful mahog-
any shutters up."

The wealthy, respectable, and long-es-
tablished Messrs. Spec, Smash, and Co.,
assuring their creditors that there would
turn out to be forty shilling in the pound,
—in time—Mr. Tardy for his own part,
was satisfied. After the lapse of nineteen
months, a first and final dividend of eight-
pence three-farthings in the pound was
declared, which Mr. Tardy would have
received—had he not arrived a quarter of
an hour too late to prove his debt.

Mr. Tardy entered his sixtieth year, yet
had experience not rendered him wiser.
The fatal influence of the family mottoes
attended him to the very close of his exist-
ence. For several years had he kept up
an insurance on his life for three thousand
pounds, in favour of a young lady who was
either his niece, or his cousin, or the or-
phan daughter of a naval officer,—for he
was not consistent in his explanations up-
on this point. In due course he received
the usual notice that the premium for the
insurance was become due; but, fifteen
days beyond the period specified being
allowed for the payment, Mr. Tardy had
plenty of time before him, and he saw no
earthly reason why he should hurry him-
self in the business. The last of those
days of grace arrived; and so, nearly,
had the last hour. He was rather late in
his payment, he admitted; but, "better
late than never." So, he mounted his
horse, and set off at a brisk trot towards
the insurance-office. He had not pro-
ceeded far when his horse stumbled and
threw him. He was carried home sense-
less from a severe contusion on the head.
Preparations were made for bleeding him.
He recovered himself sufficiently to be
aware of what was going on.

"Slow and sure," he faintly articula-
ted; "as I never have been bled, I have
a great objection to undergoing that op-
eration now."

In vain did the surgeon assure him that
his life depended upon it; remonstrance
and entreaty were alike unavailing. Af-
ter the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the
surgeon, kindly taking his hand, once
more urged him to submit to his advice;
adding, at the same time, "Indeed, in-
deed, Sir, unless you instantly do so it
will be too late."

"Do as you please, then," replied he,
in a voice scarcely audible, "Better late
than never."

Even whilst the surgeon was pointing
the lancet to his arm, poor Tardy breath-
ed his last. "Had he consented to this
a quarter of an hour ago," exclaimed the
operator, "I would have answered for his
recovery." This melancholy event occur-
ed at precisely fifteen minutes past
four o'clock as it was sworn to, by the par-
ties present, before a magistrate. It is im-
portant that we should be thus particular
concerning the time of his death; for, at
four o'clock precisely, the policy for the
mysterious young lady we have alluded to,
and which till that hour had remained
in force, became void and valueless! It
expired—just one quarter of an hour be-
fore Mr. Tardy!

Of the life of Loiter Lag Tardy procras-
tination had been the bane. And as he
had made his entrance into the world,
even so did he quit it—a quarter of an
hour too late!

JANET MCCREA.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce
gives the following version of the murder of
Miss McCrea:

I visited to day the pine tree, near Fort Ed-
ward, where, during the revolution, Janet
McCrea met her melancholy fate. The tree
is apparently of greater age than any in the
neighbouring forest, and from its size, it forms
a prominent object on the road. The spring
which formerly bubbled up beneath it and ren-
dered it a resting place for the thirsty and
weary huntsman and warrior, has dried up
and disappeared, as it is abashed by the blood
which has stained its chaste waters. The tra-
gical story of Miss McCrea has been often
told, but in all its different versions, there are
as I am induced to believe many material er-
rors as to fact. The most popular version is
that her lover despatched for her a reward in cas-
dians, with a promise of a large reward in cas-
dians, that should bring her in safety to the camp;
that, uneasy at the long absence of the Indians,
she despatched another party of Indians with
the similar orders, and a similar promise; that
the former party had conducted Miss McCrea,
with her female attendant, as far as the pine
tree, where they were met by the latter party;
that here a quarrel arose between the two par-
ties, both of which claimed the right of con-
ducting Miss McCrea to the British camp, and
the consequent reward; and that they ended
the quarrel by cruelly murdering the unfortunate
young lady who was the subject of dispute.

But it is incredible that a lover should com-
mit his betrothed to the escort of drunken and
brutal savages, particularly as there was no ne-
cessity for it, as the British army was within a
day's march of Fort Miller, where the lady was
left by her lover, and where as he had every
reason to suppose, she was in perfect security.
The facts are, as I have learned them from gen-
tlemen in this vicinity, as follows:—Miss Janet
McCrea was the daughter of a respectable
clergyman in New Jersey, and shortly pre-
vious to the commencement of the war, she came
up to Fort Miller to reside with an aunt. At Fort
Miller she became betrothed to Lieutenant
Jones, a young man of reputable character and
connections resident in this vicinity. Jones
espoused the royal cause, joined General Bur-
goyne at the head of a company of Tories, and
accompanied him in his disastrous march from
Canada to the Colonies.

The British army had entered this country

and encamped a few miles from this village
when the whole country being in a state of
alarm and confusion, Miss McCrea, for greater
security, and perhaps to be nearer to her lover,
left Fort Miller, and sought protection under
the roof of a widow lady, who was a relative of
General Burgoyne, and resided at Fort Edward,
two miles from this village, and about six from
Burgoyne's camp. At this time a large party
of Indians who accompanied the British, were
ravaging the country in advance of the army,
for the purpose of blood and plunder. Conceal-
ed in a ravine near Fort Edward, they fired
upon an American scouting party who had
come from the Fort, and rushing from their
ambush pursued them in their retreat. Two
Indians pursued one man into the settlement
near Fort Edward, and followed him over a
causeway across the marsh, into a house where
he sought shelter and there scalped him. This
was the house of the widow lady with whom
Miss McCrea was. The Indians plundered the
house and carried off the two females as pris-
oners, mounting them on horses which they found
near the place. They then returned, as far as
the spring under the pine tree where the hal-
led, and were joined by others of that party.
Here they stripped the old lady almost entirely
of her clothing, and proceeded to rob Miss
McCrea, in like manner. But with a view to
rob her more conveniently, they first shot her
dead, as she sat on horseback. A scout coming
up at the moment, the Indians retreated. One
man who belonged to the scout is still living in
this place, and gives as I learn, the above ac-
count of the transaction. He assisted to bury
Miss McCrea at the foot of the tree where she
fell. Some years ago her remains were taken
up and interred in the burial ground at Fort
Edward. Lieutenant Jones, soon after hear-
ing of the disaster, abandoned the army and
returned to Canada.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Q. How is useful knowledge to be obtained?
A. By the study of Ancient and Modern His-
tory, Philosophy, Science, and the Arts!

Q. What do you mean by *Ancient and Mod-
ern History*?

A. Ancient History records not only the is-
sues and traditions of men who lived at a remote
period of antiquity; but authentic facts as re-
corded by Herodotus, Diodorus, and by many
other venerable Greeks and Romans. Modern
History records more recent events, coming
down even to our own times.

Q. What do you mean by *Philosophy, Sci-
ence and the Arts*?

A. The two first may, in some sense, be con-
sidered synonymous, and embrace the whole
circle of useful knowledge; as Chemistry, Astro-
nomy, &c.—The term Arts, is used in a more
confined sense, as Painting, Sculpture, Archi-
tecture, &c.

Q. What is Chemistry?

A. By Chemistry, many of the phenomena of
nature are explained and accounted for, and the
ingredients of which substances are composed,
are ascertained.

Q. What is substance?

A. Substance is any existing matter, either
solid or fluid, simple or compound, and is in-
destructible, although its form and appearance
can be changed in various ways.

Q. Is water a simple substance?

A. The ancients supposed it was, and called
it one of the four elements, but chemistry de-
monstrates that it is a compound, and compos-
ed of fifteen parts of hydrogen, and eighty-five of
oxygen, and is easily decomposed.

Q. How do you explain the properties of ox-
ygen?

A. Oxygen is never found uncombined with
other substances, but approaches nearest its
purity in a vapour called oxygen gas. It unites
with all metals, depriving them of their tues,
forming an acid which is generally called
rust. Fire will not burn, or combustion be
sustained without its presence. It is a consti-
tuent part of the acids; with sulphur, sulphuric
acid is formed (oil of vitriol) with carbon, car-
bonic acid. Life becomes extinct without it.

Q. Can you describe hydrogen?

A. This, like oxygen, is never found uncom-
bined with other substances; but approaches
purity in hydrogen gas. It is twelve times
lighter than common air and for that reason is
used for filling balloons, and is called *inflam-
mable air*. It abounds in peat, from what it is
easily extracted, and is extremely noxious to
animals. It is used for gas *lagh*, and besides
its combination in water, it readily unites with
sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon. United
with sulphur it forms a part of that solid efflu-
via which arises from drains, and the decom-
position of animal and vegetable substances.

Q. Are not other substances frequently held
in solution by water?

A. Water often contains so many foreign
substances that it is unfit for domestic use, and
is denominated *mineral water*. The acids,
alkalies, and salts, unite with this water form-
ing a compound.

Q. Of what is atmospheric air composed?

A. The air we breathe is composed of about
twenty-two in the hundred of oxygen gas, the
remainder is nitrogen or azotic gas, including
one per cent of carbonic acid gas. It is not
unfrequently surcharged with other gases,
some of which render it noxious to animals.

Q. What are the qualities of nitrogen?

A. It is the base of nitric acid, and combines
with oxygen, forming about seventy-eight
parts of the air. It supports neither flame or
animal life, and it is considerably lighter than
the common air. It was the mephitic gas of the
ancients. Nitrogen gas extinguishes flame,
which can only be supported by oxygen.

Nitrous acid is the *aqueous firs* of the oxys.

THE WIND MAN CAUGHT.—We learn that
Phelps, an abandoned villain, who has com-
mitted several robberies, and murdered a citizen of
Yicksburgh, has at length been secured. For
some time past he has been wandering over the
country, and although the blackness of his
crimes was a matter of public notoriety, yet a
consciousness of his desperate character deter-
red those who saw him from attempting his
capture. A few days since, Phelps entered a
house in Yicks county, and demanded his din-
ner, the owner of the house, an old man about
70 years of age, being absent. But whilst he
was glutting himself with the good things of
the house, the old man entered the door, and
striking the formidable intruder a most ter-
rific blow with the branch of his gun, fell
him to the floor. Repeating his strokes, he
soon stunned the robber sufficiently to bind him
with a cord. Phelps is in Yicksburgh goal.

A French traveller puts the Americans down
for the cleanest people upon the face of the
earth; for, said he, "their very capital is
washing-town."

A gentleman in the country lately addressed
a passionate billet doux to a lady in the same
town, adding this curious postscript—"Please
to send a speedy answer, as somebody else is in
my eye."