Original Poetry.

"I will Love."

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

Exciting Scene at Sea.

The following graphic sketch is an extract from a letter written to the editor of the New York Times, by one of the passengers in the American steamship Pacific, of the Collins line, upon her last outward voyage, during which the event described happened.

I was looking out of the window, and watching the waves. At one time I would look above me, and see nothing but a mass of black water with a crest; then upon a dizzy height, I would look down upon a dark valley of restless water. The wind was blowing with such force that no one ventured on deck. Suddenly the mate cried out "a wreck!" We then rushed upon deck. Nothing was to be seen; but as I clung to one of the stays, the vessel rose high on a mountain wave, and directly ahead was a bark dismasted, and seemingly rolling over her last time. Our captain had been confined to his state-room ever since we left port. He came running on deck, and stood motionless till we came almost alongside. There stood on the wretched remnant of a fine bark, sixteen men!—Two held up a red flag, while on the only rope that remained to the stump of a mast, fluttered portions of a sail torn into shreds.

"Reef the sails," shouted our captain to the sailors.

Up they went; the engine stopped, and a cheer came from the wreck, as if a new day had dawned upon their despairing hearts. But just at this moment the storm commenced with renewed fury. Away we bounded from the wreck, and momentarily my heart sank within me. Around the wreck we kept beating. Now on one side we could see in the distance our forlorn hope; a great wave would dash over her, and we dared not hope that they could remain upon the broken wreck. Thus passed five or six hours of the most heart-rending anxiety. At last we neared the wreck. A rocket was fired, but the wind carried it far beyond them; another, but in vain.

"Lower the life-boat," shouted the captain; "who will venture?"

"I, I, I, I," exclaimed four of the crew.

And now think what an awful sight was before us. A wreck with sixteen poor sailors on her; our little boat with four of our crew in it, lashed to the rope which connected the boat with us, daring to tempt so terrific a sea. Away the billows carry them; now they ride upon a peak above us; and now they are in the valley, and a mountain of water between us. But now they near the wreck; a rope is thrown to them. Hurrah! the boat's captain has it; he fastens it to his bow; he heals up to her; a wave dashes him on a level with her deck. Two frenzied men jump from the wreck, and fall into the water; as we rise, we see the captain seize one by the hair, and lift him into the boat. Again, the other is caught, and, fainting, is brought in.

The storm commences again; the waves run higher; but there still remain the undaunted four; and as each wave tosses them up, they rescue two others from a watery grave. A shout—they are all in the boat. Heaven help them now, for the storm-king is riding in merciless fury.—Cheering each other on, plying their oars skillfully, they scan the heavens from their fickle mountain of brine, and fearlessly sink into the yawning gulfs below. But where are thy now? We feel the boat at the end of the line still. Thereby is again, riding on high, and as the wave glides away, she hovers under our bow. Twenty ropes, already prepared with hope at their ends, are thrown into the boat, and the men haul in two—two more—two—two again—again, and two more, and now they are all on the deck. Some leap up with gratitude inexpressible, and others are so benumbed with the cold they can not move. Here, as they are kindly cared for by the crew, let us leave them.

You turn, and the four heroes of the day are exhausted below. Cast your eye round and you will see not only women but men in tears. Every heart swells in gratitude to a benign Providence, and in admiration of the heroism of four of his creatures.

As I passed to the aft of the steamer, I saw the gallant little boat sinking. As it was hauled back, it struck the wheel and was broken almost to pieces. I never looked at an inanimate object with such a love as the *Life Boat* that rescued sixteen men and as she went down, my heart sank within me. The conduct of our captain was noble and manly, and stamps him as a sailor of intellect and humanity.

There was a purse of $300 raised by the passengers for the four heroic sailors.

☞ A singular Phenomenon lately occurred in California, by which Lake Merced, a sheet of water covering about thirty acres, and which is situated seven miles distant from San Francisco, threatens to become dry ground. A shock of an earthquake took place during the night, and in the morning it was discovered that a portion of the lake's boundary had been swept away, and a passage formed by the rushing waters above three hundred yards in width, and ten or twelve feet deep, opening on the ocean to the width of a mile. Subsequently, a sort of mid-channel has been formed, commencing a short distance below the origin of the outlet, moreover and much deeper than the first, down which the water seems to have rushed with much velocity, until the lake has been emptied at better thirty feet below its previous surface. The mid-channel has gradually deepened in the centre, down which the waters are yet flowing into the ocean. And now that the outlet has been formed, from its abrupt sides may be seen flowing the gaseous fluids which succeed earthquakes among lofty mountains. It is supposed that the bed of the lake may have been instantly uplifted, and so quickly have returned to its customary level, thus forcing an outlet through the heavy alluvial by which it was formerly confined.

"Big Brindle."

In Nashville, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and though uneducated, was possessed of some little sense. Col. W. had been elected to the Legislature and had been also judge of the county court.

His elevation, however, had made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words. On his farm he had a very large and mischievous ox, called "big brindle," which frequently broke down his neighbors' fences, and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning after breakfast, in the presence of some gentlemen who had stood with him over night, and who were now on their way to town, he called his overseer and said to him:

"Mr Allen, I desire you to impound big brindle, in order that I may hear no more animadversions on his eternal depredations.

Allen bowed and walked off, sorely puzzled to know what the Col. meant. So after Col. W. left for town, he went to his wife and asked her what Col. W. meant by telling him to "impound" the ox.

"Why," said she, "the Colonel meant to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat, for it was no inconsiderable one, the animal being very wild, and after a great deal of trouble and vexation he succeeded.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and soliloquizing, "this is impounding is it? Now I am dead sure the old Colonel will ask me if I impounded big brindle, and I bet I'll puzzle him as bad he did me."

The next day the Colonel gave a dinner party, and as he was not aristocratic, Allen sat down with the company.—After the second glass was discussed, the Colonel turned to the overseer and said:

"Eh, Mr Allen, did you impound big brindle?"

Allen straightened himself, and looking around at the company said—

"Yes, I did, sir, but old brindle transcended the impound of the impound and scatterlophisticated all over the equinimity of the forest."

The company here burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while the Colonel's face reddened with disconfiture.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said he.

"Why, I mean, Colonel, that old brindle being prognosticated with an idea of the cholera, ripped and teared, snorted and pawed dirt, jumped the fence, and the woods with tremendous powers of locomotion, and his spanker-boom in the air, and would not be impounded no how."

This was too much; the company roared again in which the Colonel was forced to join, and in the midst of laughter Allen left the table, saying to himself as he went, "I guess the Colonel went ask me to impound any more oxen."

American Ship.

It is becoming a pretty serious question, where we shall look for an iron sufficiently strong to bear heavy concussion and strain to which the wheels of cars and rails are often subjected.—Accidents are of increased frequency from defective iron, and have already cost the lives of many persons, and the destruction of much property.

Whatever may be thought of the relative cheapness of English and American iron, it is certain that the latter is much the stronger. D. Maskel of Scotland, says that the Scotch bars contain 9 per cent, less of pure iron than our own. Late experiments at the Navy Yard at Washington showed that the American chain cable would stand a strain of 719 pounds more than an English cable, without breaking.

A chain of French manufacture yielded a breaking strain of 1081 pounds, while the American broke only a strain of 1277 lbs. These experiments were repeated about two hundred times with similar results. Com. Kennon tested in February last the tenacity of different irons, and found that while the very highest proof of strength had previously been in Pen iron, a Virginia iron stood the test of 58 pounds more, before breaking. If such be the case, what justification can be found for the use of foreign iron, especially for wheels and axles. Our hills are full of that material the working of which has made England the great nation she is, and it is humiliating to ride over hundreds upon hundreds of miles of rail, dug from foreign soil, when the iron and the coal to make it, abound in a profusion given to no other country, and the laborers who should find employment at high wages are standing idle on the corners of our streets, or are partially employment at inadequate wages. The time will come when development of American resources and the protection of American interest will become the cherished policy of our great and glorious country.—[Holyoke Freeman.

☞ We mentioned a few days since, says the Bangor Whig, some interesting particulars concerning the town of Eddington, and have since heard of a lot of enterprise of a family in that town worth relating. The family have six children, the mother of them robust, healthy, and active, but the father of quite a different character. So it has been arranged that the wife should go to California and make her pile, while the husband should stay at home and take care of the children. This arrangement was mutually satisfactory, and the woman obtained her outfit for the land of gold. On arriving at New York she found an opportunity to work during her passage out, and she immediately sent back to her family fifty dollars of her funds, and has gone on her way rejoicing and with the determination to get her share of the gold of California.

☞ Cold potatoes, poverty-stricken curmudgeons, the men who deny people, and the weather generally, are unpopular.

Agricultural.

Milch Cows in Winter.

Mr. Editor.—For some days I have been thinking, how my poor neighbor's cattle will fare this coming cold Winter! Not but that I have enough to occupy my thoughts in my own immediate affairs, but when these poor animals meet my gaze, cold and shivering as they are, in consequence of having been taken from a liberal allowance of green food, and put immediately upon dry, and perhaps coarse meadow hay, or weather-beaten corn-fodder, with not a spoonful of grain nor a root to lay their jaws to, poor creatures! no wonder they dry up their milk, for they have nothing to make milk of, and no wonder they stand upon a piece of ground not larger than half a bushel, with all four feet almost together! And when Spring opens, and the warm sun strikes their skin, the vermin begin to work, and cause them to feel so miserable, they would fain run away from themselves, and surely they have no difficulty in running over the hills and rocks at an alarming rate, with their tails high in the air to receive the cooling breeze, their bodies being light they are better adapted for a race than anything else! But to their relief, the grass soon springs up, and they begin to look a little more like cows than skeletons, yet the hard winter they have passed, has nearly ruined them for any profit to their owners during the Summer season. And as they cannot afford to buy grain to give them the coming winter, so both the poor cows and their owners will see hard times! Now who is to blame? are the cows to blame?—They have done as well as you could have expected under those circumstances. Surely the farmer who manages thus, must expect hard times, and he deserves it! "He that will not plow by reason of the cold," must expect to beg in harvest!

If you've not the means to keep your stock well, reduce it; two cows well fed are more profit to the owner than half a dozen long legged woe-be-gone looking animals, that some people call cows, which look like steers wintered out in the woods on browse. Brother farmers, get you a good hay, straw and corn-stalk cutter; cut your feed, put in a little grain, soften the same with a little water; it will make mastication easier, and consequently will digest better and afford more nourishment to your stock; besides, your hay, and corn-fodder is turned to good account, and being sweetened by a little grain, goes off well, leaving no waste. By this mode of procedure, and measuring out to each his feed, you will be able to discover if every one has what he wants; in order that he may escape the doom of those before named, add a little to his or her mess if needful, taking care at the same time, that they are not robbed by their more avaricious neighbors. Green feed of some kind should be given, if you would expect perfect health. Feed three times a day with chopped feed; and let their stomachs have time to digest what they eat. It is a mistake that they need be eating all the while.—Solid feed is unlike green grass, you must remember; some people stand in the barn floor nearly half their time, to dish up a little at a time to keep their appetites good, forgetting, that if the health is preserved, though they feed but three times in twenty-four hours, with the proper quantity and quality, they will clean all up, and even lick the floor. Try it, farmers. If I can get a handsome profit from one cow well fed, you, who have half a dozen, by the rule of three, can get six times as much.—[Boston Cultivator.

The true System of Farming.

Trying to do too much is a common error into which the farmer often falls. His great eagerness in striving to be rich is doubtless the cause of this error. He is ambitious and energetic and forms his plans on a large scale, but often, perhaps, without counting the cost. He buys a large farm, and wants to be called a "large farmer," without understanding or considering the true elements that constitute a real farmer. He fancies the greatness of that profession, as is too often the common estimate, to be in proportion to the number of acres, not to say cultivated, but embraced within the boundaries of this domain. The fact is now being spread abroad that a large farm does not make a man either rich, contented, or happy, but on the contrary the reverse of all these unless well tilled, when his labor is rewarded by ample crops and fair success in the various departments in which he is engaged. No farmer can realize the full benefits of his profession without adopting a thorough system of culture. His success, commensurate to his wishes, always depends upon the manner in which he prepares his grounds, plants his seed, and rears his stock. Neither of these departments, which may be considered the cardinal ones of his profession, will take care of themselves. The soil may be rich, but it needs culture. His seed may be sown, but it should be in due time, and always on soil well prepared and of a suitable quality for the production of the crop desired. His stock must be constantly cared for—it derives its thrift from the soil and sends back again to that soil the substance it requires; but this is not done in a loose or haphazard way. The former's care is required, and all his better judgement must be constantly exercised in keeping up this system of reciprocal benefits that may be realized by every intelligent and industrious farmer.

Thorough cultivation and a systematic attention to all part of his business is indispensible to a good degree of success.—The very corner-stone of the whole system of farming is to do what you do thoroughly—nature will not be cheated and never gives full returns to the half-way work that is practised by too many calling themselves farmers. If the land has been worn, the extent of that exhaustion and the final required must be first considered. When ascertained, the full measure of those requirements must be given to bring out good returns. If the former has but a small stock and consequently a small amount of manure to replenish his land it is obvious that but a small farm can be supplied with it; and good and present returns demand that to realize properly a large farm, artificial fertilizers must be used if good crops are obtained. And so with the labor—two men, cultivate suitably fifty one hundred acres of land, when the labor of two men and perhaps four might be profitably employed on a twenty-five acre farm.

This is the great error in farming. Too men strive to do what four can hardly do, and thus thousands of acres are run over, half tilled and producing half crops. The land is run over till worn out, enduring year after year the continual tax, till its energies are entirely exhausted, and it fails to yield even a feeble crop because its life is worn out. Much of the soil in Virginia and other Southern States, is a type of this. Thousands of acres are lying entirely useless and exhausted, and will ever remain so, till the first elements of its power are returned to it. This process is fast going on in many of the Western States. The soil is treated like an inexhaustible mine; the tillers crying, "give! give! give!" till in a few years it will have nothing to give. The great boast of the West is large farms and large fields of grain; plow, sow, and reap is the business of Western farmers, drawing out the very life of the soil and sending it away in the heavy exports that are constantly going onward, without returning to the soil the food it requires to make it productive.

The light that is being spread abroad on this subject is beginning to correct this practice to some extent, but in most instances but very little is returned to the soil to keep it alive till after several years of continual cropping it manifests signs of exhaustion and ultimate barrenness. When tillers of the soil understand their true interests they will cultivate no more land than they can do well. Fifty acres of land for tillage, brought to a high state of cultivation, pays better than one hundred, run over in the way that many do.—[Jefferson Farmer.

SURE REMEDY FOR BOTS.—Having seen many horses die with bots, says a correspondent, and many remedies given without effect, I was induced to try the following for a horse of my own, after I had tried most of the remedies in common use without effect, and had given him up for lost: Half a pint of vinegar, half a pint of soft soap, half a pint of gin, and half a pint of molasses, well shaken together and poured down while foaming. To my great surprise, he was in five minutes wholly free from pain, and ate freely—the next morning I rode him on a journey. I have since recommended and given the same in fifty cases, with the same good effect—not in one instance has it failed to effect a perfect cure.—*Farmer.*

H. L. SPENCER again invites the attention of his friends to the large stock of goods which he is now receiving in New York and Boston, and which he believes he can sell at prices which cannot fail to be satisfactory to all.

PAPER HANGINGS.

The new styles which are now being received, are superior in style and quality to any ever before offered in this market. Having facilities for purchasing which few possess, I am confident that an examination of these goods will convince the most fastidious of their superiority. Common Papers are offered at prices varying from 5 to 12½ cents, and elegant Satins at 16 to 50 cents per roll. Rich Velvet Borders at all prices.—Purchasers are particularly invited to examine these goods.

STATIONERY.

A very large stock of Letter, Cap, and Note Paper; Envelopes, Steel Pens, Writers, Inkstands, Pen Holders, Pencils, Mathers, Ink, Blank Books, &c, constantly on hand, and to which additions are frequently made.

PERFUMERY.

A choice lot of Perfumery and Toilet articles always on hand; in the purchase of which, the quality is considered of more consequence than the price.

POCKET CUTLERY.

A large assortment of the genuine Waterville Knives kept always on hand, and sold at the factory prices at which these celebrated knives are sold at wholesale. All articles in this line warranted.

PATENT MEDICINES.

The best Patent Medicines of the day are sold at the manufacturers' prices. All of these articles being received direct from the proprietors, the public may rest assured that they are genuine.

BOOKS.

School Books, used in the Academy and the common schools of the County, constantly on hand, and for sale to merchants and others at low prices. Miscellaneous Books, deservedly popular, always on hand; together with the usual Posts and Histories. New publications received every week. *Prices low*, and terms of payment, Cash.

Nov. 16, 1852. H. L. SPENCER.

FAIRHAVEN, December 2, 1852.

THIS CERTIFIES THAT WE, ALANSON ALLEN of Fairhaven, Rutland County, and State of Vermont, and ARCHIBALD RUSSELL of Empire in the County of Albany and State of New York, have this day agreed to form a limited partnership for the purpose of quarrying, manufacturing, buying and selling Slate, in all its various kinds and forms, in the town of Fairhaven aforesaid, under the firm and firm of Alanson Allen, of which said firm the said Alanson Allen is a general partner, and the said Archibald Russell is a special partner; and the said limited partnership to commence on the first day of December, A. D. 1852, and terminate on the first day of January, A. D. 1858. The said special partner puts into and contributes to the common stock of said partnership the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, in cash, and the business of said partnership to be transacted in said town of Fairhaven, so far as quarrying and manufacturing of slate is concerned, and the buying and selling slate to be in Fairhaven or in any market.

Given under our hands on the day and year first above written.

ALANSON ALLEN,
ARCHIBALD RUSSELL.

STATE OF VERMONT, } AT Fairhaven in said
Rutland County ss. } County, personally appeared Alanson Allen and Archibald Russell, the signers and subscribed the foregoing instrument in writing, and acknowledged the same to be their act and deed, respectively, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1852.

Before me,
W. C. KITTRIDGE, Justice Peace.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.—The Subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he has just received a fine assortment of Goods for the Fall Trade,—consisting, in part of

OVERCOATS:
Black, Green, Drab, Olive, Blue,
Grey, Blue Black, Brown, Mixed, Fancy &c

COATS:
Black Dress and Frock, Black Cassimeres,
Blue Black " Olive " Brown " Green " Blue, Black, Olive, Brown, and Black Mixed Cloths, Pocks and Flecks.

PANTS:
Black Doeskins, Black Cassimere,
Fancy 300, Mixed do,
Mixed do, Fancy do.
Blue, Fancy, and Mixed Satinet, &c, &c.

VESTS:
Black Satin, Fancy Colored Silk,
Fancy " " Grenadier,
Valencia, Cloth, Single and Lasting, Double Breasted.

Also, a large lot of cheap heavy Clothing for every day wear.

YOUTHS AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

I intend to keep a stock sufficient to meet the wants of all,—of the most approved style and quality.

FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Under Shirts, Drawers, Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Stocks, Braces, Gloves, Hosiery, Gaiters and Hair Brushes, Wallets, Port Monies,

Portsmouth, Oct. 26.

FALL STYLES HATS AND CAPS.

☞ Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as I am determined not to be undersold.

J. G. FORTES.

Rutland, Nov. 10, 1852. 45—tf

NEW STORE
And New Goods.

THE Subscriber, having leased the Store recently occupied and occupied by Messrs. Jameson & Wood, would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a large and carefully selected stock of New Goods, to which he invites the attention of the public, viz: Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Drugs and Medicines, Paints and Oils, Glass and Putty, Dye Stuffs, Fancy Articles, Perfumery, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Musical Instruments, Books and Stationery, Fancy Goods, Toys, Cutlery, Guns, Powder and Shot, Fishing Tackle, Hosiery, Gloves, Suspenders, Combs, Brushes, Buttons, Thimbles, Scissors, Knives, Razors, Razor Straps, Pocket Books, Wallets, Port Monies, Gold Pens, Pocket Knives, Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, Soap, Candles, Starch, Saleratus, Cheese, Butter, Lard, Molasses, Sugar, Rice, Flour, Meal, Fish, Salt, Vinegar, Molasses, Cordials, Wines, Brandies, Gin, Rum, Whiskey, Ale, Porter, Cordials, Medicines, Dyes, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Nails, Iron, Steel, Tools, Cutlery, Guns, Powder, Shot, Percussion Caps, Fishing Tackle, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Hardware, Crockery, Stoves, Tinware, Furniture, Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, Looking Glasses, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, Toys, Perfumery