

POETRY.

LEADING-STRINGS MADE EASY.

Who is not governed by the word LED?"

Are we not led in leading strings,
As through this world we trot?
The mule and newly married man
Are *bride-led*—are they not?
Our habits are diseased, in truth,
And lest we die and rot,
Our pulse, by Doctors sage and grave,
Is *fee-led*—is it not?
The young, the aged and the prime,
Have leading features got:
A pack-horse and an old man, sure,
Are *sad-led* are they not?
Subjects and things are held in power,
Whate'er their destined spot;
For cats and dice, in spite of mice,
Are *rat-led*—are they not?
Let nobles shrink—we find them out,
In mansion, straw or grot;
For they, like swine, though dress'd so fine
Are *sty-led*—are they not?
In fashion's circle, 'tis the same,
Attraction, chance, or lot,
A smart coquette and tender-box,
Are *spark-led*—are they not?
But I must not so far be *led*;
A period is a dot—
A lover and a blunderer,
Are *grove-led*—are they not?
Ho! for the chase, or *crump-led* lips,
The mouth's lid to a pot:
A race-horse and a frighten'd girl,
Are *start-led*—are they not?
But hold—I draw my verses in—
Or you will answer—what!
Readers, like bees, are fed by hums,
And *humb-led*—are they not?

MINUTE POWERS OF ART.

Dr. Power says, he saw a golden chain at Tredecant's Museum, South Lambeth, of three hundred links, not more than an inch in length, fastened to and pulled away by a flea. And I myself (says Baker, in his Essay on the Microscope) have seen very lately, near Durham-yard, in the Strand, and have examined with my microscope, a chaise (made by one Mr. Boverick, a watch-maker) having four wheels, with all the proper apparatus belonging to them, turning readily on their axles: together with a man sitting in the chaise: all formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea without any seeming difficulty. I weighed it with the greatest care I was able, and found the chaise, man, and flea were barely equal to a single grain. I weighed also, at the same time and place, a brass chain, made by the same hand, about two inches long, containing two hundred links, with a hook at one end, and a pad-

lock at the other, and found it less than the third part of a grain. I likewise have seen a quadrille table, with a drawer in it, an eating table, a sideboard table, a looking glass, twelve chairs, with skeleton backs, two dozen of plates, six dishes, a dozen knives, and as many forks, twelve spoons, two salts, a frame and castors, together with a gentleman, lady, and footman, all contained in a *cherry stone*, and not filling much more than half of it." At the present time are to be purchased cherry stones highly polished with ivory screws, which contain each 120 perfect silver-spoons, an ingenious bauble worthy the patronage of the juvenile part of the community. We are told that one Osmond Merlinger made a cup of a pepper corn, which had twelve other little cups all turned in ivory, each of them being gilt on the edges, and standing upon a foot, and that, so far from being crowded, or wanting room, the pepper corn could have held four hundred more.

THE CHINA ASTER.

"I planted it with my own hand," said my little sister, holding up a withered *China aster*, plucked up by the roots—"I covered it from the sun—I watered it night and morning, and *after all*, (wiping her eyes with the corner of her frock)—*after all, it is dead!*"

Alas! how many are the occurrences in life, thought I, which resemble Mary's flower. Too easily believing what we wish, we adopt some pretty trifle, and laying it as it were in our bosom, love it "as a daughter"—fancy prints it in gay colors; increasing in beauty wese its little leaves expand, and trace its progress with anxious solicitude from the *swelling bud* to the *full blow*; and then, when we fondly expect to enjoy it, *reality* tells us—*after all, it is dead!*

How often does a *beloved son* or *daughter* engross all the cares of their parents, and wind themselves round every fibre of their heart—to cherish the idol is every wish on the stretch—to indulge it are all the rarities of art and nature procured—sleepless nights and anxious days are *their lot*; and lo! when they hope to see the end of their labors, struck by the hand of *disease* or defaced by the contaminating touch of *vice*, the agonizing parents find, *after all, it is dead!*

THE FARMER.

There is not a more independent being in existence than the farmer. The *real* farmer, he who attends strictly to the duties of his profession, who keeps every thing about him snug and tidy, and who seeks every opportunity to introduce such improvements of the day as will tend to add beauty and worth to his farm. Such a farmer is always happy and independent, and he lives as it were, in a little world of his own, with nothing to trouble him save the cares of his farm, which,

by the way, are considered rather as pleasures than otherwise. His mind is always at ease, and the duties of his calling are performed with a good degree of pleasure.—When the toils of the day are o'er, and the "night cometh," he takes his seat at the domestic fireside, and whiles away the evening in sweet converse with his little family circle. The toils of the day have been perhaps rather arduous; but what of that? They are drowned and forgotten in the pleasures of the evening. And then, he feels a sincere pleasure on reflection, that while he rests from his labors his business continues to flourish. His crops are growing and preparing for harvest, his cattle, &c. are fattening ready for the market, and every thing prospers. With such thoughts as these, he can calmly resign himself to the night's repose, and rise on the morrow with the returning sun, refreshed and prepared for the duties of another day.

FRENCH CEMENT.

This cement is designed as a paint for the roofs of houses. It answers all the purposes of common paint, and also protects the roof from fire. Those who are erecting new houses, or are about to paint the roofs of old buildings, would do well to try it. The expense of painting a roof in this way, would be much less than in the common method. The cement becomes very hard and glossy, and is said to be more durable than the best kind of paint.

The following is a receipt for making it. Take as much lime as usual in making a pail-full of white-wash, and let it be mixed in the pail nearly full of water; in this put two pounds and a half of brown sugar, and three pounds of fine salt, mix them well together and the cement is completed. A little lamp black, yellow ochre, or other coloring commodity, may be introduced to change the color of the cement to please the fancy of those who use it. Small sparks of fire that frequently lodge on the roofs of houses, are prevented by the cement from inflaming the shingles. So cheap and valuable a precaution against this destructive element, ought not to pass untried. Those who wish to be better satisfied of its utility can easily make the experiment, by using a small portion of the cement, on some small temporary building; or it may be tried on dry shingles put together for the purpose, and then exposed to the fire.

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