

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, AUGUST 12, 1857.

NO. 19.

The Beaufort Journal.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN NICHOLS,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
(Variously 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.
For each subsequent insertion, 25

Contracts will be made with advertisers for six or twelve months, at the following rates:
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Professional or business cards not exceeding six lines will be inserted six months for \$6, and twelve months for \$10.
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. LEECH, Intendant of Police.
Commissioners.
J. P. C. Davis, Thomas Duncan,
Bordon Haskett, Wm. F. Bell, Jr.
Alexander C. Davis, Town Clerk.
Washington Pringle, 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. Chalkwick, 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. Aronell, Wm. I. Pottor,
J. F. Bell, J. P. C. Davis,
Capt. Thos. Thomas.
James Gibbs, Collector of Customs,
Belcher Fuller, Inspector.
William I. Potter, Post Master. Mail due each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6 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. T. Whitfield, 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. Sweeter 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.

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, Sewing Machines, Pistols, &c. All work thankfully to be done as good and as cheap as it can be done anywhere in North Carolina. I would 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 has 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. 5-1f.

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 Gutting, 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.
TERMS CASH.
Beaufort, April 9, 1857. 2-1y.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Asheville Spectator.
LINES
In Memory of Professor Mitchell.

BY A. W. MANGUM.

Since thou wert man and mortal,
And art by death laid low,
Tis well that thou hast fallen
On yon lofty Mountain's brow.

That mount will love to praise thee
As its greatest, truest friend,
And will proudly speak thy glory
Till time itself shall end.

Making lofty seem but low,
Tis an emblem of that greatness
That thy deeds around thee throw.

The green an' fideles Ivey
That wave thy shroud of shade,
Is a token that thy memory
Shall never—never fade.

Those bright and stainless waters
In which thy body lay,
Are an emblem of the tribute
That unnumbered hearts shall pay.

And the hoarse and jarring thunder
Which around the mountain brayed
Seemed the wild alarm of nature,
Telling all her sun was dead.

Thou didst grasp a sprig of Laurel
And held it 'e'en in death—
An emblem that no fortune
Shall rob thee of that wreath.

That wreath which is immortal
Like thine own stupendous mind—
A wreath of love and honor
That thy countless friends have twined.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE

From Beaufort, N. C. to San Francisco. Cal.
ON BOARD THE SHIP LOUISA BLISS.

CONTINUED.

The shortness of my narrative warns me that I can no longer dwell on the description of this inhospitable sea, (near Cape Horn.) We must journey on, up the waters of the broad Pacific, until we reach the christian cline from which it takes its name.

Nothing of particular interest occurred except storms of snow and hail, until the night of the 7th of June, when the stars for the first time in five weeks flickered with all their native lustre, as they dotted thick the celestial heavens, like so many types of happy spirits quietly reposing in the bosom of their God. And they were truly messengers of peace to us at this time, for they denoted substantially that we were merging from the wild scenes behind to a milder and a more genial climate, and that our dangers were past as sure as our suns were forgiven.

There is something in the sudden appearance of those bright orbs at night on a distant sea, peculiarly sublime and beautiful, after being long shaded with a cloudy sky, that you do not realize at home.
The next day was delightful. The soft rays of the rising sun shot across the wide waters that surrounded us, and the clear blue sky was without a cloud, while the rippling breeze gently filled our sails, and made our faithful barque dance on her course with merry steps.

June 9. Day broke with some signs of land. A few of the highest peaks of the Andes were cropping just above a clear and beautiful horizon, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from us. We sailed, in towards it until the next morning, when the sun arose bright and clear, and disclosed to our view one of the grandest and most romantic scenes the world ever presented to our view.

Looking just beyond the city, stands Aconcagua towering summit, twenty-three thousand feet in height, belching eternal smoke and fire, contrasting with the snow that lies around its base, and climbing to its very crater, as if to feel its heat. On a clear day, at this season of the year, when the Andes are deeply covered with snow, the rising sun beyond its lofty peaks presents a scene of unsurpassing grandeur that no pen can describe, as his orient light, reflected by the snow, streams over the mountain tops and flits from peak to peak, as he ascends, until the whole mass becomes one continued blaze, as if some mighty city with its domes and spires were enkindled with its burning glare. But as soon as the sun shows his head above the stately pile, the whole grand panorama fades away like the going of a spectre. The illusion of this magnificent phenomenon is only complete at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles at sea, as you are too close under the high land to observe it from the harbor.

And while you are standing upon the summits of the high hills that wall in the back of the city, and gaze on the endless fields of snow that stretch out in the broad vista before you,—you may stoop down and pluck the tender flowers of perennial spring which

home, amidst strangers, and in a distant land. Like a young and thoughtless blade I had fled in haste from home. I had left a beloved wife, and children in their tender years with an allowance full scanty to support them till I returned. Aid were those beloved ones all alive. It was now five months since I had imprinted the parting kiss upon their tender cheeks, and I had not heard a word from them. We were then sailing into port to send them letters to relieve their anxious minds about our fate. Would those nearest our hearts break the seals and read them, and weep over hands we crossed, as their breast beneath the winding sheet that shrouded their precious forms? My soul sickened at the very thought. I strived to turn away and think upon the future. All was dark. Here we learned that at San Francisco, lumber—of which our cargo principally consisted—was declining in price, at a ruinous rate. I had left home with fair prospects of accumulating some wealth, and now I saw them fading away. But something seemed to whisper—"Be of good cheer."

CHAPTER II.

Valparaiso is a half-Spanish, half-Indian city, pleasantly situated at the head of a bay that reaches to the foot of the shelving of the Andes. It has many fine wood buildings, but the greater portion is built of nothing more than the dark red earth on which it stands. It is of great consistency, and when shaped in square blocks and dried in the sun is quite durable. The streets are so many filthy foot-paths from ten to twenty feet wide, in their zigzag course, down steep hills of two and three hundred feet approximating towards each other as they approach to the centre or business part of the town where they suddenly open on the grand Plaza. Between these high hills are deep chasms, and as you approach the suburbs the streets narrow to a male track as they wind along the precipice, in some places so near that the width of your foot out of the way would plunge you headlong three hundred feet below, where it is no uncommon thing to find an Indian or sailor who had been drunk the night before, dead. In his attempts to make the path still more zigzag he steps one foot beyond terra firma, and all is lost in the downward strife. And strange to tell, you find knots of little children delighting to gambol on its very verge, and even catching hold of the shrubs that grow about its brink, and leaning over the yawning gulf in their childish sports. But I am told that they too pay tribute to their childish temerity.

To drive a carriage through this city is utterly impossible, except front street, that follows around the course of the bay. Here their custom is to put one horse between the shafts of an open vehicle, with an Indian mounted on the back on another horse hitched to side of the one in the shaft, for the driver. In this quaint style, thus equipped, they rattle clumsily along with two or more Senoras, in all the different shades of homeliness, their heads uncovered, and their long dark hair streaming in tresses behind their shoulders, and extending half way to their knees. Their hair is the only beauty attached to them, for, except those of pure Castilian blood or very slightly mixed, are not handsome, though generous and kind,—their low foreheads and high cheek bones disfigure their features.

The scenery around is wild and romantic. In full view just beyond the city, stands Aconcagua towering summit, twenty-three thousand feet in height, belching eternal smoke and fire, contrasting with the snow that lies around its base, and climbing to its very crater, as if to feel its heat. On a clear day, at this season of the year, when the Andes are deeply covered with snow, the rising sun beyond its lofty peaks presents a scene of unsurpassing grandeur that no pen can describe, as his orient light, reflected by the snow, streams over the mountain tops and flits from peak to peak, as he ascends, until the whole mass becomes one continued blaze, as if some mighty city with its domes and spires were enkindled with its burning glare. But as soon as the sun shows his head above the stately pile, the whole grand panorama fades away like the going of a spectre. The illusion of this magnificent phenomenon is only complete at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles at sea, as you are too close under the high land to observe it from the harbor.

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deck the green sward that carpets the earth at your feet.

Here, too, the ubiquitous Yankee with his "notions," displays that same indomitable energy and go-ahead-iveness that you find in him in every part of the world. They find employment even under the very nose of the Chilean government; an American is foreman of the Navy yard, and others are in its employ. But, that which displayed their energy in still greater contrast, was the three boats from different American mercantile houses in the city. They boarded us to traffic our trade before we dropped anchor and before the Chilean came aboard except for the sake of the Commodore.

To the credit of our Captain for his persevering efforts, our stay at this place was short. On the 14th of June we put to sea, and "whistled for the wind." But our righteousness was insufficient to awake the southern blast; for we sailed six days with scarce wind enough to fill the sails. We then struck the trades and on we dashed across the railing waters—to reverse a familiar metaphor at home—"for the sunny North."

The whole scene on this mild sea from about the latitude of 35 degrees south to a corresponding latitude North, is such a complete monotony, that to describe one day would be to give as near as possible a history of the whole—except the glorious 4th of July—when in latitude 6 deg. south. It was ushered in with the firing of cannon, and the different emblems of nationality streaming from the mizen-peak and mast-heads. But our patriotism was too fiery to last, and for the want of neighbors to reciprocate our feelings, before night some of the cords that held our flags were doing service as studding-sail sheets before a gentle gale.

The soft winds blew gently from the south, and the days were bright and clear. At night the deep-blue heavens also gave indications of the fairness of the morrow, from the quantity of stars that flickered bright and clear. The song and the dance found its place among the ship's company. The porpoise jumped and played around the ship; the clumsy whale would rise and lash the angry flood with his tail as if to show his power; while the fleet dolphin performed his part of the drama in his chase after the little flying-fish. All nature seemed animated and gay. It seemed as if there was nothing lacking to make our repose complete. Yet there was one thought that would sweep like a torrent through our minds in the midst of our festive moments and break the harmony that reigned:—and that thought would be of our far-distant homes.

On the 15th of July, we were going at the rate of seven knots an hour, when the startling sound from forward of "a man overboard," caught my ear, as I was sitting near the taffrail. A general rush was made for the side of the ship. No rope whose end could be found, was near to be thrown to him at this moment. In an instant more and he would be past the ship. There was no time to be lost; his life depended on instant action. A small sail-boat's spreet lay at my feet, and as I caught it up and poked the end at him, a gleam of joy lit up his ghastly face with a smile, as he seized the saving rod with a death-like grip.—He came near pulling me over with him, but immediate assistance coming to our relief, and by the aid of a rope we hauled him in, to the great joy of all on board.

The same stately monotony continued to follow us, only it grew more calm and tedious. A thunder squall came up on the 27th of July, in the way of variety, which opened its curtains long a while, and honored us with a salute of no mean grade. The next day we made one of a cluster of the most beautiful islands that the mind can imagine. It would seem that nature, in her creative freaks, had put forth her mightiest efforts in the formation of these lovely islands. They lay scattered over considerable space from latitude 18 to 22 deg. north, and from longitude 115 degrees west to near the main land. They abound with tropical vegetation, and is said to contain excellent water. They belong to the United States.

August 1. We had now sailed far enough to the westward, to run out of the north-east trade winds (San Francisco bearing northeast, and distant 1,200 miles) to take the north-west winds, which you may look for almost with a certainty at this season of the year. We congratulated ourselves with the fair prospect before us of a fair passage for a dull sailing ship. But to our infinite mortification the wind continued directly ahead. It continued to head us off on every tack we would make, so that if we gained ground one day, the next it would blow a gale, and compel us to reef down, and the sea and current would drive us back again. At last the wind hauled north, we

turned its left wing, and in two days sail we were safely moored in the haven of our most anxious solitude.

Thus in this tormenting fix we were kept for weeks almost in sight of our port, until it began to be insufferable. We had a clipper built boat on dock, and we had mustered up a company of four men to leave next morning, and hazard our fortunes on the bosom of the North Pacific ocean in an open boat. We prepared all things necessary for our departure; but when morning came, not one of them could be induced to leave the ship, so the enterprise was broken up. It was well we abandoned the idea, as we were entering the commodious harbor of San Francisco.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Now, boys, we are going to give you a bit of advice, and we want to talk with you as if you were all our brothers, (what a young army we should have,) and we wish you to give attention till the lecture is done, and we dismiss you with a benediction.

Where do you spend them? how do you spend them? Are you in the streets? are you at the theatre or the ball room? Are you meeting each other at corners of lanes and alleys, or by the doors of county shops, and there indulging in conversation fit from instruction, or using coarse and sinful language? Or are you in your pleasant homes, sitting by cheerful fire sides, intently engaged in reading some instructive volume, which a master mind has prepared for the purpose of benefiting his fellows?

If the former, we almost despair of your becoming tolerable men, or useful citizens; the latter, you may be pursuing the upward path to usefulness, honor, and fame.

Precious hours are these evenings that you are thoughtlessly wasting? they are fast fleeting, and never will they return again. How that inquiring mind might be strengthened by the discipline of connected study planned by a judicious parent or teacher.

Think of it boys. What if you have a deficient education? go to work and study. A college will not make you sudents, or men of study intellect. Make yourselves!

You can do it—you alone have the power. Determine that you will be known, that your influence shall be felt, and it shall be as you wish. Discipline your minds, learn something every evening. Fix some historical fact upon your memory—solve some problem in mathematics—learn the boundary of some State or country, get by heart one rule of grammar, or study thoroughly a few definitions; only persevere, and you will soon be astonished at your success. Such exercise will strengthen your memory, invigorate your intellect, open up delightful fields of thought and give your imagination the right kind of food, healthy and agreeable.

Then, by and by, do you think you will regret that you have thus spent your time, when you gather around your own firesides men of genius and letters? When instead of a few slang words, coarse anecdotes, indelicate mirth and boisterous sociability, you can converse about the world of letters, learn some new theory of scientific importance—listen to, and join in argument, advance opinions, and feel yourself indeed a man?

No, no; you will look back upon these now despised hours as stepping-stones to future, perhaps greatness. Then give up your idle companions, and make some happier by your presence. Read to that aged man, whose eyes have long been too dim to scan the lettered page, and his beaming smile shall repay you tenfold. Spur the younger ones of the household to a tian, by innocent rivalry with them, thus striving to benefit others as well as yourself.—Be not content in idleness, but set your mark high, and then climb the rugged hill of Parnassus, crying, "Excelsior, excelsior." *Olive Branch.*

THERE OR THEREABOUTS.—"How old are you, Bridget?" said a gentleman to his servant girl.
"About fifty, sir," replied Bridget.
"You are mistaken, Bridget, you are not over twenty." "Yes, sir, that is it, I'm about twenty, or fifty, somewhere along there."

This answer indicates about the same degree of intelligence as that of an old grey-headed negro in South Carolina. "How old are you, Pete?" said a gentleman to him one day.
"I dunno, massa. I feel berry old; 'specks I se' about five or six hundred."

THE PATCH ON MR. MARCY'S BREECHES.—Harper's Weekly relates the following anecdotes of Mr. Marcy:

While he was Governor of this State, he was visiting Newburg on some public occasion, and with a party of gentlemen, whigs and democrats, was at the Orange Hotel. Good humor was prevailing, and one story suggested another. The Governor always enjoyed a story, and could tell one with excellent effect. A whig lawyer was present, and the Governor, recognizing him, said:

"Ah, yes; I'll tell you a good story of Spooner. The other day he came up to Albany on his way to the whig convention at Utica, and he had with him a paper to call on me to get a pardon for a convict at Sing Sing. I heard the case, examined the documents, and being satisfied that all was right, agreed to grant the request. Spooner handed me the paper to indorse, and I wrote: 'Let pardon be granted. W. L. Marcy; when Spooner cried out 'Hold, Governor! that's the wrong paper!' And sure enough, it was a whig speech that he was going to make at Utica, abusing me the worst possible way. But I had granted pardon in advance, and I suppose he committed the offence afterward."

The story was received with great applause, and Spooner, being looked to for a response, instantly went on with the following, which, for an extempore story, certainly is capital:

"Yes, gentlemen—yes, I did. And when the Convention was over we went to Niagara Falls, and as we went digging on by stage over miserable corduroy roads banging our heads against the top of the coach, and then coming down as if we were to go through the bottom, the stage came to a dead halt; the driver dismounted, opened the door, and requested us all to descend. We did so, supposing that some accident had occurred. When we were all out, standing on the ends of the logs of which the road was made, the driver took off his hat and said: 'Gentlemen, we always stop here out of respect for the Governor; that is the identical spot where Marcy lost his pantalons.'"

The story was heard with great jollification, in which no one joined more heartily than the Governor himself.

That pantaloons incident deserves to be recorded in every history of this great man. He was sent out to hold special session of court to try the anti-Masonic parties charged with murder. He was to receive a salary and his expenses. With that nice regard for details that belonged to his sterling character, he kept a minute account of all his expenditures, and handed in the list on his return, without thinking it necessary or proper to revise and strike out those items of a private nature, which other men, less scrupulous in great matters, might have carefully suppressed. There stood the tailor's charge for mending. The political foes of the Judge, when he came to be a candidate for Governor, found it and paraded it before the world in the newspapers; and making an effigy of Mr. Marcy, suspended it in the street of Albany, with a great patch on the pantaloons, and the tailor's charge on the top of that.

But an observant people saw through the patch and the charge into the heart of an honest man, and in that very deed of his they recognised a frankness and transparency of character that commended him to their warm approbation. It is not probable that the pantaloons charge lost for him a single vote, while it is doubtless true that it made him multitudes of friends. He was never ashamed of it, and never had reason to be.

THE MODEL LADY.—The model lady puts her children out to nurse and tends lapdogs; lies in bed till noon; wears paper-soled shoes; pinches her waist; gives the piano fits; forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations; goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with "his friends;" never saw a thimble; don't know a darning needle from a crow bar; wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; doats on Byron; adores any man who grins behind a moustache; and, when asked the age of her youngest child, replies "Don't know, indeed—ask Betty."

A TOAST.—At a late dinner, held somewhere North, the following toast was offered:

"Hoops and the Equator—Gringo-line and the Equinoctial line—God bless 'em. The one encircles the earth, the other the heavens!"