

A Look into a Seaport---One of a Thousand.

PORT JEFFERSON lies about half way between Brooklyn and Oyster Pond point, on what was once called Drowned Meadow Harbor. This harbor averages a mile in width, two in length, and is deep enough to float a man-of-war. When the wind is in certain quarters, it is the only safe harbor on the south side of Long Island Sound, from Lloyd's Neck to Orient. But, unfortunately, there is a ledge of rocks, and a sandbar across the entrance which leaves upon it only four feet of water after the tide has ebbed. There have been made sundry ineffectual efforts to get an appropriation for the purpose of removing this ledge, and building a break-water, to prevent the drifting of sand from the Mt. Misery beach, across the channel. A small sum would effect both easily, and once well done, the flow of the water would, without a doubt, keep the channel permanently clear, and deepening every year. But the votes of *Democratic* members of Congress, and the vetoes of *Democratic* presidents, have always interfered to protect the bar, as if it were one of their most cherished institutions. But in spite of the niggardly policy of government, Port Jefferson has grown up to its present size, by the force of enterprise, and close attention to one branch of business. Building and repairing vessels, furnish constant employment in one form or another for most of the villagers. Eight or ten large schooners are built there every year, costing on an average ten thousand dollars each. If we include those built at Setauket, whose harbor is but a branch of Drowned Meadow, and at another yard reached from the sea, by the same entrance, we have some fifteen vessels built there each year. There are eight or nine, (perhaps more,) sets of ways which are, much of the time, occupied by

crafts undergoing repairs. There are some fifty schooners which sail from the port, owned principally in the village or its vicinity. Every retired boatman invests his spare funds in them, and since farming on this rocky, pebbly, sandy soil of the back ground is rather a hard case, whenever the farmer gets more for his cordwood, sheep, or horses than he needs for immediate use, he takes a share in some schooner that is on the stocks. The Captaincy is generally given to some young coaster, who has shown himself industrious, bold and steady in the capacity of mate, or skipper of a sloop, on condition that he takes an eighth or a quarter. The Captain after two or three trips, removes his family to the port, and so, without the aid of any capitalist suddenly moving in, the place has doubled itself both in inhabitants, and the number of residences within five years. The poor, for many a mile around, find steady employment and good wages; the needy are moving into houses of their own, and the "fore-handed" are getting rich. Congress, at the last session, made an appropriation for the survey of the harbor, and we believe made it a port of entry, both of which measures will tend, without a doubt, to the great improvement of the place.

But suppose this tardy relief had come four years ago. Suppose in Congress there had been Whigs enough to have passed, in spite of Presidential vetoes, an act appropriating money sufficient to remove the obstructions at the harbor's mouth, how much faster would have been the growth of the place, and how much more generally diffused the benefits that now flow from its business into the neighborhood! An old vessel needing to lie several days out of water for a thorough overhauling, would have run down to the port and for a moderate charge, and, leisurely on one of their sets of ways, enjoy as long an airing as her worn-caten planks and rotting timbers demand. The same craft is charged twice or thrice as much in New-York for being hauled up, hastily patched up and sent afloat again with just half her leaks stopped. The Brookhaven boatmen, when a norther is brewing, could run in at any hour, without laying off and on six hours for the tide to serve. The heavy laden and dull sailing tubs from Maine, whose name is legion, would be able, without the skillful guidance of an old pilot, to make the harbor, for lack of which so many lives and so much property have been lost.

General Scott represents a party that believes in removing these obstructions to commerce; in opening wide the doors of our havens to stormy-threatened mariners; in building breakwaters, though they cost \$10,000 if they are like to make thereby \$5,000 in five years, and save \$10,000 in the same time.

FRANKLIN PIERCE represents a party who hold that Government must not spend a cent of its ample resources to break up ledges or prevent sand-bars, though they shut the doors of the amplest harbors against fleets of ships that must be driven upon rocky lee shores.

How can any sailor—how can any man who owns a plank or a spike in anything afloat, or earns a day's wages by labouring upon vessels, hesitate to vote for Scott and his Liberal policy. A vote for PIERCE, is a vote to take the bread away from his children, to hush the sound of the broad ax in the ship-yard—to make desolate our ports and make ponds or lakes of our harbors.

And the same thing holds true of every port and every harbor on our extended sea-coast,—upon all our magnificent Lakes and upon the gigantic Rivers which traverse the country in every direction, bearing upon their bosoms the redundant produce of this mighty continent. Port Jefferson, in this respect,—in regard to its interests and its necessities,—may well represent thousands of ports, and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, in every portion of this great Union.