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HYMN.

Tune—“Auld Lang Syne.”

Hail sweetest, dearest hope that binds,
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail sacred bond that unites our hearts,
To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope, that Jesus
grace hath given,
The hope when days and years are past, we all
shall meet in Heaven.

We all shall meet in Heaven at last—we all
shall meet in Heaven.
The hope when days and years are past, we all
shall meet in Heaven.

What though the northern winter blast,
May howl around thy cot;
What though beneath a summer sun,
Be cast thy distant lot.

“It is the hope, &c.”

From Burnham's shore—from Africa's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

“It is the hope, &c.”

No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meetings know;
While friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal glows.

“It is the hope, &c.”

From the N. Y. Day Book.

THE BEST OF TIME IS NOW.

“There is a good time coming, boys,”
Is the burden of the song,
Such is the poetry of youth,
When life and hope are strong;
But when the sun of life declines,
An cry, “How changed are men!
Things were not so when I was young—
The best of time was then.”

“There is a good time coming, boys,”
Is true enough I trow,
And says the plain, unclouded truth—
There is a good time now:
Why not improve the present, then,
Where'er the future lead,
And let each passing moment's page,
Bear proof of thought and deed.

“There is a good time coming, boys,”
Makes many a headless youth,
Who all forgets the present hour—
The first, the greatest truth—
That all times since earth began
The present is for him;
That age will soon his powers waste,
And only mind and limb.

“There is a good time coming, boys,”
And many a head has own good time,
And all have to the last,
Then tarry not, oh! eager youth,
For fairer goals to blow,
But bear in mind the best of truths—
The best of time is now!

Washington correspondents state that our government have determined to remonstrate with the French government against any interference with the government of the Sandwich Islands. The French have made unreasonable demands upon these islands, and have threatened a resort to force to maintain them. Our government will insure their independence, or if necessary will take them under its own protection.

THE GARDNER CLAIM.—The Washington Republic of this morning says:

The Grand Jury yesterday found true bills against George A. Gardner and John C. Gardner for perjury, in connection with a claim against Mexico, allowed by the late Board of Commissioners, and last evening J. G. Gardner was arrested by the Marshal's officers, A. E. L. Keese and J. M. Wright, and committed to jail.

The New York papers say, counterfeit Spanish dollars are in circulation, being an excellent imitation of the genuine, and, to the eye, very deceptive. The counterfeits are dated 1818, and bear the likeness of Carlos III. This species of currency should be closely scrutinized. As the genuine dollars bear a premium of two or three per cent, they are rarely to be found in circulation; and the community are not likely to be imposed upon with many of the spurious ones.

Marie Moberlin, a cantatrice possessing an attractive person and winning manners, and who is considered by the Bellesine superior to Jenny Lind as a singer, intends, it is said, coming on a professional tour to this country.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was a little pale, yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a few moments, with admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead and “melted into beauty on his lips.”

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went on their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through the half-closed and crimson curtain lending a richer tint to the delicate and exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler and a fainter line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair which had become thin around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman, with his face half hid by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which opposed him were visible upon his features.

“Edward you are ill to-night,” said his wife, in a low, sweet, half-inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy, that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal, dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow, the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions, the involuntary sigh of sorrow to which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

She essayed once more. “Edward,” she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, “the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled and refuse to tell me the cause.”

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was the only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other.—The husband sat gloomily and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and had failed in a high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, miserably fallen, and doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

“Edward, my dear Edward,” she said, “I have come to you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed.”

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eye lash. “I have not deserved this kindness,” he murmured in the choking tone of agony.

“Edward,” said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, “we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me (or my efforts in behalf of a husband, dearer than life itself.)”

“But Margaret,” said the husband, you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell.”

“Oh speak not of me, dearest Edward,” said the devoted woman. “I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, and all will be well, and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female's garb.

“Farewell, my love, my preserver,” whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady that the time already allotted to her visit had expired.

“Farewell, we shall meet again,” responded the wife; and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet in the awful communion of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions were accomplished, in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

Dr. Johnson's Pudding

Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with a view of completing my series of views, and went over the same grounds described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whisky punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdotes, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

“Sir,” said the landlord, “this inn was formerly kept by Andrew McGregor, a relation of mine, and these hard bottom chairs in which we are now sitting, were years ago filled by the great tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell, traveling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the Doctor in search of food. Being much pleased with the cooks of the house, he followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton; he ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. “Now,” said he, “make the best of pudding.” Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

“My dear sir,” said Boswell, almost out of breath with joy and good news, “I have just bespoken, in a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter we shall make an excellent meal.”

Johnson looked pleased—and I hope,” said he, “you have bespoken a pudding.”

“Sir, you'll have your favorite pudding,” said the other.

Johnson got off the pony, the poor animal, relieved of the giant, smelt his way to the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and led him to prepare for a delicious treat. Johnson felt his coat rather damp from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire. He sat on a hob near a little boy who was very busy attending to some meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson, moreover did not like in the least the appearance of his head, when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, for the other was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner being announced, Boswell exclaimed—

“My dear Doctor, here comes the mutton—what a picture—done to a turn and looks so beautifully brown.”

The Doctor lithered. After a short gaze, Boswell said—

“I suppose I have to carve, as usual. What part shall I help you to?”

The Doctor replied—“My dear boy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.”

“O dear, this is a disappointment,” said Boswell.

“Say no more; I shall nixie myself ample amends with the pudding.”

and made the first cut at the mutton.

“How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown too; ah! sir, you would have relished this fine piece of mutton,” said he.

The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous; fell eagerly to, and in a few moments nearly finished all the pudding. And Mr. Boswell said—

“Doctor, while I was carrying the mutton, you seemed inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?”

The Doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before the Doctor. The poor boy cried—the Doctor laughed.

“You little, filthy, snivelling hound,” said Boswell, “when you basted the meat why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?”

“I couldn't, sir,” said the boy.

“Why couldn't you?” said Boswell.

“Because my mamma took it from me to boil the pudding in.”

The Doctor gathered up his herculean frame—stood erect—touching the ceiling with his wig—squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open, and none of the smallest, and stomach heaving, he, with some difficulty, recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out—

“Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any man living while you breathe.”

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS. When John Adams was a young man, he was invited to dine with the Court and Bar at the House of Judge Paine, an eminent Loyalist, at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table, Judge Paine gave, as a toast, “the King.” Some of the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it. But Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying, “We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment.” At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave “the Devil.” As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, his wife calmed him, and turned the laugh upon Mr. Adams by immediately saying, “My dear, as the gentleman has seen fit to drink to our friend let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to his.”

A WOMAN OF FASHION.—To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it—buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; hate the country; adore Paris; read novels; neglect your children and nurse lap dogs, go to church every time you get a new shawl to show to the lord, and die without fuss whenever the physician makes out your warrant.

A MAN OF 1776.—In the war of the Revolution, Henry Peyton, of Virginia, lost three sons. When the intelligence was brought to him that his third and last son was slain, he walked from the messenger agonized with grief, but suddenly stifling his emotion, he turned and said: “Sir, much as I deplore the loss of my poor boy, I would to God I had another to supply his place, though he likewise perish in the cause of his country.”

Ritcher says: “Man has two minutes and a half to live; one to smile—one to sigh—and a half for love, in the middle of this minute he dies.”

But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the head of a man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only betwixt the crown of thorns from his wounds!”

MACKEREL FISHING IN BOSTON HARBOR.—A fleet of between thirty and forty mackerel smacks made their appearance off Points Alderton and Hull, on Thursday. They were following a school of mackerel which had been working up the south shore during the past week. One vessel on Wednesday, caught fifteen barrels in three hours. They fished during the day as well as the night. At daylight the fishermen commenced throwing over the bait, which brings the mackerel to the top of the water, when they commence fishing, catching as fast as they can throw the line into the water and pull it out. Capt. Tower once caught a barrel in ten minutes, with one hook.—Boston Traveler.

From the Louisville Journal.

NEGRO RAFFLE.

In my tour through the Southern States, I have met with many amusing incidents, but do not remember anything that created so great an excitement for the time being as a “negro raffle,” in the town of —, in the State of Mississippi. Mr. —, the owner of the boy, having a note to pay that day, and not having the wherewith to do it, was compelled to do what he gladly would not have done. The boy to be raffled was a smart, intelligent lad of 18 years of age. He went by the name of Bill. There were 80 chances with “three dice,” at \$10 per chance. I was present when the affair came off; there remained one chance, which I took and gave to Bill upon the condition that he would throw the dice himself and “shake like azen.” Bill rolled his eyes in an astonished and astonishing manner, and, after a hearty what! what! in which he displayed two frightful rows of ivory, opening a mouth “like the break of day, from east to west,” with a low bow, said: “I'll try, massa.” As may be supposed, the scene became highly exciting.

The raffling commenced. Eill looked on unconcerned at anything but the idea of leaving his old master. When the chances were all raffled off but the last, Bill took the box; previously to his throwing, however, he was offered \$100 for his chance, the highest throw yet made being 46, which stood “a tie” between two individuals, but Bill was no “compromise man;” he refused the offer, saying “de whole hog or nofin,” and made his first throw, which was 13, his second throw was 16; Bill stopped, scratched his head, threw again, and up came 18. It was declared off that “Bill was high and free;” and such a shout I never heard in my life. Bill hardly knew what to do with himself. In a moment, however, he asked the whole party to drink, and no man in —, ‘tis said, ever refused an invitation of the kind except one, and he died soon after; so says tradition.

Bill's success induced him to try another speculation of the “same sort,” believing that he could do as a free man as much as he had before done; he proposed to set himself up again in a “raffle,” and as he had won before, he thought it would be no more than fair that he should put the price at \$600 this time. “The chances were soon taken, Bill reserving but one chance to himself. He pocketed \$590, and the sport again commenced. Bill's original owner and himself were the two highest again, and, in throwing off, Bill lost. It proved a very fortunate speculation for Bill and his master both.—The master had made \$800 clear and Bill had cleared \$590, and remained with his kind master. They started for home together, the master declaring that no money could induce him to part with Bill again unless he was willing to leave, but promised him if he would be as faithful to him as he had always been, until he was 21, he should have his freedom. They were both well contented, and every one present was satisfied that he had got his money's worth. G. P. Louisville, July 13, 1851.

THE HOME AND GRAVE OF THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—A correspondent of the Uniontown Democrat, who has recently visited Monticello, the residence of Jefferson, thus describes it: “The interior of the house is just as Jefferson left it, except the furniture, which is all gone, save some paintings, mirrors, &c. The house, both outside and inside, bears all the evidences of neglect and decay, but it still retains all its proportions, and its venerable outline grown gray and mossy by time and neglect; perhaps adds, rather than otherwise, to its appearance, particularly to a stranger. And the venerable aspen trees growing around, throw a kind of melancholy over everything, that seems to whisper in your ear, and point you about three hundred yards down the woods, to the grave of him who planted them—to the humblest grave in appearance that ever held the ashes of human greatness. I made a sketch over it.

I enclose you a little flower from a branch of vines said to have been planted by Jefferson himself, beneath the window of the room in which he died; they have spread all over the side of the house.

The Lord's Prayer is the most diffused production in the world, being familiar to persons of fifty-three languages, including the Cherokee in America; and the Grebo on the coast of Africa.

MR. WHITNEY IN ENGLAND.

From an article in the London Morning Chronicle, it seems that our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. Am Whitney, is astonishing John Bull with his proposition to build a railway two thousand miles in length, without capital, across the American continent. The Chronicle compliments the “simple, plain and emphatic English” of his style, and the eminently practical character of his scheme. It moreover expresses the hope that, if the United States does not entertain the proposition, England would avail herself of it to build a railway through her Canadian possessions.—Baltimore Sun.

THE RACE.—The race on Saturday afternoon over the course in Kentucky resulted in the death of the world-renowned Trustee, a horse that has been the theme of praise for years in the “turf” community. This horse won a large amount of money a few years ago in New York, for his owner, by making his twenty miles an hour. Trustee, before he was stricken with the death stroke, had won the first heat, when he fell. He died in a few minutes. Grey Eagle, another animal of considerable notoriety, was compelled to withdraw from the race, owing to the extreme heat of the day and over-exertion, which left the field entirely to Shave Tail. The purse was handed to the owner of the latter named nag.—Cin. Com.

Henry Gibson, a survivor of Gen. Washington's Life Guard, attended the celebration at Newburg, (New York.) This aged veteran completed his 100th year on the 18th of February last, but still retains his strength, and recollection in a remarkable degree—the reward of a temperate and well spent life. He was in the battles of Princeton, Trenton and Yorktown, and was with Washington during his encampment at Newburg.

The Lynchburg (Va.) Virginian says that a fight occurred in that town on the 3d inst, between Benjamin E. Sumpter and Thomas Seay, in which the latter was run through the body by a sword-cane. The weapon entered between the sixth and seventh ribs, past through the cavity of the chest and out between the eighth and ninth ribs, yet, strange to say, the wounded man still lives, and it is thought he may recover. Sumpter was arrested.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.—A thief on board the steamer Ben Franklin, Tuesday morning, says the Times, having secured a purse belonging to one of the deck passengers, took himself up town. He was followed by the mate, and overtaken on Front street near Ludlow. The rogue was taken back to the boat, a court then and there organized, the culprit tried, convicted and sentenced. The punishment was the application of sundry strips of sheet iron “well laid on,” after which the thief was allowed to depart.—Cin. Eng.

THICK CLOTHING.—It does not appear to be generally known among persons who take violent exercise, that they should not wear thick clothing. The reason given why they should not, is, because thick clothing prevents the perspiration from evaporating. When the heat of the body is increased by exercise, perspiration reduces the heat (by evaporation) to a healthy standard, as thick clothing prevents this evaporation, it is injurious to health.—We often see mechanics and others performing the heaviest kind of labor, enveloped in thick flannel undershirts, in ignorance we presume, of this theory of health, which may relieve such from a great deal of suffering in the present worn season. Author's Home Gazette.

ODD LUCK.—In New York, last week, a man seventy-four years old, and worth half a million, says a cotemporary, was so severely bitten by a mad dog that he died within five hours after the attack. The whole of his vast property is bequeathed to a wild young nephew, who, for several years has been, and still is, employed as a common sailor in one of the Liverpool emigrant ships.

Scarcely a tree on the extensive grounds surrounding the residence of the late Gov. Hendricks, escaped injury by the storm on Wednesday. The largest locusts were torn up by the roots, and heavy branches of other trees were broken off and scattered in every direction.—Madison [Ind.] Tribune, 12th.

Elisha Ruckman has recovered \$5,000 damages in a suit for libel against R. P. M. Loxow, reporter of the Police Gazette, in the Brooklyn City Court. The libel consisted in having written and published a false report of the trial of a criminal charge brought against plaintiff by Mr. Claplin.

Jackson, the American Deer, beat Poole in a footrace at Springfield, Mass., on Saturday week. He won three out of five miles. Time, 5:32; 5:40; 5:44.

The screw steamer City of Manchester has her two foremost formed of tubular iron, and her standing rigging of wire rope.

POSTAGE TO CHAGRES, PANAMA, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.

The editors of the National Intelligencer and the Washington Republic, at the request of the Post-office Department, call the particular attention of postmasters to the rates of postage on letters, to California and Oregon, and also to the foreign places (Chagres and Panama) on the route to California. They say:

In rating letters for California and Oregon, it must be borne in mind that these countries now form a part of the United States, and are of course entitled to the advantages of the domestic rates, according to the official “tables of postage within the United States,” recently sent to postmasters throughout the country. Hence we are authorized to say that the single rate to California or Oregon, (the distance being over 3,000 miles,) is six cents prepaid, and ten cents unpaid. On newspapers and other printed matter sent to California or Oregon, the domestic rates also of course apply.

But to Chagres and Panama (foreign) the letter postage must be rated under that clause in the law specifying letters to be “conveyed wholly or in part by sea, and to or from a foreign country.” Therefore, the single-letter postage, to either Chagres or Panama is ten cents, if the distance from the mailing office is under 2,500 miles, and twenty cents if the distance is over 2,500 miles, in both cases to be prepaid when the letter is sent from and collected when received in the United States. To either of these places from New York, where the distance is less than 2,500 miles, the rate is less than 2,500 miles.

Foot.—The Hopkinsville Rifle gives the following account of a shooting match between a Mr. Davis and a Mr. Johnson:

The two gentlemen had a difficulty, at the close of which Johnson made remarks derogatory to the courage of Davis, and said he would have satisfaction in the morning. The next day he rode to the house of Davis with his gun lying across his horse. Davis was in his porch. Some words passed between them when Johnson dismounted, placed his gun in a shooting position, and remarked that if Davis would get his rifle, they “could take a crack there.” The gun was brought, but went off in the hands of the boy who was sent after it. Davis then remarked that if Johnson would wait for him to re-load, shots should be exchanged. Johnson whistled, and the result was the fall of Davis with a severe though not mortal wound.

Ohio Wool.—We have been for some time aware of the great and increasing value of the wool raised in Ohio, and we were reminded of the fact to-day by hearing one of our dealers remark, that eastern manufacturers placed a higher value on Ohio wool than that of any other part of the country. It loses less in preparing it for the loom, and its superiority to that of other States is equal to some three cents a pound.

Columbiana, Jefferson, Harrison, Knox, Coshocton, Guernsey, Belmont, Licking, Muskingum, Mahoning, and some other counties may be considered the best wool portion of the State. The sheep in this district are fed less grain, are pastured longer and on better grass, and consequently the staple is freer of grease, stronger, longer, and of better quality. The superiority of Ohio wool is made evident by the prices that have been paid for it, and there is no doubt that this important item of productive wealth will continue to increase in quality and quantity.—Zanesville Courier.

FROM TEXAS.—Galveston papers to the 4th have been received at New Orleans. In addition to the loss of the steamship Maria Burt, during a severe gale on the coast of Texas, it is stated that the same gale raged with great violence along the coast of Texas. The Matagorda Tribune of the 30th ult. says that Indianola, Saluria, and Port Cavallo suffered considerably. At the former place every wharf was carried away, and a number of houses were either leveled to the earth or blown from their foundations. At Saluria considerable damage was done. Port Cavallo, however, escaped with less injury.

The Tribune says that the loss and injury sustained among the shipping on the bay has been very great. The steamer Mexico was driven ashore, opposite or near Powder Horn Bayou, and was lying on the flats in that vicinity. The steamer Wm. Penn was driven ashore, and will probably be a total loss.

“SUCH A GETTING UP STAIRS.”—Said an old preacher, once upon a time, as we learn from the Richmond Dispatch, “If you were told that by going to the top of those yonder, (pointing to the rickety pair at one end of the church,) you could secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there was five hundred dollars up there, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up the steps as you never did see!”