

BEAUFORT JOURNAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:—Devoted to Literature, Science, Commerce, Agriculture, Mechanics, News, Markets, &c.—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

VOL. I.

BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1857.

NO. 12.

The Beaufort Journal.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN NICHOLS,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
TERMS:
(Invariably in advance.)
One copy one year, \$ 2.00
Five copies " " 8.00
Ten " " 15.00
Twenty " " 25.00

Persons sending us clubs of ten or twenty subscribers will be entitled to one copy gratis.
Post Masters are authorized to act as agents for the JOURNAL, and will be allowed 10 per cent on all subscriptions received by them.

Advertisements—
One square (12 lines) first insertion, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, .25
Contracts will be made with advertisers for six or twelve months, at the following rates:
1/2 column 6 months, \$20.00—12 months 30.00
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Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Those who send advertisements to the JOURNAL should be careful to state the length of time they wish them inserted, otherwise they will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Job Work of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

General Directory.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Wm. Lescart, Intendant of Police.

Commissioners.

J. P. C. Davis, Thomas Duncan,
Bordon Haskett, Wm. F. Bell, Jr.
Alexander C. Davis, Town Clerk.
Joseph Hall, Town Sergeant.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

George Dill, Sheriff.
James Rumley, Clerk of Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions.
Court sits the third Monday in February, May, August and November.

Robert W. Chadwick, clerk of Superior court.
Court sits the seventh Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John F. Jones, Register.
Benj. L. Perry, Clerk and Master in Equity.
C. R. Thomas, County Solicitor.

GOVERNMENT OFFICERS.

Commissioners of Navigation.
Dr. M. F. Arendell, Wm. I. Potter,
J. F. Bell, J. P. C. Davis,
Capt. Thos. Thomas.
James Gible, Collector of Customs,
Belcher Fuller, Inspector.
William I. Potter, Post Master. Mail due each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 5 o'clock P. M., and closes on the same days at 9 o'clock P. M.

HOTELS.

OCEAN HOUSE, George W. Taylor, Proprietor.
FRONT STREET HOUSE, W. C. King, Proprietor.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Church, Rev. L. L. Hendren, Pastor.
Baptist Church, Rev. H. T. Weatherly, Pastor.
Episcopal Church, Rev. D. D. VanAntwerp, Rector.

SCHOOLS.

Beaufort Female Seminary, Mr. & Mrs. S. D. Pool, Principals.
Beaufort Female Institute, Rev. Wm. I. Langdon, Principal.
Beaufort Male Academy, Robert W. Chadwick, Principal.
W. H. Sweetzer keeps a male school, in which the ordinary English branches are taught.
Miss Sarah Ann Davis keeps a primary school for small boys and girls.

NOTICE.

Stephen M. Hunt,
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE TO the citizens of Beaufort and its vicinity that he is now carrying on the business of manufacturing

Tin, Sheet Iron, and Copper Ware.
Strict attention paid to Roofing and Guttering, and all kinds of Job Work in his line. He may be found at the Store formerly occupied by Ambrose J. Fulcher, where he will be pleased to see all who may give him a call.
Traverse Street,
Beaufort, April 9, 1857. 2-1y.

NOW READ THIS.

THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECT-
fully informs the public that he is now fitted out with tools and materials for doing all kinds of work in his line. Such as repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewels, Guns, Pistols, &c. All work thankfully received and promptly attended to, and warranted to be done as good and as cheap, as it can be done anywhere in North Carolina. I could further more inform the public that I keep on hand an assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Guns, Pistols, &c., also a fine lot of light steel Spectacles, all of which I sell low for cash.
He has moved his business down to Mr. Wm. C. Demby's store, on the east side of Turner street, two doors south of the Market house, where he will be pleased to see all his old friends and patrons.
BENJAMIN GABRIEL,
Beaufort, April 21, 1857. 3-6m.

DR. J. B. OUTLAW

IS NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT Beaufort, where all who may desire his services, can command them.
He will add, that he liberally enjoyed the benefits of our best Colleges and Hospitals, and has the experience of more than thirty years extensive practice, in various climates.
His residence is known as the HAMMOCK, and his office is on Turner Street, next door to Wm. H. Piver's store.
Beaufort, May 14th, 1857. 5-1y.

SELECTED POETRY.

I Love the Night.

I love the night when the moon streams bright,
On flowers that drink the dew,
When cascades shout as the stars peep out
From the boundless fields of blue;
But dearer far than moon or star
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or bubbling trills of mountain rills
I love, I love, love—you!

I love to stray, at the close of day,
Through groves of hickory trees,
When warbled notes from song-birds throats
Are vocal in the breeze.

I love the night, the gloomiest night,
When hearts beat warm and true,
But far above the night, I love
I love, I love, love—you!

SELECTED STORY.

[From the Greens rough Times.]

LAURA; OR, "THE SNOW-FLAKE."

BY ANNA M. BATES.

It was a wild, stormy evening in March. The wind dashed fitful gusts of sleet and rain against the windows of the room where Captain Leslie and his wife were sitting. The conversation in which they had hitherto been engaged had lapsed into a silence, only broken by the fierce rush of the storm without. A cheery fire glowed in the grate and diffused a rosy lustre over the whole apartment, that wore a pleasant and homelike aspect. The golden hands of the clock were pointing to the hour of twelve, when suddenly there was a sharp ring at the door, and then the sound of retreating footsteps. Captain Leslie was a brave man, but as he rose to go forth into the hall his wife elung to him in an injurious of fear.

"Stay, my husband," she besought him; "surely no honest person would be abroad at this dead hour of the night."

But he wrenched away his arm from her grasp, and proceeded to open the door. Nothing was visible in the thick darkness; but, presently they heard the faint, feeble wailing of a child, and procuring a light, they found a large basket in the porch. With some curiosity they bore it in to the warm lighted parlor, and felling back the wrapping in which it was enveloped, the form of a beautiful infant appeared. Its little eyes were closed in softest slumber, and a smile that told of angel visions, rested upon its velvet lips. A dainty robe of white, richly embroidered, and a cloak of soft, rose-colored satin protected the little form; and from its neck, encircled by a chain of gold, hung a small locket of antique and curious workmanship.

The warm, motherly feelings of a woman rose in Mrs. Leslie's breast. Very tenderly she lifted the little fondling from its low bed and bore it to the fire, whose warmth brought back the life to its purple limbs. In vain they sought for some word of explanation accompanying the child thus strangely thrown upon their protection.

"Well, let us keep it," said Mrs. Leslie, "we have no children of our own and it is one may live to be the comfort of our old age. It is evidently no common child and my heart is strangely warmed toward it." Perhaps the thought of her own unblest infancy—for she never had a childhood—rose before the speaker's mental vision. Early orphaned, her marriage with Captain Leslie had relieved her from the drudgery and bondage heaped upon her by a maiden aunt; so no wonder she pitied the desolate. "If you are willing to adopt the babe," replied her husband, "I have certainly no objection. She shall be our daughter and we will call her Laura, or the Snow-Flake, for was she not wafted to us in the midst of the storm?"

Months, years went by like phantoms in that quiet home, and what changes did Time bring? The roses that decked the bridal of the year were not fairer than those that blushed on Laura's cheek; and the stars were not brighter than her eyes, nor the winds sweeter than her voice. She had grown dear as life itself to her adopted parents and Mrs. Leslie found great delight in the cultivation of her young mind. When she was seven years of age, as near as they could judge, a great change came. A relative of Captain Leslie died, bequeathing him a large fortune. Previously, he had been far from rich; but had managed to live upon half pay and a small annuity. Now their style of living was necessarily greatly changed. They left their quiet home and went to reside in the costly mansion of the deceased relative.

Pomp, splendor, and magnificence were now their attendants. Servants came and went to do their bidding; they were surrounded by gorgeous furniture, rich old pic-

tures, fair statues, and costly services of gold and silver, that made life seem like a fairy tale—a round of pleasure and gay entertainment. More years went on and Laura was a woman, a belle, a beauty, the admired of all admirers. Jewels that might have won a prince's ransom encircled her fair, round arms and flashed out in her night-black hair. She was the acknowledged heiress of Capt. Leslie's vast wealth; no wish was ungratified; friends surrounded her and she was happy. Happy, as the world goes, for the deep fountains of her nature were yet sealed.

Was it not natural that many should seek to win the beautiful girl? Caleb Ruthven was a young man of much wealth, his exterior was polished, his face and figure handsome. Captain and Mrs. Leslie admired him, Laura could not plead indifference, so she had promised and a few more months would make her his wife. Did they judge rightly in that they called Caleb Ruthven all that was good and noble? Let us see.

Suddenly Captain Leslie grew abstracted and sad. He was frequently absent from home; he tarried long over the golden goblet to "look on the wine when it was red," and at night, long after the family had retired, his restless feet were heard pacing the library floor until the gray dawn broke.

The blow came at last, they were penniless! They who had grown accustomed to personal habits of noble expenditure; who had deemed their wealth as exhaustless as the sea, must now leave the elevations of grandeur for the humbler walks of life.— Captain Leslie had in an evil hour been lured to the gaming table and forgotten in the accursed excitement of the play, his home, his friends, his God. Madly and recklessly he staked the bulk of his princely fortune, and lost. Nor was this all, for his three richly laden ships, that were freighted with precious things, sunk at sea. He bent beneath these strokes of misfortune like "a reed beneath the tempest."

It was now the native strength of Laura's character shone forth. She comforted and soothed Mrs. Leslie and her husband, and with uncommon foresight began to make plans for their future. They had still the same annuity previously devoted to charitable purposes and barely sufficient to maintain them in the cheapest possible way. A small cottage was taken in the suburbs of the town and Laura proposed to take music scholars and execute embroidery for the shops of the city.

It was the night before their removal.— Laura sat alone in the splendid drawing-room busied in bitter thoughts. It was a sweet summer eve and the moonlight swept peacefully over the graceful trees that grew beside the balcony and laid its white hands upon the dewy, fragrant flowers, that glistened like stars among the soft green leaves, but Laura heeded not the beauty of the hour. She was musing with bitter intensity over the falsehood and inconstancy of those summer friends who surrounded her in the day of prosperity but now had left her to feel the coldness of desertion, while a dark night of trial hung over her head.— Caleb Ruthven, her own affianced husband, had left her in her fallen fortune; at least, he had not called since the news of Captain Leslie's poverty became known. Oh, could it be that he was like the rest? She heard the sound of a familiar footstep upon the marble stair of the balcony. She rose and went out in the moonlight, as she had often done before, to meet her lover. It was he. Yet, as she sprang forward, eager to greet him, the cold, reserved expression of his face, struck like the chill of death to her heart. She drew herself up with a woman's pride and silently motioned him to enter the room she had just left. He seated himself, and commenced a confused apology for not calling on her before. She interrupted him with an impatient gesture.— Upon her fair white hand glistening the ring of their engagement. As he gazed upon it his face flushed, his voice faltered, but he said: "Deeply as I regret it, Miss Leslie, I fear it will not be convenient for me to consummate our engagement that was to be sealed at the altar next month. The embarrassed condition of your father's affairs and my own present want of ample means for his maintenance, compel me to ask an indefinite postponement of the affair, or, perhaps the dissolving of the bond altogether."

Her face grew perfectly white with excitement and her dark eyes flashed with scorn, "Here is your answer," she said proudly, she tore the ring from her finger as if it had been a viper, and flung it on the ground and trampled on it, exclaiming, "Mercenary man, thus I abhor and despise you. Henceforth and forever we are strangers." He looked back to gaze upon her as

he left the room. She stood there as a superb animated statue in the attitude of queenly scorn. Caleb Ruthven never forgot her look; it haunted him for many a day and hour. The night was but a little older when the fair round moon looked with a beaming glance through the tall windows of the room where Laura lay asleep, outworn with the warfare of contending thought. A few tears glistened on her fair cheeks. Suddenly she awoke with a half sigh. Wonder not as the terrible realities of the situation flashed full upon her that she shrank back appalled. Nurtured in luxury, it was bitter to know that poverty must be hers; that she must go forth and struggle with the wild waves with no strong arm to lean on, for he was false, FALSE! She said the word over to herself many times to accustom her heart to the sound.

"Oh, Heavenly Father," she murmured, kneeling reverently, "Let thy strength be given me."

She rose with composure, and going to the mirror, adjusted her disordered hair, then passed with a firm step into the room of her parents. Briefly she related to them the incidents of her meeting with Ruthven.

"My poor lamb," said Capt. Leslie, as she concluded—he opened his fatherly arms, and she went upon his breast, grateful that his rash acts had brought all their sorrow. As they grew more composed, they discussed together their plans for the future. The next day commenced their removal to their new home. All the rich furniture, pictures and statuary, with Laura's costly harp, were left behind to be sold with the horse and grounds. Her piano she retained for its usefulness, and with no servant and but a few relics of former grandeur they commenced life once more.

To a stranger, their cottage home had a lovely look. A few graceful trees threw their shadows in front of the little garden, blooming with summer flowers; within, the small rooms were fresh and clean and filled with evidences of refinement and taste. As weeks went by in the same sweet calm quiet, the tone of mind in this unfortunate family grew more peaceful and resigned.— Yet it was with no uncommon pang they learned that their dear old home had passed into the hands of an utter stranger, an elderly, care-worn man who had just come from a distant land over the sea in the reputed possession of great wealth; yet without kindred or family. As the summer went on, Laura humbling all pride to suit their fallen fortunes busied herself in embroidering delicate muslins and lacons for the shops of the city.

He used to carry them home herself when the weather was fine, and the walk, though long, seemed to invigorate her. For many times she had met and passed by a dark, elderly stranger who never failed to regard her intently as long as she was in sight, and once she heard him say: "she is very like Therese, but it cannot be." One fine winter's day as she was walking leisurely along to the shop of her employer, she felt the clasp of the chain on her neck give way. It slipped down upon the side-walk, but ere she could stoop to pick it up, the dark stranger who stood near reached down for it and handed it to her gracefully. She thanked him politely.

"Madam," said he in an agitated voice, "will you step aside with me and allow me to examine the trinket attached to this chain?" "Certainly," said she, according to his request and handing him the locket. He took it and touching a secret spring, which she had not known, it flew open and disclosed two pictures; one, the very counterpart of Laura herself; the other, a dark, stately man, and around the rim of gold that encircled these two faces was engraved in the finest Spanish: "Therese and Carlos Mercedes."

"Fair lady," said the stranger, "how came you by this locket that once belonged to my wife?"

"I know not," she replied, "it has been on my neck ever since I could remember, and my parents never told me why."

"You have parents then?"

"Yes, sir, I am the only child of Captain Leslie."

"Leslie," he repeated in a musing tone, "why, he was the former owner of my present mansion here, and now he lives at—"

"Vine Cottage No. 5, Elmwood Place, on the road to Newbury," she returned.
He took out his tablets and wrote the direct n saying—"I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on your father soon, perhaps to night." He handed her his card, and they parted after he had begged Laura to forgive his rudeness in questioning her. "I

hope," he said, "to find a friend among you."

When she returned home she told all to her friends; they repaid her confidence by imparting in return the story of her early life that had thus far been sedulously kept from her, and expressed the thought she might find her real parent in Signor Mercedes. What a blow was this to Laura! She had no claims upon the Leslies then! She was not the daughter, then, of the gentle woman who had nurtured her infant years so tenderly; she was only the child of their adoption and a foundling!

As the sunset hues grew brighter in the West and quivered in the crystalized branches of the garden trees, making them gorgeous with rich prismatic hues, she sat eagerly gazing down the road that led to the city. Her watching was soon rewarded by the dark outline of a horse and rider in the distance, and as he approached and drew rein beside the gate, her heart beat high as she recognized Signor Mercedes. He entered, and after the usual salutations commenced abruptly— "The strong resemblance of your daughter to my dead wife and her strange possession of the locket containing both our portraits, have called me hither to-night, to ask an explanation. Mrs. Leslie, is she your daughter?"

"She is not," replied the lady with tears gathering in her eyes, "save by adoption, by duty and mutual love," and she fondly kissed the fair brow of Laura who sat by her side.

"Then she is mine by all that is holy," he exclaimed. "Look on her and upon this picture," and he displayed the soft dark eyes and queenly brow of the lady's portrait, then called them to note the striking resemblance between himself and the features of the gentleman. It was all the same save a few deep lines Time had left upon his brow.

"I will tell you my story," he resumed, "and Laura may receive or reject me."

"I am of Spanish descent, but traveling at an early age in Hungary, became acquainted with and married the fair Therese Vaninsky and settled with her near the home of her parents; but I was unjustly accused of forming a conspiracy against the government. My estates were confiscated, and only by flight I escaped the prison for which they designed me. We fled to these shores in the first friendly vessel, and here for three years fortune and peace smiled upon us. At the end of that time I received an intimation that a noted conspirator had, in dying, confessed my entire innocence of the nefarious designs laid to my charge, and that if I were living and would return, my property would be restored to me. You were very young then, my daughter, but your poor mother being anxious to accompany me, exerted all her feeble strength in embroidering rich robes and a cloak of soft rose-hued satin for you to wear. I think she overworked herself, for the day previous to that appointed for our departure she was stricken down with the fever."

"You shall not wait for me," she said "Go, I shall soon be well, and then you can come for me."

"I did go. I kissed you my little daughter, as you lay asleep; I gave Therese a last embrace, and we parted—forever. I left all the funds I could spare, and as I thought a trusty servant, but as it proved, my confidence was misplaced. I was delayed a long time in transacting my business affairs I wrote constantly, but my letters were unanswered. As soon as possible I returned and went to the place where I had left her. She was not there; but some old residents in the neighborhood told me she died a short time after my departure, and went with me to her grave. They added that the faithless serving woman had secured all my wife's valuables and journeyed away with our child. I sought for her in vain; I returned to my own land; wealth flowed in upon me, but I was alone. I came back to die on Therese's grave, and I have found you. Oh my daughter!"

"She sprung up into his arms, 'Father! my Father!' it was all she said.

Without a word Mrs. Leslie left the room but presently returned bringing an infant's white robe richly wrought, yet of a by-gone pattern, and a little satin cloak with its rose hue changed by time. She laid them on Signor Mercedes's knee, he kissed them and they all wept. The market town of R. where he had left Therese was but ten miles distant from the former country residence of Captain Leslie. It was plain the unprincipled serving woman had grown weary of her charge and left the babe at Captain Leslie's door. It was a sweet re-union. I cannot stop to tell you how they all went back to the dear old home with its pictures, its stat-

ues and murmuring fountains; how their lives were all made bright in the sunshine of happy love.

Again, LAURA, as the daughter of Signor Mercedes, resumed her former proud position in society. Once more throngs of flatterers surrounded her, and among them Caleb Ruthven hastened to "bow the knee" to the divinity he pretended to adore, but she had proved how false and hollow were his protestations. Laura's lessons of adversity had not been in vain. The poor learned to love and bless her, and the years, as they rolled away, only left her dearer to the heart of her parent and to the declining years of Capt. and Mrs. Leslie, whose closing days were made bright with plenty in the luxurious home of the Snow Flake.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days!"

IVORY.—Few of our lady readers, while they peep so betwixtichly over the tips of their ivory fans, or play their fingers so nimbly and gracefully over the white keys of the piano are wont to cast a thought towards the manner in which this material is procured the qualities of which are annully used and the number of noble animals which are yearly slain for the purpose of supplying the constantly increasing demand. Mr. Dalton, a celebrated Sheffield manufacturer, estimates that the annual consumption of ivory in the town of Sheffield alone is about 180 tons, equal in value to £30,000, and requiring the labor of 500 persons to work it up for trade. The number of trunks to make up this amount of ivory is 45,000, and according to this the number of elephants slaughtered every year for the Sheffield market is 22,500. But supposing some tasks to be cast, and some animals to have died a natural death, it may fairly be estimated that 18,000 are killed for that purpose. —Scientific American.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.—This is a great age. People do not laugh now—they indulge in merriment. Nobody walks—they promenade. We never eat food, we masticate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled out, it is extracted. Our feelings are not hurt, they are lacerated. Now-a-days, young men do not go courting, they pay the young lady attention. It is vulgar to visit any one, you only make a call. Of course you would not think of going to bed, you would retire to rest. Nor could you build a house, but you may erect one. No one goes a journey, he merely goes by the cars. No one takes a drink, he takes some refreshments. We never look at any thing, we only direct our attention.

Decency is a matter of latitude. In Turkey a man with tight pants on is considered so great a vulgarian that he is not tolerated in respectable society. To spit in the presence of an Arab is to make the acquaintance of a cheese knife. In Russia that man is considered low who refuses a worm breakfast of fried candles.

In this country vulgar people are those who keep good hours and live within their income.

READ AND LEARN.—The man who does not take a newspaper was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two-horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the Mexicans were going to make peace with the United States, or how many pieces the United States would make of them.

As sins proceed, they ever multiply; and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stand for more than all that went before it.

Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of everything; it is just as cheap and three times as good for digestion.

There is a young lady up town who says if a cart-wheel has nine fellows, it's a pity a woman like her can't have one. Sensible woman, that.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar, but amiable girl, used to call her Brown sugar because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest office, so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but diligence."

The Florida Champion states that the Governor elect of that State now resides in a small double log cabin, built up with peeled pine poles.