Daily Appeal.

MEMPHIS.

SUNDAY, : : : : : : MARCH 13, 1859.

Largest Circulation in the City.

Reading Matter on Every Page.

The Official Journal of the City.

FIRST PAGE.—An Extraordinary Divorce case; Mozart at Court; The Tomb of Burns.

FOURTH PAGE.—Poetical—The Intelligence of Flowers; A Perilous Bear Hunt in The Cazos of Arkansas.

HONORS TO THE LAMENTED EX-GOV. BROWN.

On the 10th inst., a large meeting of the citizens of Nashville was held at the court house, for the purpose of expressing their high esteem for the late Ex-Gov. A. V. Brown, and their deep regret at his untimely death. Gen. HARRIS presided and Col. G. C. TORBITT, E. G. EASTMAN, and JAMES E. RAINS acted as Secretaries. The meeting was addressed by Ex-Gov. NEILL S. BROWN, Rev. C. D. ELLIOTT, Hon. ANDREW EWING and JACKSON B. WHITE, Esq., and C. G. EASTMAN, R. W. MCGAVOCK and S. D. MORGAN, Esqs., were appointed a committee to make all necessary arrangements for the reception of the remains of the deceased, should they be brought home for interment. W. F. COWEN, Esq., from the committee to draft resolutions, reported a set of resolutions, which expressed the deep feeling pervading the community on the death of its eminent citizen. The following touching, eloquent and beautiful preamble does justice to the high qualities of the deceased and will be read with sensations of profound respect by all the friends of the late Postmaster-General:

The friends and acquaintances of the Hon. A. V. Brown have received the information of his untimely death with profound regret. In his case, as in most others, the peculiarities of the individual have, at times, been harshly commented upon, but we remember no instance in which those peculiarities have been so completely lost sight of in the recollection of the many virtues of the deceased, and in the regret felt for the loss sustained in his untimely demise, by his family, his neighbors, his State, his whole country. The uniform urbanity of the deceased, founded as it undoubtedly was upon goodness of heart, and total absence of malevolent feeling, have made him friends wherever he was known. Cheerful by temperament, he met every body with a kindly smile, his manner to mediate friends and acquaintances with prompt and cheerful warmth, that gave even to a casual meeting an unwonted glow of pleasure. Cheerfulness and kindness, although overlooked in the rush of actual life, are always looked back to with pleasure, and recalled with unalloyed regard, when the person from whom they were always received has passed to his long account, and can never more brighten our path through life. To these cherished characteristics of the lamented dead, which all might appreciate, were added qualities of head and heart of the highest order. To an active and comprehensive intellect, were added the energy necessary to bring them into actual use when demanded, and a lofty patriotism which never ever alive to the best interests of his country. The architect of his own fortunes, he soon acquired independence and wealth. The friend of his fellow man, he was early forced into public service, and has been pressed forward toward the very highest offices in the gift of the country, by its almost uninterrupted current of prosperity. In every vocation and position in life he has attained success, because he merited it. Prosperous as an advocate at the bar, he had no sinister aspirations to serve the people in a public capacity, than he at once took a high stand, and ever afterward kept it.

It need scarcely be said that his selection by the Chief Magistrate of our great republic to fill the eminent position lately occupied by him, was universally approved by all who knew him. They felt confident that his superior capacity, his indefatigable industry, his cheerful discharge of the most irksome duties, and his earnest determination to leave no duty unperformed which could meet every requirement of his responsible office, and mark an era in the postal department of the Government. Although cut off in the very midst of his usefulness, with his task unfinished, he has yet achieved much to render his official term memorable. Under the express will of the National Legislature, he has succeeded in establishing a regular line of stages across our immense continent—a feat entirely unexampled in the history of any nation. The messengers of the Incas may have climbed on foot the summits of the Andes—and the Tartar horseman may bear messages over the steppes of Siberia—but where is there an instance in which the postal wants of Government have been combined with traveling facilities to the public over boundless wastes and impenetrable forests, and cloud-capped mountains? With an eye to the common benefit of the whole Union, he looked to a linking of all its parts together as the best means of insuring that union which is the prosperity of the future republic—the union of the States.

But amid all these high qualifications, let us not forget those which, if more humble, are far more important—his qualities in the social walks of life, and as a citizen, as affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent parent, a loyal citizen, an affectionate relative, and a beloved neighbor, we all feel and mourn in his death the loss of a good, as well as a great man.

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A DARKEY DENTIST.—It appears that they have in Atlanta a genuine African "tooth-extractor"—a valuable acquisition to the profession doubtless. The *National American* of Saturday says:

The other day, while passing up Decatur street, our attention was arrested by the sign of a Surgeon Dentist affixed to the wall, and, upon inquiry, we were surprised to learn that the aforesaid Dentist is none other than a full-blooded negro slave! What has been his success, since commencing business in this city on his "own book," we do not know; but we are advised of the character of his patrons."

DIED.—A man calling himself Henry Selfridge, died at the house of Mr. Joseph Green, Chewalla depot, on the 6th inst. He said he had a family living in this end of the South. We are requested to publish this notice of his death in the hope that some of his family or friends may see it. For further information, address Joseph Green, Chewalla, Tennessee.

WM. SMITH O'BRIEN.—This gentleman having been invited to visit Richmond, Va., and Boston, Mass., and accept the hospitalities of these cities, replies as follows:

I wish you, as well as the rest of my fellow-countrymen, to understand that I am traveling through the United States as a private gentleman, seeking instruction and amusement, not as a public character, engaged in a political mission, or in quest of public homage. I am, therefore, desirous to repress rather than encourage the aggregation of masses in what is called "demonstrations," or in public festivities, "but at the same time I do not wish to chill the kindly feeling this exhibited toward me wherever I go by all classes of American citizens.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Death of the Postmaster-General—Affecting Scenes—Marks of Respect—Public Meetings—Resolutions of Condolence—Address of Hon. Jno. King, etc.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The Hon. Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster-General of the United States, is no more. From the Baltimore Sun this morning, we learned that last night he was supposed to be dying, but he survived until about half past nine o'clock this morning. At early dawn he was visited by President Buchanan, Rev. Mr. Granberry, of the Methodist Church South, also called, and united in fervent prayer with the departed statesman. This exercise was described as exceedingly gratifying; for as the invocation ascended to the skies it appeared to be accompanied on the part of Mr. Brown with fervent faith and hope in the merit of his Redeemer.

Precisely fifteen minutes before he drew the last breath, Mrs. Brown, his deeply afflicted wife, stepped softly to his bedside, and gazing for a second upon his countenance, he opened his eyes in full consciousness, raised and placed his arm around her neck, pressed her lips to his and imprinted thereon a kiss—a kiss which will never be forgotten. Around him, as he breathed his last, were Mrs. Brown, Miss Narcissus Saunders, Miss Cinthia, Saunders, Edwin Saunders, Aaron and Granville Brown, and Mrs. Gwin, Mr. Pillow and Dr. Force.

Immediately on the announcement of his decease, by order of the President, a general suspension of business in the Post Office Department and in the Office of the Interior was proclaimed. The edifice was at once closed and draped in mourning.

At noon, the heads of divisions in the general post office and clerks of the 6th auditor, together with the clerks, messengers, laborers and watchmen, held a mass meeting in the large room. The assemblage was large and evinced feelings of surprise and subdued grief at the calamities of the past short week. On motion of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, Horatio King, Esq., William H. Rudolph, Esq., Second Assistant Postmaster-General, was unanimously called upon to preside, and Henry St. John Offutt, Esq., of the Auditor's office, chosen Secretary. The meeting being thus organized, the chair in a brief but eloquent manner stated the object of the meeting. Thomas P. Scott, Esq., offered the following resolutions, which were, with deep feeling and unanimity, adopted:

Resolved, That although we have during several days received from home to hour such gloomy reports from the death-bed of our beloved friend and respected chief, Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster-General, as have prepared us in some measure for the announcement just made to us of his decease, yet we are chilled and saddened by the fatal shock.

Resolved, That as some small and inadequate testimonial of our high respect for him as a public officer, our admiration for him as a high minded gentleman, and our love for him as a kind, genial and true-hearted friend, we will attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That while we well know that this is no time for us to invade the sanctity of family grief, and that we can do nothing to heal a wound so recent and so dreadful, the pain of which can only be assuaged and blunted by time, we, nevertheless, desire to tender to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, and request the chairman of the meeting to cause, at a fitting time, a copy of its proceedings to be transmitted to Mrs. Brown.

Horatio King, Esq., First Assistant Postmaster-General, then rose and addressed and delivered the following address with such eloquence and feeling that there was scarcely a dry eye in the room:

We are assembled under circumstances of a most extraordinary character. Only three days ago we met in this place for the purpose of giving utterance to our unfeigned grief over the death of one of our oldest and most warmly cherished associates.

We are now called upon to lament the sudden demise of our honored and beloved chief, Aaron V. Brown. Only one short week has passed since both were with us, apparently in good health. Both left the office after the duties of the day, one week ago Monday. Sickness overtook them on the night following. All that is mortal of the former was laid in the cold tomb on Saturday, and we but wait to perform the same sad office in respect to the now lifeless form of the latter. What an inscrutable Providence! At the very moment when the exigencies of the public service more than ever before demanded all the ability, experience and energy with which each was so eminently endowed, they have been stricken down almost without a moment's warning. To me, and I doubt not to all of you, the blow is perfectly stunning. The angel of death seems to be hovering over us, and we stand aghast, as it were, in anxious solicitude to know who of us is to receive the next summons.

I would gladly have turned away to seek composure, and find consolation in silence, under this most afflicting dispensation; but it seemed to devolve on me, as one of those occupying an official position next to the late Postmaster-General, to make a few remarks on this melancholy occasion. I was Governor Brown for the last time on Wednesday afternoon—the day after he was attacked. He was taken with a severe chill on the Monday night previous, and this was followed by a hot fever, resulting in pluro-pneumonia at three o'clock on Tuesday morning. The disease had been checked when I called, and he was comparatively comfortable. He had sent for me to inquire about the business of the Department, and was especially anxious to know what Congress was doing in regard to the post-office bills before it. I gave him as brief and favorable an account thereof as possible, for the physician charged me to occupy his attention as much as possible from the fatal topic. He had been in good health for a long time, but alas! congestion had already settled upon one of his lungs, and at about two o'clock of the same day the other was attacked, from which these could not be relieved—conflicting congestions ensued. He sent for me again the next day, and also for his third assistant, (John Marron, Esq.) who, unknown to him, then last upon the bed of death; but his physician had left such explicit orders for him to be left quiet, that I could not see him before he died, excusing himself by an encouraging note, which appeared to satisfy him. With occasional intermissions from severe suffering, he was perfectly conscious of his danger, and of his approaching dissolution. That bill was defeated in the Council by one or two votes. Subsequently, within a day or two of the close of the session, a bill for a similar purpose, known as the Chase bill, from the fact that it was from the pen of the present Governor of Ohio, was introduced into the Council, and passed by that body in its last moments. Indeed, it was the last thing acted on by it. The House, supposing the Council did not intend to send the bill down, adjourned *sine die*. The Speaker had no sooner pronounced the adjournment, and before the members had left the hall, than the officer of the Council brought in the bill. The Speaker of the House called the members to order, who reconsidered the vote of adjournment and passed the bill, had it enrolled and sent to the Governor for his signature. The Governor, however, so soon as he heard of the *sine die* adjournment of the House, (ten o'clock at night) shut up his office and went to bed. So no Executive action whatever was had on the bill, and it failed to become a law. It is probable not, therefore, apply for admission previous to the session of 1860-1—the session succeeding the Presidential election.

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Senator Gwin, of California, is mentioned in prominent circles.

The Times' Washington correspondent says: Mr. McLane left this afternoon for Mexico, and was escorted to the southern boat by a distinguished tribunal.

The liberals here regard Mr. McLane's appointment as an important step in the right direction. Mr. McLane, I hear, objected to Mr. Trasher, as Secretary of Legation, in consequence of certain antecedents, which might give coloring to the mission.

Senor Mata will leave to-morrow for Niagara, but will return to New Orleans in time for the next steamer.

The ratification of the Cass-Herrin treaty disposes of a troublesome portion of the Central American difficulties. All the Oregon and Washington Indian treaties have been confirmed, and have occupied the attention of the Senate to-day.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The City Council met this morning, and passed resolutions of respect to the late Postmaster-General Brown.

The corporation offices will be closed till after the funeral, and the Council will attend the funeral in a body in their official capacity.

The Executive departments will be draped in mourning, and closed to public business.

The time of the funeral has not been decided.

To the Editors of the Memphis Appeal:

GENTLEMEN—Will you allow me a short space in your paper, to state more fully than I have heretofore, the reasons which induced me to invite Dr. Grundy to a public discussion of the religious tenets of our respective denominations.

First—Dr. Grundy has been distinguished as a controversialist for many years past. Before he came to Memphis he had a written debate with John Young, of Smyrville, Kentucky, a minister of the Christian Church. This debate has been published in pamphlet form, and has been circulated by our church. There are a few copies in Memphis. Of course, we claim it as a victory—otherwise we would hand over its circulation to our Presbyterian friends.

Secondly—Dr. Grundy has been directing his shafts at the religious tenets of our church ever since he has been in this city. Until now I have remained silent, though frequently requested to notice his assaults. Now, that I politely request him to come out and show his chivalry, and assert before me in debate what he has heretofore asserted before his congregation, when there were none to contradict his errors—what does he do? He remains mum. My dear Doctor, this is neither Christian courage, nor Kentucky courage.

Thirdly—An article against the Christian Church appeared in the second number of the *Presbyterian Sentinel*, (published some two weeks since) containing as much malicious slander and vulgar billingsgate as can be found issuing from the mouth of the most degraded dock-hand of a steamboat. There is not a word of truth in the whole communication, so far as it is directed against us, and no gentleman ought to pen such a piece.

The author of that paper imputes the article, and commends it to his readers. It is mortifying to discover that the conductor of a religious journal will condescend to retail such vile slander against those whose only offense is a sincere effort to sustain primitive Christianity. Does Dr. Grundy indorse that article? Not the policy of publishing it, but the statements themselves?

It is not true, Messrs. Editors, that we have no creed. We have a CREED—one written by infallible men, and one which I heartily commend to the conductors of the *Presbyterian Sentinel*.

It is not true that all we require of a man in receiving him to membership is to say, "I believe in Jesus Christ as I do in any other historical personage." We ask for a confession of his name—involving the divinity of his person and mission, and the mighty power of his death, burial and resurrection; a hearty belief of all the promises of God in and through him, and a promise of continual obedience to his commands. We believe in a holy life, a control of the body, and a strict watch over the heart in the observance of his ordinances; yet, when we are maliciously assailed, as we have been in this city, by men professing godliness, we deem it our privilege and duty to repel the attack.

The course pursued by our enemies is, to say the least, unmanly. No man can insult my intelligence by disclaiming personal hostility, and, in the same breath, place me on a level with Botany Bay convicts.

In some localities Indians were occasionally seen lurking about the country, hunting, fishing, and it was said, committing numerous depredations, such as stealing horses, robbing travelers and the like.

A certain Methodist preacher, whose name we shall withold, had been appointed to travel a circuit, which at that time extended over a great portion of Middle Tennessee. He was no easy task. Preachers' homes now so numerous, were, at that date, "few and far between." He had to swim creeks and rivers, preach in log cabins to small congregations, sit down to scanty fare, and undergo hardships, which are unknown to his successors at the present day. But our hero was no common man—there was nothing effeminate about him. He had entered the ministry with a self-sacrificing spirit, actuated by the love of souls and the glory of the head of the church, willing to spend and to be spent in imitation of his divine master, who went about "ever doing good." He gloried in the cross, and often expressed his gratitude, that his was the task to pull the wild game, and to plant the standard of the Gospel in that new land.

It was in the month of May, 1811, when our reverend friend was traveling through a wilderness section of the country, near the head waters of Dark river. He was alone, on horseback, and as he imagined, at a considerable distance from any human habitation. His road was a mere trace, and in many places, scarcely perceptible. It extended round the spur of a mountain, and wound along among huge rocks and dense woods.

As he was passing along this dim pathway, suddenly a tall young man darted forth from a great rock, and presenting a heavy rifle at the preacher's breast, demanded his money. The preacher reined up his horse, and regarded the assailant with a discerning eye. The demand for his money was repeated, when he said, "young man, what has brought you to this."

The robber again demanded his money, threatening instant death if denied.

"You dare not touch that trigger," said the preacher. You never robbed before. You have been better raised. Your mother taught you to pray, and not to rob."

The young man lowered the muzzle of his gun, his color changed, his heart failed him, and throwing down his rifle, he burst into tears. It was his first attempt.

The preacher tied his bridle to a sapling and alighted, asking the young man to sit by him on a flat rock. With some hesitancy the young man complied; he no doubt supposed that the other would arrest him, and that exposure, disgrace, and ruin would inevitably follow.

The preacher elicited from him a portion of his history. He was a Virginian, of wealthy parentage, and had received a good education. About one year previously he had married a young lady contrary to the wishes of both her and his friends, and they had lived happily together, little caring where their lot should be cast, or they should be together. They regarded only the poetry of love, and thought not of the dull and sober prose of every day life.

As they had but slender means and no friends, they soon began to feel the oppressive hand of want. Their little rustic home was hard by, and although game was abundant, he was no hunter, and now, after the lapse of nearly one year, starvation seemed inevitable

In this hour of adversity, he had yielded to the temptation, and concluded to perpetrate one small robbery, and obtain a few dollars to serve his present necessities, and for three days he had watched this road, and the preacher was the first to pass along.

Our hero was fully convinced that the young man had spoken the truth, and he determined to aid him as far as he could command the means.

He expostulated mildly with the young man. He showed him how great an error he had committed, reminding him that there was one whose tender mercies are over all his works, and who hears even the young ravens when they cry. "He," said the preacher, "would not have denied you, but provided some means for your support?" I, too, am poor,—I have no cottage in the wilderness. I possess not one foot of land that I can call my own. That horse, saddle, and bridle, a few clothes and books, and a small sum of money, constitute all my earthly possessions. But you need my money more than I do. No one is dependent upon me. I have no family; you have. Promise me, that, hereafter, you will never heed the tempter's voice,—and that strict integrity shall govern you through life."

The promise was given and repeated many times. The preacher asked him to kneel, and knelt with him, and begged Heaven to give grace to the erring youth, and to guide him to life everlasting.

He then drew from his saddle-bags an old woollen sock, and counted out thirty Spanish dollars. "Here," said he, "is all my earthly treasure. I give it to you, hoping it may be the means of rescuing you from a life of felony and shame." So saying, he delivered the money to him, and they separated without ascertaining each others names.

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The preacher was now an old man, with a large family. He was quite poor, for he had given his time and talents to the church, constant to do good, and not to grow rich. He had recently sold out his little farm in Middle Tennessee, and removed to the western district.

In the month of May, 1841, he was seated one evening in the gallery fronting his house, in company with several members of his family, when an elderly gentleman on an iron gray horse, rode up to his gate and asked for accommodations for the night. He was told that he could stay, and at once invited into the house, and treated with the courtesy always due to a stranger.

After supper had been served, he asked the landlord to see him in private. They accordingly retired to a room, when the stranger inquired if he knew him. The preacher said he did not. The other begged the privilege to relate a short narrative: "Thirty years ago last may," said he, near the spot where the town of —— now stands, a young man attempted to rob you. You gave him thirty dollars." The preacher replied that he had not forgotten that event.

"I am that young man," said the other; your money proved to be a timely aid. I took it home, showed it to my poor wife, and told her how I had obtained it, and what I had promised. She proposed to unite with me in that solemn pledge, and we knelt with the money between us on a wooden stool, and there we promised obedience to the Giver of all good. That first property has attended us. Our parents became reconciled, and gave us a fine start in the world, and we have added acre to acre, field to field, and farm to farm, until we are considered the wealthiest people in our country. We have long been members of the church, and feel that we are paying up interest in heaven. Two years ago, I attended the camp-meeting at W——, and there I heard you preach. I do not even know your name. I had seen you but once, and more than thirty years had passed since that meeting. It was when you were at prayer, that I recognized your voice. I then learned your name and residence, and I have now come to pay you this visit. I am told that you are poor, and often labor with your own hands. It must be no longer! you once saved me from wretchedness and ruin, and now, providence has preserved me to pick the cradle of your reposing age! Here, sir, is a check on a bank in Nashville, for one thousand dollars! And the two old men wept together.

The old preacher, in making this narrative, added: "I have since that time, often visited the family, and shared the bountiful hospitalities of their princely mansion, but I never had seen the same, nor shall I ever; but this I will say, one of the sons occupies a high place in our State, and another as high a place in the church.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 10, 1859.

☞ "Cudy, why don't you kick that dog?" "What am do use of kicking every cur what barks at you? Don't you know dat am de berry way he wants you to bring him into notice?" *St. Louis News.*

For the Memphis Appeal.]

A GOOD DEED REWARDED.

BY A CITIZEN OF MEMPHIS.

Much of the history of the Great West is yet unwritten. Many stirring scenes transpired among the early settlers of our country, that have never been committed to paper, some of which are too important in themselves to be entirely forgotten. Such is the narrative we are about to give. We deal not in fiction. The facts we now detail, did really occur, and there are hundreds of persons in and about Memphis, who were well acquainted with the principal actor in his day.

In 1800, the western district of Tennessee was inhabited by Indians, who roamed at large over those countries, now the home of so many thousands of intelligent and enterprising people. The present site of Memphis was known to boatmen of that day, as the "Chickasaw Bluffs."

Even Middle Tennessee was sparsely populated. Nashville was an inconsiderable village, better known by the name of "The French Lick," and quite unlike the present beautiful "City of Rocks," the capital of the great commonwealth.

In some localities Indians were occasionally seen lurking about the country, hunting, fishing, and it was said, committing numerous depredations, such as stealing horses, robbing travelers and the like.

A certain Methodist preacher, whose name we shall withold, had been appointed to travel a circuit, which at that time extended over a great portion of Middle Tennessee. He was no easy task. Preachers' homes now so numerous, were, at that date, "few and far between." He had to swim creeks and rivers, preach in log cabins to small congregations, sit down to scanty fare, and undergo hardships, which are unknown to his successors at the present day. But our hero was no common man—there was nothing effeminate about him. He had entered the ministry with a self-sacrificing spirit, actuated by the love of souls and the glory of the head of the church, willing to spend and to be spent in imitation of his divine master, who went about "ever doing good." He gloried in the cross, and often expressed his gratitude, that his was the task to pull the wild game, and to plant the standard of the Gospel in that new land.

It was in the month of May, 1811, when our reverend friend was traveling through a wilderness section of the country, near the head waters of Dark river. He was alone, on horseback, and as he imagined, at a considerable distance from any human habitation. His road was a mere trace, and in many places, scarcely perceptible. It extended round the spur of a mountain, and wound along among huge rocks and dense woods.

As he was passing along this dim pathway, suddenly a tall young man darted forth from a great rock, and presenting a heavy rifle at the preacher's breast, demanded his money. The preacher reined up his horse, and regarded the assailant with a discerning eye. The demand for his money was repeated, when he said, "young man, what has brought you to this."

The robber again demanded his money, threatening instant death if denied.

"You dare not touch that trigger," said the preacher. You never robbed before. You have been better raised. Your mother taught you to pray, and not to rob."

The young man lowered the muzzle of his gun, his color changed, his heart failed him, and throwing down his rifle, he burst into tears. It was his first attempt.

The preacher tied his bridle to a sapling and alighted, asking the young man to sit by him on a flat rock. With some hesitancy the young man complied; he no doubt supposed that the other would arrest him, and that exposure, disgrace, and ruin would inevitably follow.

The preacher elicited from him a portion of his history. He was a Virginian, of wealthy parentage, and had received a good education. About one year previously he had married a young lady contrary to the wishes of both her and his friends, and they had lived happily together, little caring where their lot should be cast, or they should be together. They regarded only the poetry of love, and thought not of the dull and sober prose of every day life.

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