

Use the same proportion to dye any number of pounds.

1. Prepare a brass or copper kettle with about five gallons of water; bring the liquor to a scalding heat, then add 3 ounces of alum that is pounded, and 1 oz. cream of tartar; then bring the liquor to a boil and put in the woolen and boil it for two hours. It is then taken out, aired and rinsed, and the liquor emptied away.

2. Now prepare the kettle with as much water as before, and add to it 8 ounces of good madder, which should be broken up fine, and well mixed in the water before you put in the woolen. When you have warmed the dye as hot as you can bear the hand in it, then enter the woolen and let it remain in the dye for one hour, during which time the dye must not boil, but only remain at a scalding heat, observing to stir about the woolen constantly while in the dye.

3. When the woolen has been in one hour, it is to be taken out, aired and rinsed.

4. Add to the dye half a pint of clear lime water, which is made by slacking about half an ounce of lime to powder, then add water to it, and when settled, pour the clear part into the dye and mix it well. Now put in your woolen, and stir it about for ten minutes the dye being only at a scalding heat. It is then to be taken out and rinsed immediately.

N. B.—Should you wish the red very bright add about a quarter of an ounce or nearly half a table spoonful of the aqua fortis composition at the time of putting in the madder.

Many of our readers may correct mistaken ideas relating to diet, from the following report to the Minister of the interior in France, by Percy and Vauquelin, on the relative proportions, per cent of nutritious properties in different articles of food.

Turnips and greens,	8	per ct
Carrots	14	
Potatoes	25	
Butcher's meat,	35	
Bread,	80	"
Broad Beans,	89	"
Peas,	93	"
Lentils, a kind of half peas,	94	"

Newport Herald.

## MISCELLANEA.

### HARD TIMES.

BY HANNAH MORE.

We say the times are grievous hard,  
And hard they are, 'tis true!  
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes  
They're harder made by you.

The drunkards tax is self-imposed,  
Like every other sin:  
The taxes altogether cost  
Not half so much as Gin

The state compels no man to drink,  
Compels no man to game;  
'Tis Gin and gambling that sinks him down  
To rage, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband changed by Gin,  
Is for a tyrant known;  
The tenderest heart that nature made,  
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes  
Are poorly clothed and fed,  
Because the craving *Gin-shop* takes  
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,  
Through many a London street,  
And see the cause of poverty,  
In hundreds that we meet.

Behold the shivering female there,  
Who plies her woful trade!  
'Tis ten to one you'll find that *Gin*  
That helpless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below  
Yon cellar under ground;  
There every want and every wo,  
And every sin, are found!

Those little children trembling there,  
With hunger and with cold,  
Were by their parents' love of *Gin*,  
To sin and misery sold.

Look through the prison's iron bars!  
Look through that dismal gate,  
And learn what dire misfortune brought  
So terrible a fate!

The debtor, and the felon, too,  
Though differing much in sin,  
Too oft you'll find were thither brought  
By all-destroying *Gin*.

See the pale manufacturer there,  
How lank and lean he lies!  
How haggard is his sickly cheek!  
How dim his hollow eyes!

How amply had his gains sufficed,  
On wife and children spent!  
But all must for his pleasure go,  
All to the *Gin-shop* went.

See that apprentice, young in years,  
But hackneyed long in sin!  
What made him rob his master's till?  
Alas! 'twas love of *Gin*.

That serving man, I knew him once,  
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!  
Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?  
'Twas *Gin* ensnared his heart!  
But hark! what dreadful sound was that?  
'Tis Newgate's awful bell!  
It tells, alas, for human guilt!  
Some malefactor's knell!

Oh, woful sound! Oh, what could cause  
Such punishment and sin?  
Hark! hear his words! he owns the cause,  
"Bad company and *Gin*."

And when the future lot is fix'd,  
Of darkness, fire, and chains;  
How can the drunkard, hope to 'scape  
Those everlasting pains?

—  
*Bonaparte*.—What a vain thing was his ambition. Who can hope to attain half what *Napoleon* won? Yet what did even *he* win. He enobled his family—but it has sunk back into obscurity. He heaped up treasure—but his

enemies have scattered it. He allied himself to the Royal Family—but his wife soon forgot him. He created his sons a king—but this son died a mere subject. His power, *first on the earth*, and his name carried terror in the sound—but his arm lies powerless in the grave, and his name is rapidly passing into oblivion! The objects of his ambition were difficult of attainment, unsatisfying in their nature, and brief in their duration.

How much nobler is that ambition which seeks the distinction of being just, merciful, peaceable and useful! How much rather would we enjoy the reputation of a *Franklin*, a *Hayard*, or a *Wilberforce*, than to attain to the glories of a *Bonaparte*, an *Alexander* or a *Cesar*!

How much more enviable is the skill and industry which makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, than the talents of the warrior, which spread misery all around, and add no happiness to his own lot. Yet the "bubble reputation" is sought "at the cannon's mouth," by men who claim to be great; while the sure and certain road to happiness, quiet industry, with contentment and a good conscience, is passed by untrdden and almost unseen.—*Portsmouth Jour.*

## AMERICAN WILD HORSES

Lewis and Clarke, speaking of the horses found to the west of the Rocky Mountains, say, that they appear to be an excellent race, lofty, elegantly formed, active and durable; many of them appear like fine English coursers, some of them are pied, with large spots of white irregularly scattered and intermixed with a dark brown bay; the greater part, however, are of an uniform color, marked with stars and white feet, and resembling in fleetness and bottom as well in form and color the best blooded horses of Virginia. The natives suffer them to run at large in the plains, the grass of which affords them only winter subsistence, their masters taking no trouble to lay in a winter's store for them, notwithstanding they will, unless more exercised, fatten on the dry grass afforded by the plains during the winter. The plains are rarely if ever moistened by rain, and the grass is consequently short and thin. The natives, excepting those of the Rocky Mountains, appear to take no pains in selecting those of the male horses for breed; and, indeed, those of that class appear much the most indifferer. Whether the horse was originally a native of this country, or not, the soil and climate appear to be perfectly adapted to the nature of this animal.

Horses are said to be found wild in many parts of this extensive country. The several tribes of Shoshonees who reside towards Mexico, on the water of the *Moltomah* river, and particularly, one of them called *Shaboboah* have also a great number of mules, which the Indians prize more highly than horses. An elegant horse may be purchased off the natives for a few beads and other paltry trinkets, which in the United States, would not cost more than one or two dollars. The abundance and cheapness of horses, will be extremely advantageous to those who may hereafter attempt the fur trade to the East Indies, by the way of *Columbia* river and the *Pacific* ocean.

## VEGETABLES.

In the early part of the reign of *Henry VIII.* not a cabbage, turnip, or other edible root, was in England. Two or three centuries before, certainly, the monasteries had gardens with a variety of vegetables; but nearly all the gardens of the laity were destroyed in the