THE APPEAL.

REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.]

For twenty-five years I—years fruitful in adventure, vicissitude and glory—the celebrated man whose name heads this article, was the Whitfield of the American Pulpit. From the Penobscot to the Colorado, from Galena to the pillars of the Capital, the fame and the victories of the orator oscillated like the Indian Ocean, the ebb and flow of which, resembled most the times when Wesley preached in the Babylon of England. Scarcely even in the Papal City, did one man exercise a more potent influence, than in his mid career, did John Newland Maffitt. Wherever he went, whether in the crowded metropolis, or the hushed wilderness; whether the religious atmosphere was cold or hot, it was one continued scene of almost miraculous triumph. Friendship converted into a feeling akin to adoration and enemies were metamorphosed into friends. He had but one hobby—it was that of the Cross—as if the vision of Constantine was forever before his eyes, the preacher held in the heaven of his soul, the august and hallowed Emblem. Like the Roman Emperor, he beheld inscribed upon it, in letters of ineffable beauty: "In this we conquer."

Men recognized him everywhere a man, and in that was the inspiration of an Apostle. He accomplished what Genius accomplishes among "every nation, tongue and people." It is idle to say, that a radically corrupt being—a cheat a hypocrite—a knave clothed to sacerdotal habiliments—could have met with such unbroken triumphs the moment his feet touched the portico of the Church. Fruitless, unquestionably, he had, but who had greater temptations laid to ensnare and entrap him? Calumny rose up like a mountain in his path—people of infinite longitude—genuine a thousand fold more venomous than vipers, hissed with poisonous and forked fangs—but he trod upon and trampled them down and stood as erect and complacent as ever! Mirabeau thundered down the mountains around the French Tribune—this man, rebuked, withered, excoriated, but it was in the language of the sermon on the Mount, when the Divine Nazarene checked the insolence of the Scribes and Pharisees!

At length far away in the land of Bienville, hunted down, with faded reputation, stricken and ill, but with unblenching spirit and unabated fire, the orator of a quarter of a century lay down to die! The malaria of death was to his nostrils and the inevitable hour had come. Would he swing loose without a hope of immortality? Would he dash headlong into the vast ocean of eternity, when the bosom of the great deep was swelling, distorted, bursting in the agony of the storm? Our, would he leave the world with that tranquil chivalry which always characterizes the Christian worshipper? Silence! Genius is upon the rack!

With his dying breath he declared himself a calumniated man. Thou slanderer think of that. He said that during his pastoral life, he had been guilty of many frivolous but no criminal acts—forgave his enemies, expressed an unalterable trust in the Maker of Stars, and did not doubt but that all would be well.

Thus passed away John Newland Maffit, and if the reader will visit Toulmisville from whence can be seen the spires of Mobile, in an unobtrusive grave in that tranquil village, his eyes will rest upon the spot where sleeps the most splendid pulpit orator likely to be seen in a half century to come! The star which arose in the East, over the bright waters of the Shannon, culminated in the American heavens, and went down in the West.

Upon a post mortem examination, the left wall of the heart was found to be worn to the consistence of thin paper. The physician, schooled in the subtleties would give this condition of the heart a term known in medical science, but we have a much less technical name for a disaster like this, happening under the circumstances to the great organ of life. Feminine feelings, in a delicate organization, long and powerfully worked upon, struggling against slander and vituperation, which, creating emotions of anguish almost unutterable, sending the crimson tide with seething violence—heigh-ho!